



# ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

VOL  
8



**MARVEL**

# CATS & KINGS



ULTIMATE

SPIDER-MAN

CATS &  
KINGS





# CATS & KINGS

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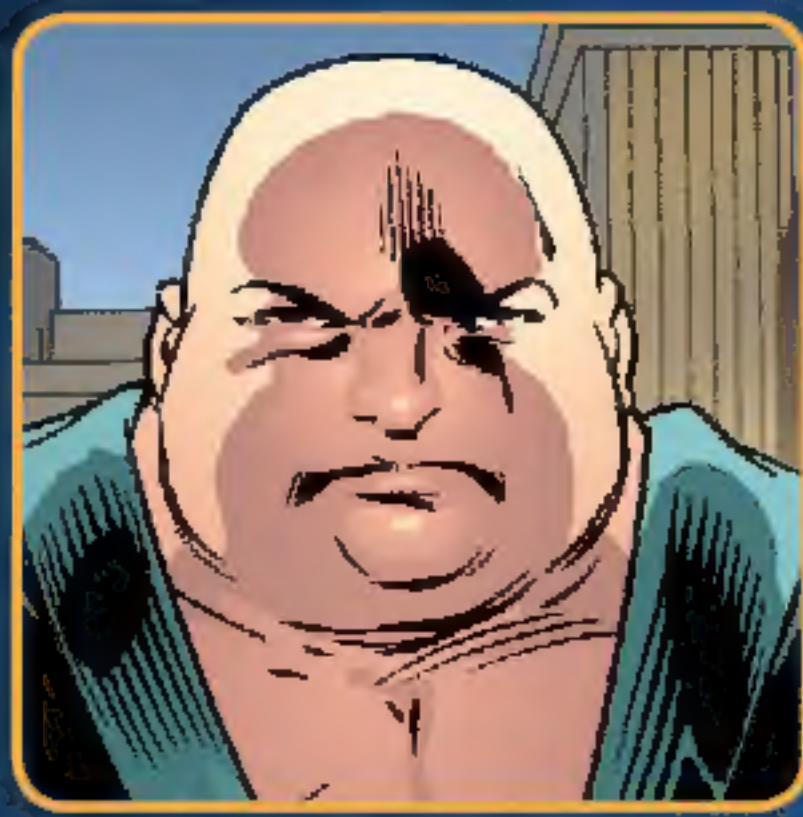


## PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN ...

Spider-Man's first real victory as a hero came when he defeated the notorious Kingpin of crime and his Enforcers, Montana, Fancy Dan and Ox.

Spidey broke into the Kingpin's tower and found security camera footage of Kingpin murdering one of his underlings. Spidey then snuck the tape to the newspaper he works at — The Daily Bugle.

When the story broke, the Kingpin was forced to leave the country to avoid arrest.











What the hell? Huh.

I mean I got on my costume and everything.

I went to all the trouble to put on my tights and all...



Aaaaaand...

There's *nothing* going on.

Nothing.

This is *New York City*. Where are all the crazy people?



Where's all the angry, sweaty, frustrated...



Aah, there you go...





That better not be Mr. Fisk's money you're gambling with there, Julio.

W-well, Mr. Fisk has a pretty whacky idea about what is *his* money-- now, don't he?



Tsk... Julio-- after all Mr. Fisk has done for you-- *this* is how it's going to go?

I can't believe this--



He-he-he *left* the country!!

The Kingpin left the country!!

This-- this ain't fair! He sends you Enforcer guys to *muscle* me??

Like I'm some kind of-- I don't have it!! I don't *have* it!!



I ain't payin'!

Which is it?

You don't have it or you ain't payin'?

I think either way...

Either way.

We've heard it all before.

Tale as old as time...

*Beauty and the Beast!!!*



(I-I-- thought that's where you were going.)

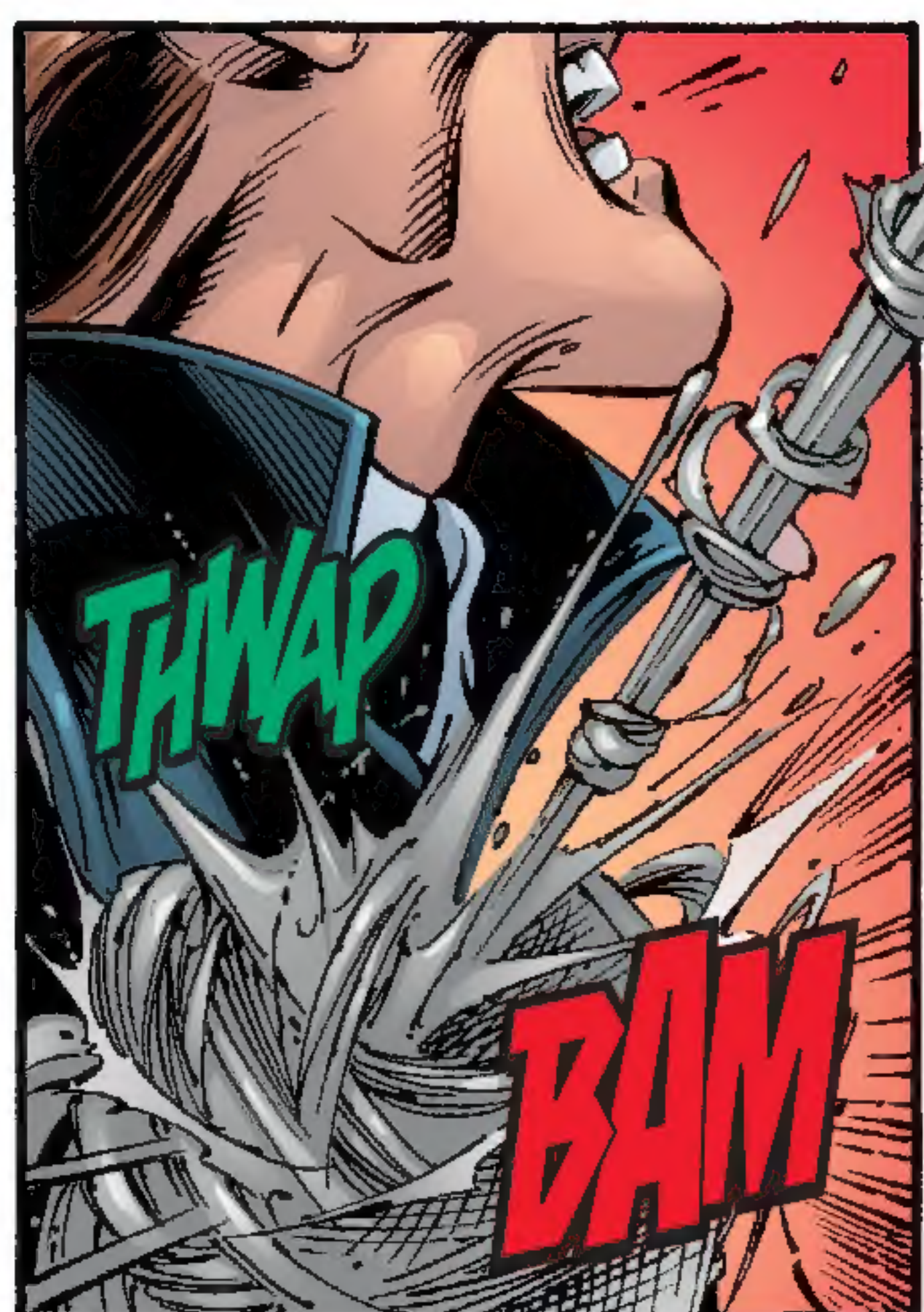
No.

Sorry.



Tsk, Julio...

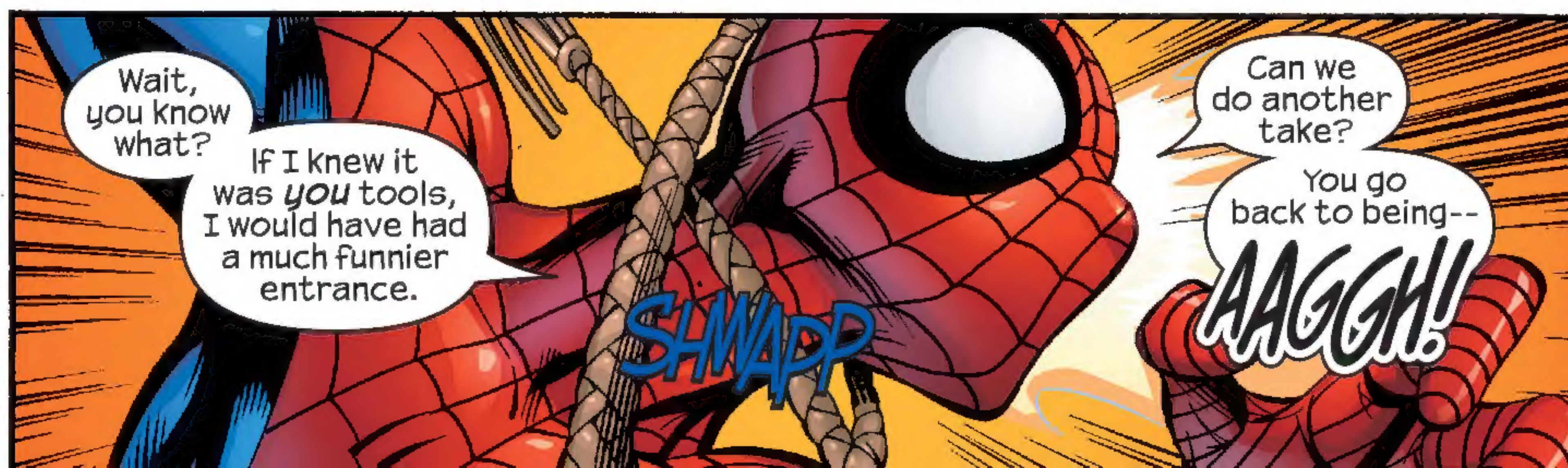
...now you're just a cautionary tale.



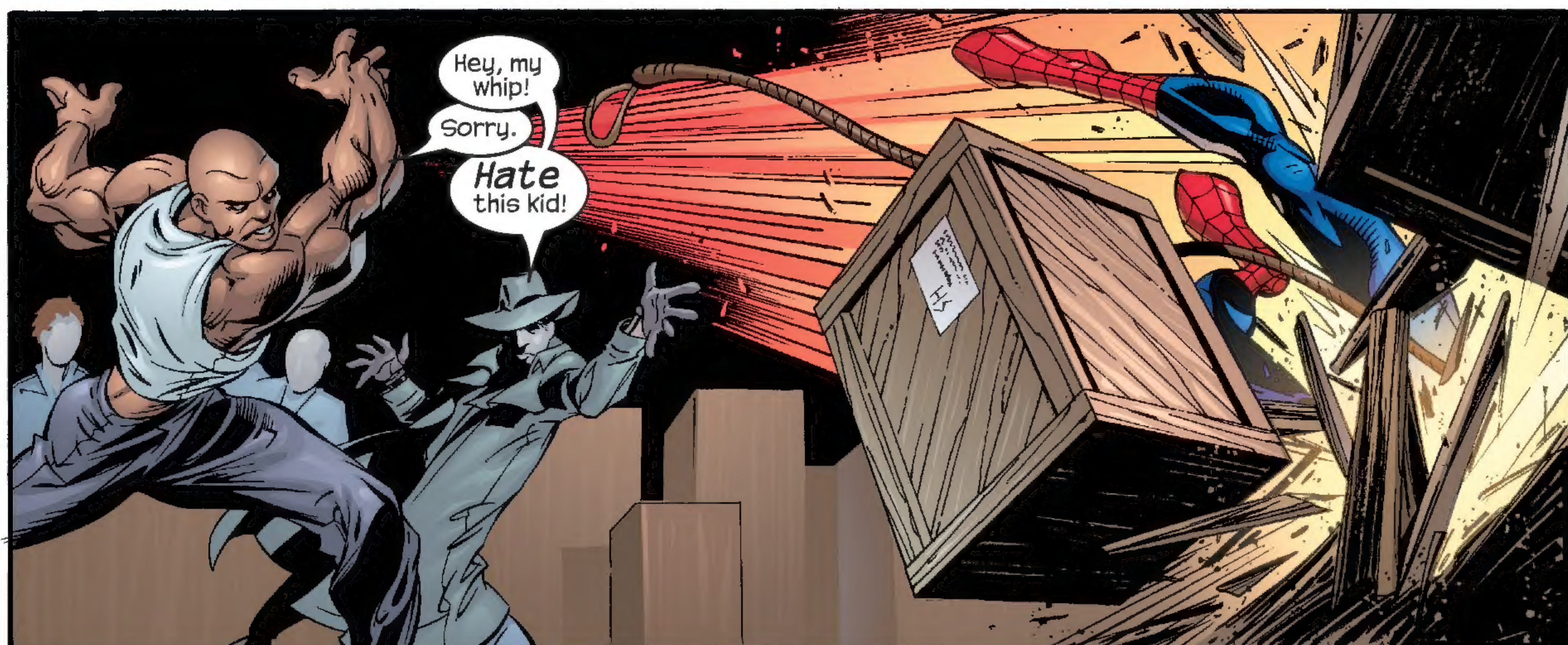
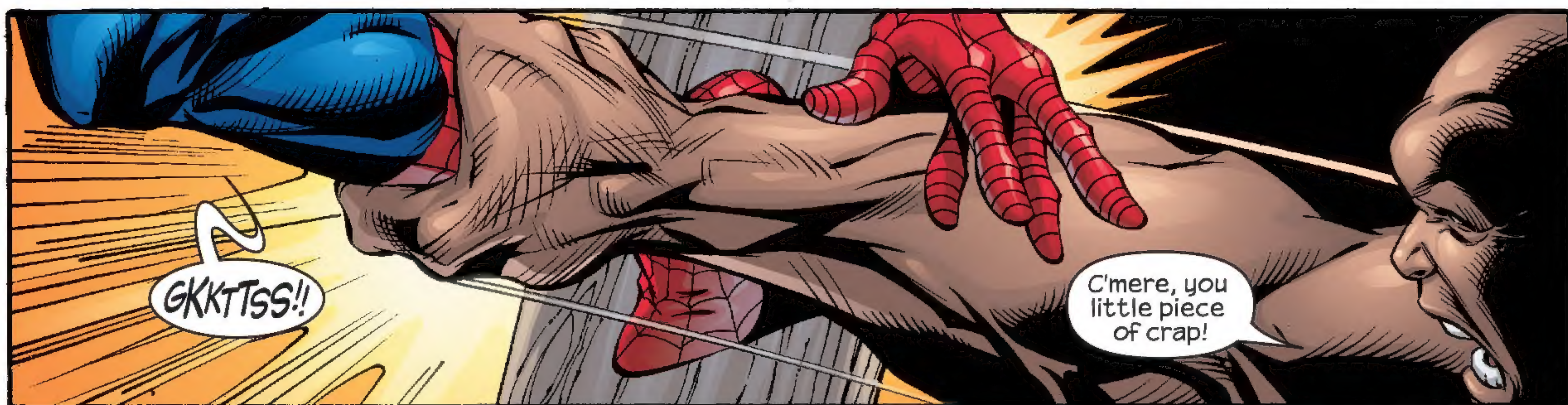
**THWAP**

**BAM**













I am so going to enjoy--

HHRRR!!



See, that's-- that's when you're supposed to fall down.



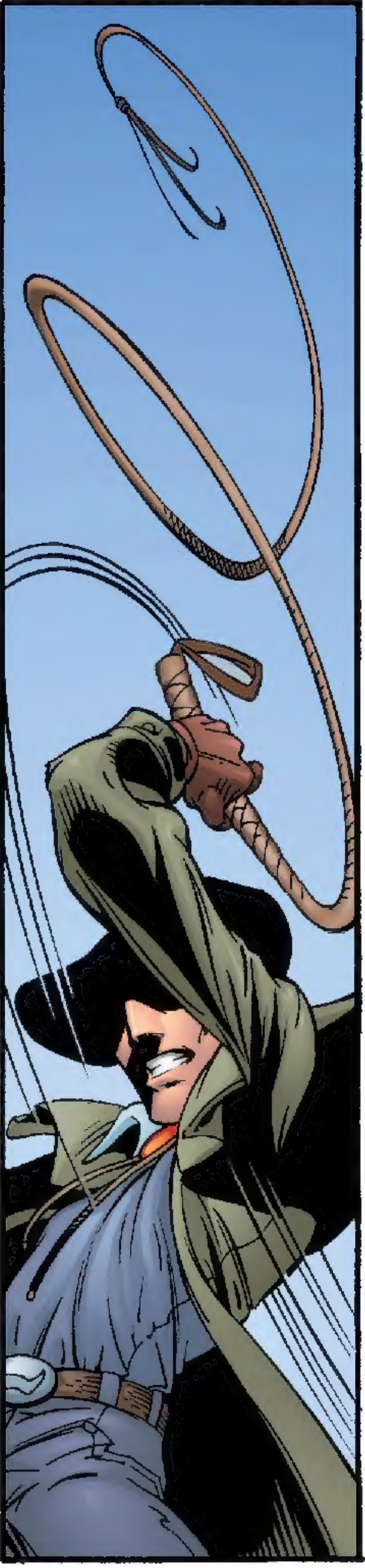
THWIP  
Yeah, well that's nothing compa--  
AAHH!



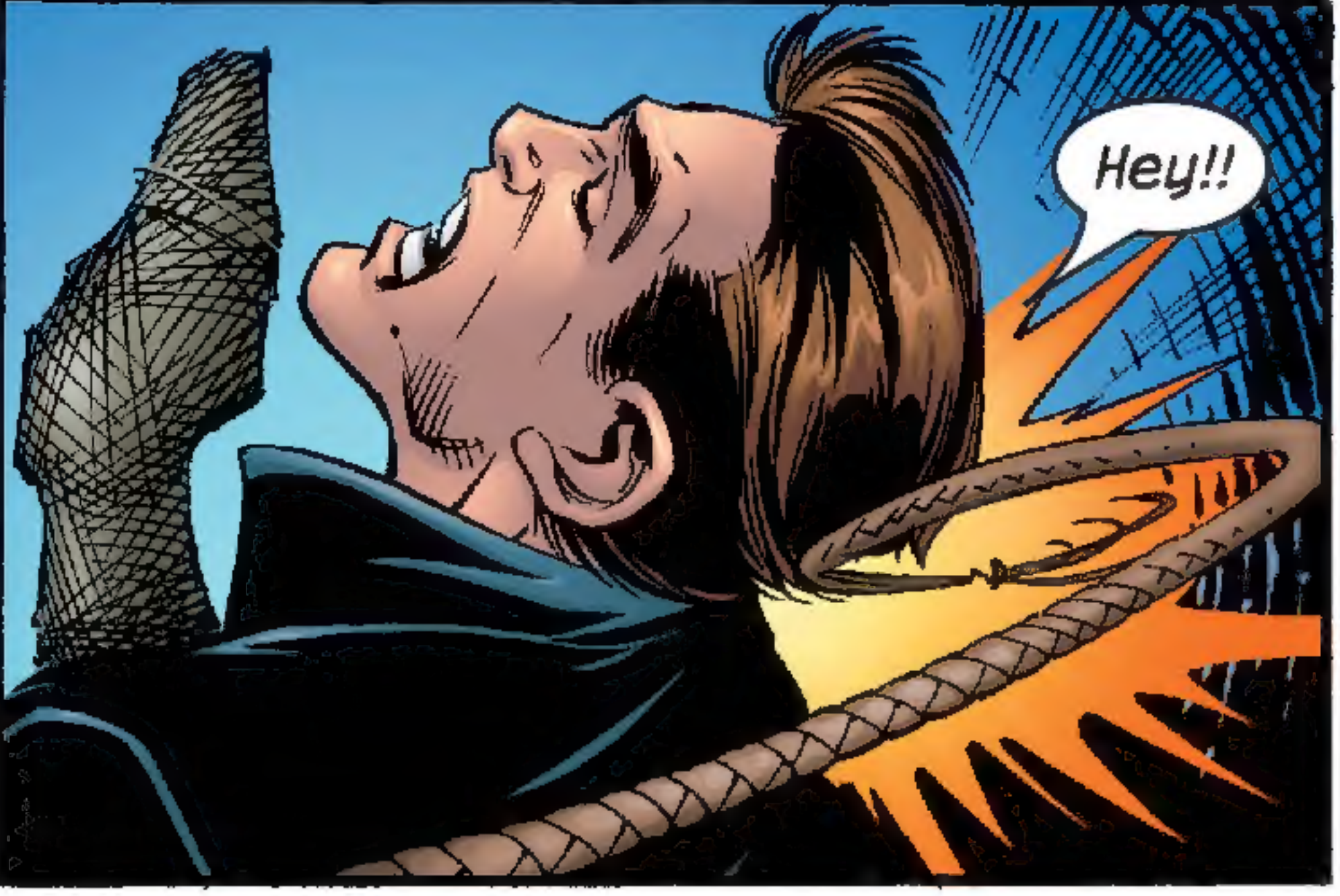
Good boy.  
Now, stay!



Hey! Nice!  
I was trying to help you guys not get shot!



Seriously, how you guys are not in jail is beyond me?



Hey!!

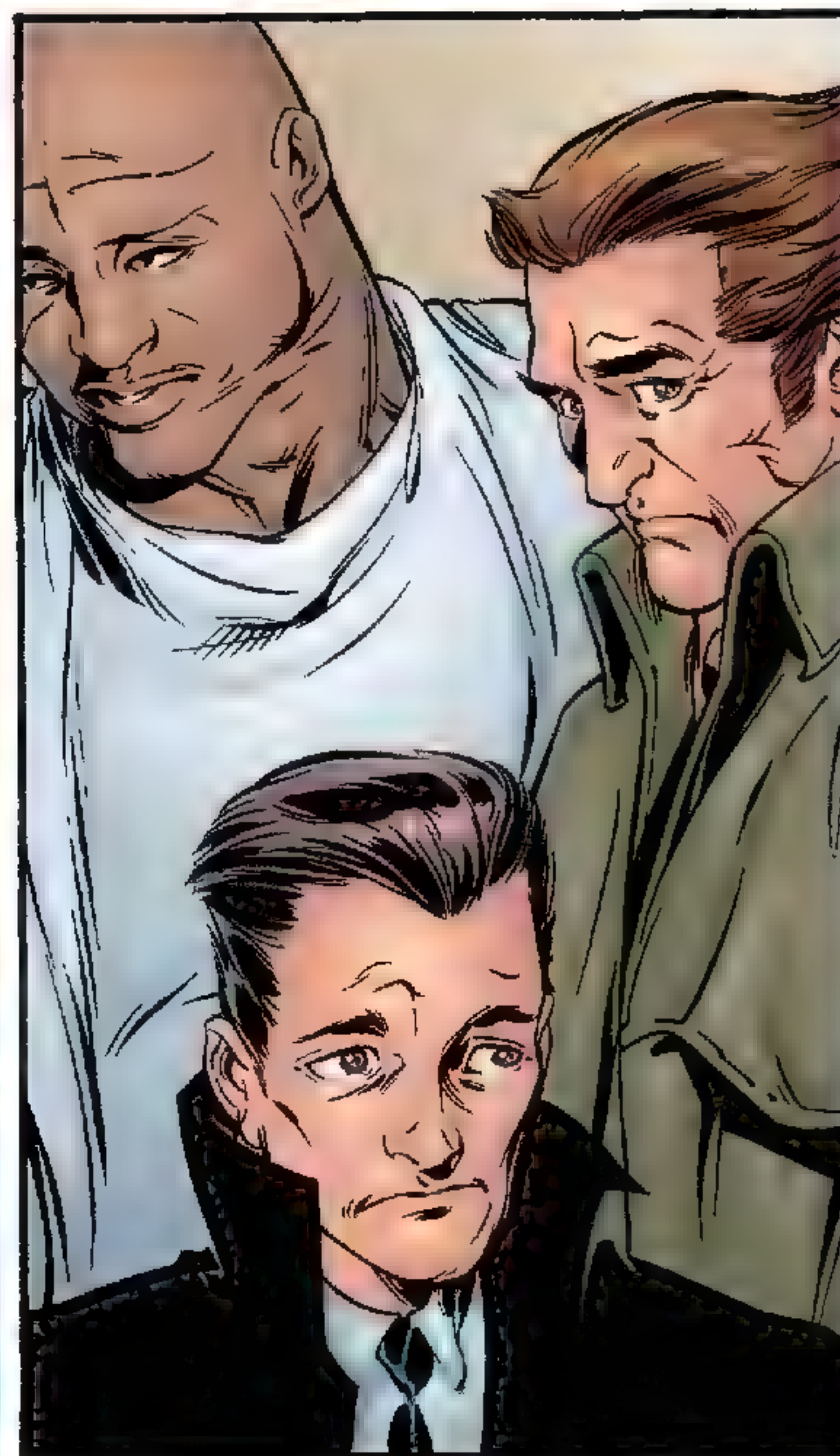
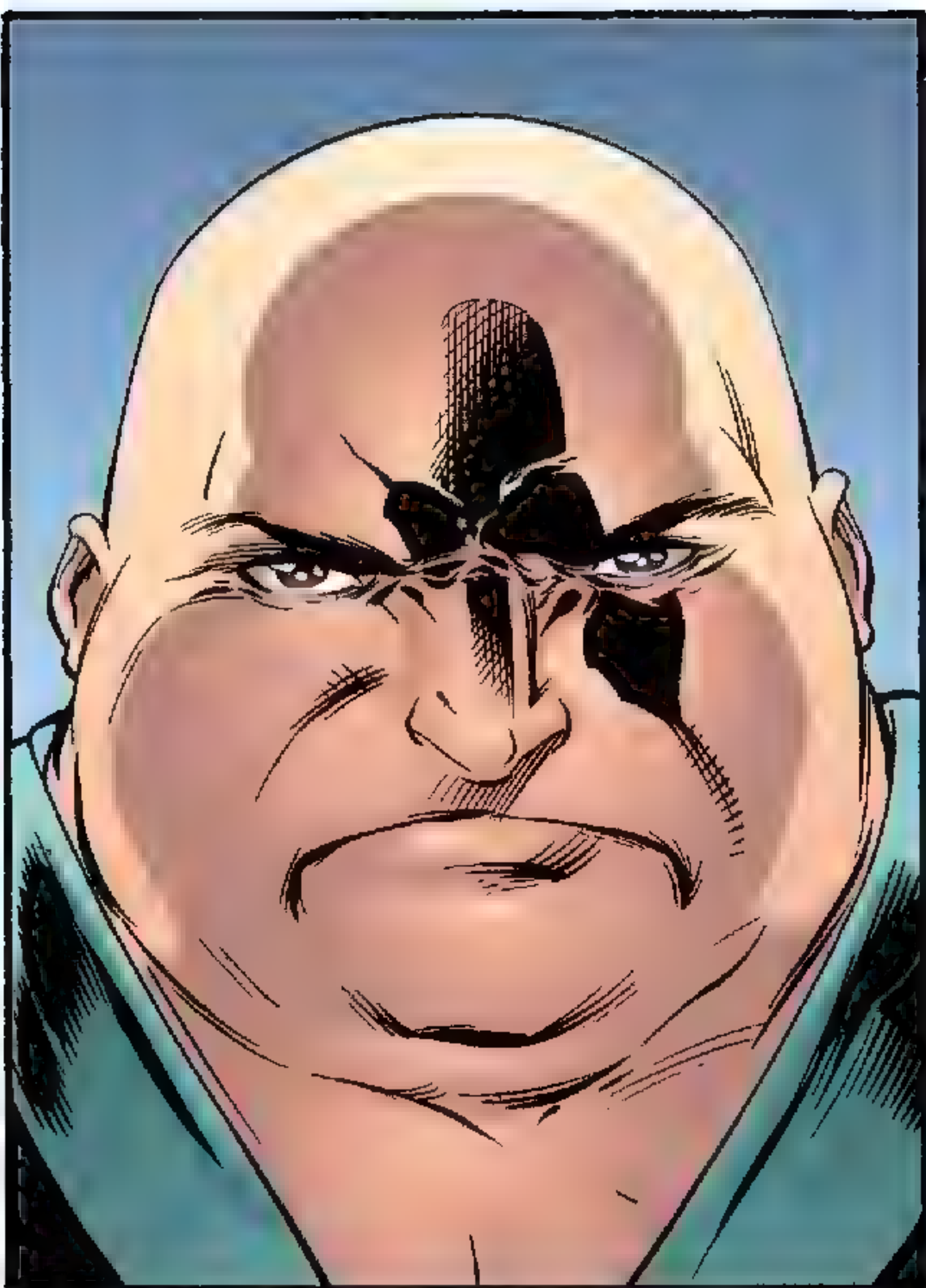


Sorry...

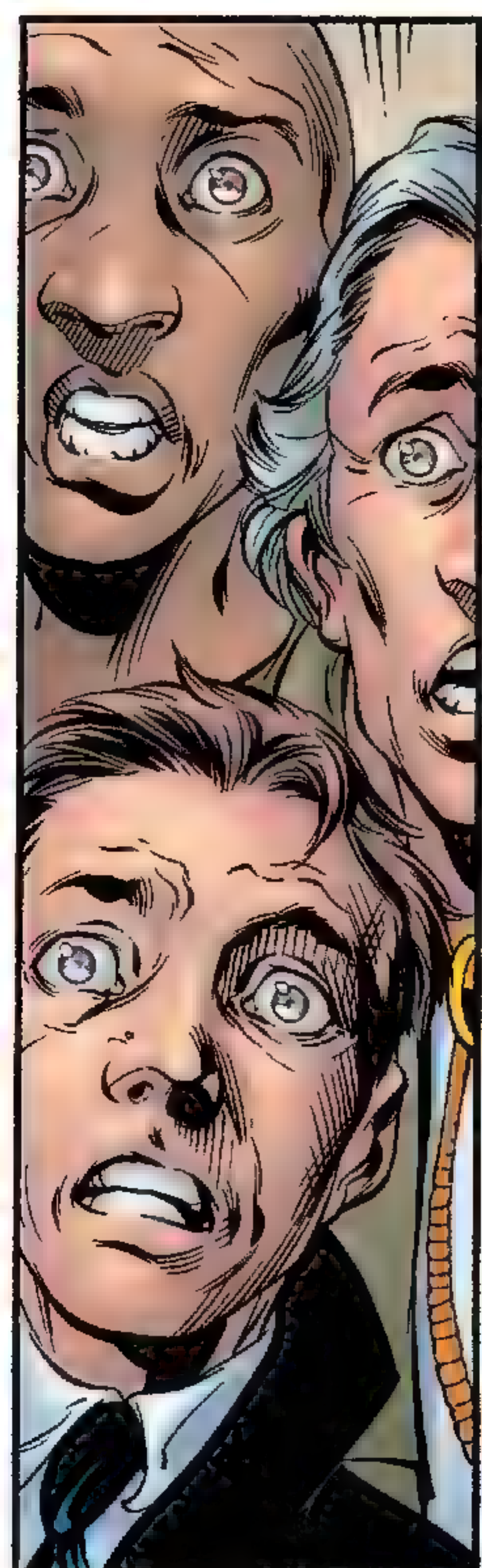
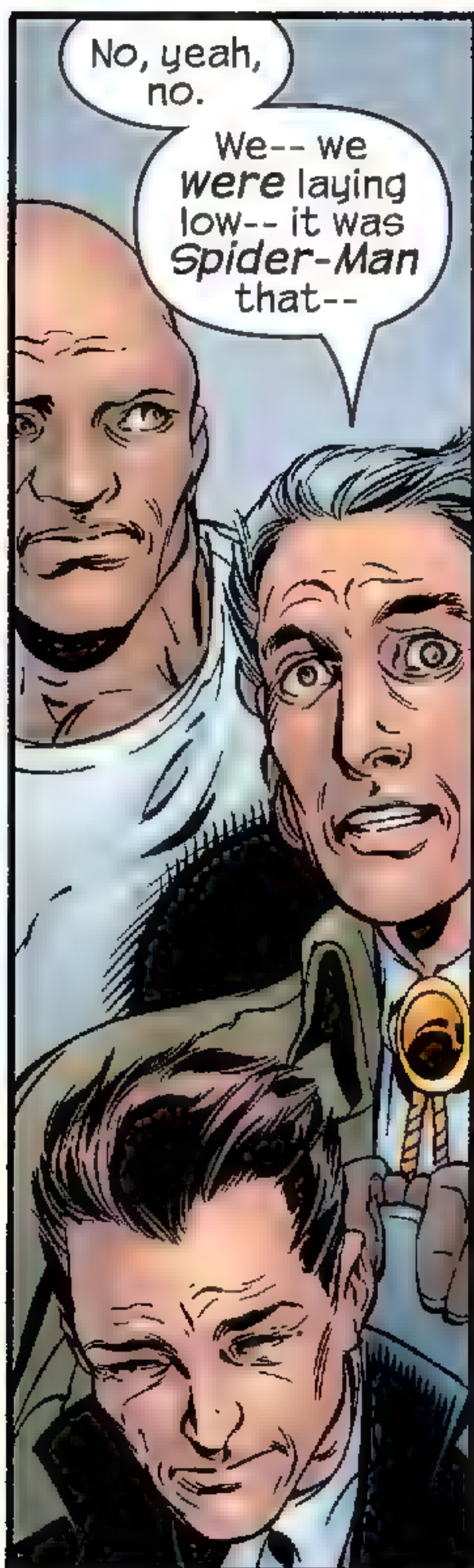


















Ask  
yourself--

Can our children truly  
be safe when masked  
vigilantes are allowed  
to wreak havoc in our  
streets?

Decent New Yorkers  
deserve a better place  
to live and one man will  
make sure they get it.

Vote for  
the law.

Vote for Sam  
Bullit, District  
Attorney.

(Paid for by the  
Committee to  
elect Sam Bullit)

**VOTE BULLIT**

I love  
it! I  $\$ \% \wedge \& \% \$$   
love it!

So we can  
count on you and  
your newspaper's  
endorsement, Mr.  
Jameson?

Absolutely.

Uh,  
Jonah--

What we were  
hoping for, to start,  
is a Sunday magazine  
piece-- a profile--  
"The Man Behind the  
Mission."

I love  
it!  
I love  
it, love it,  
love it.

What I think it  
does is--

Humanize  
the campaign.

Exactly.

Jonah, I  
thought we  
were going to  
discuss this  
before we--

Parker,  
what are you  
doing here?

Out.

This ain't  
summer  
camp.

So, I like  
the profile idea  
but I think what  
our readers  
really want to  
see is...





Everyone on the planet Earth is picking on me.



Hey!

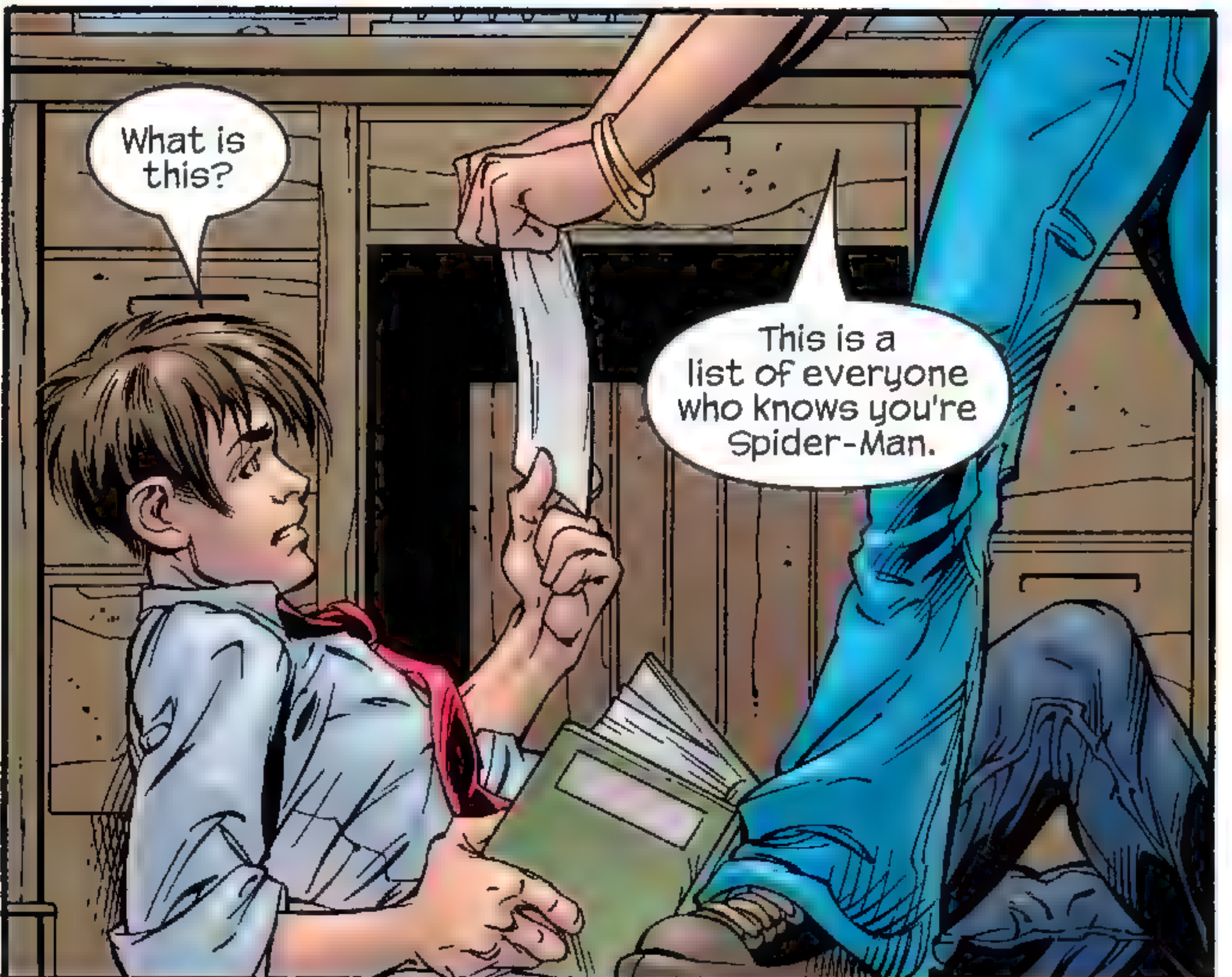
Hi, MJ.

What are you doing on the floor?

Sulking.

You sulk on the floor?

Sure.



What is this?

This is a list of everyone who knows you're Spider-Man.



Don't.

I just want to point out to you that--

Don't.

--that *waaay* too many people know you're Spider-Man and it's going to come back to--

Bite me.

Yeah.





Sweetie, I worry.

What am I supposed to do?

Be more careful.



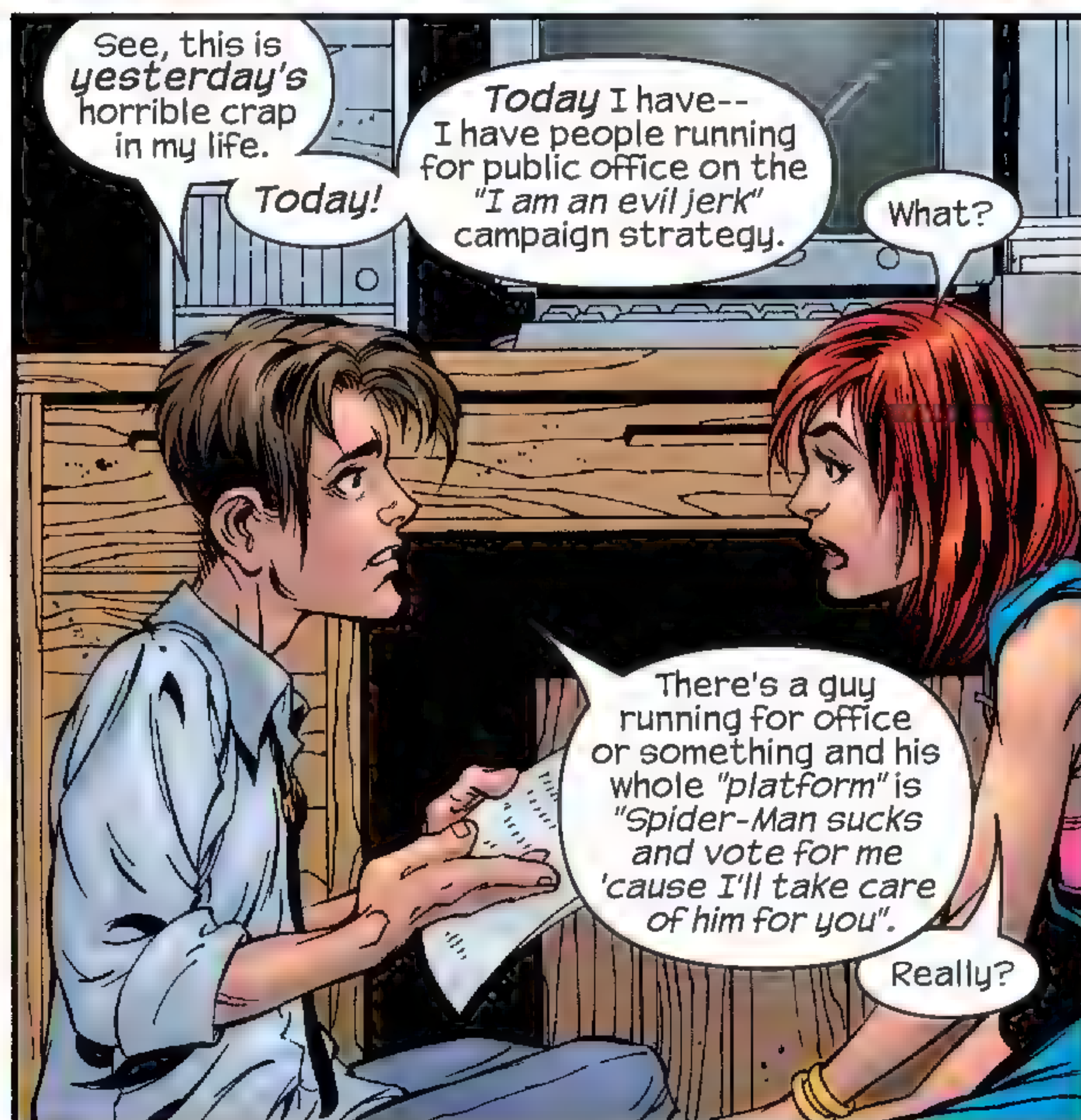
No. I mean about this *list*. What am I supposed to do? Whack them??

You want me to go and do *what* with this?

Aw, come on, don't be mad at me.

I mean, what am I supposed to do with this?

I just--



See, this is *yesterday's* horrible crap in my life.

Today!

Today I have-- I have people running for public office on the "I am an evil jerk" campaign strategy.

What?

There's a guy running for office or something and his whole "platform" is "Spider-Man sucks and vote for me 'cause I'll take care of him for you".

Really?

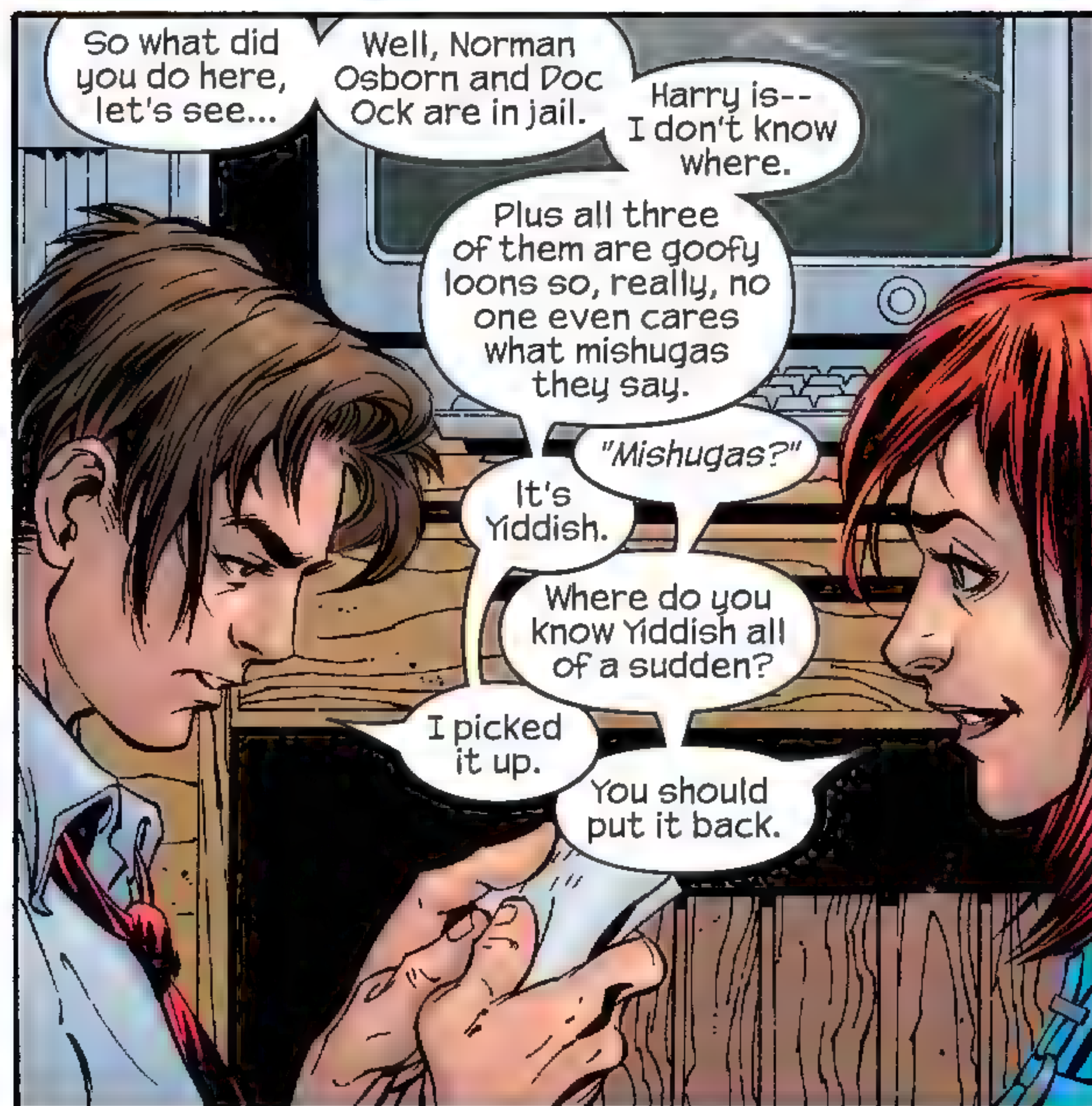


Yeah.

Really.

Screw 'im. He's a politician.

That's like one step below... I don't know... something *sucky*.



So what did you do here, let's see...

Well, Norman Osborn and Doc Ock are in jail.

Harry is-- I don't know where.

Plus all three of them are goofy loons so, really, no one even cares what mishugas they say.

"Mishugas?"

It's Yiddish.

Where do you know Yiddish all of a sudden?

I picked it up.

You should put it back.



And these guys: Nick Fury, The Ultimates, Captain America, The X-Men...

These are all super heroes. So--

So what?

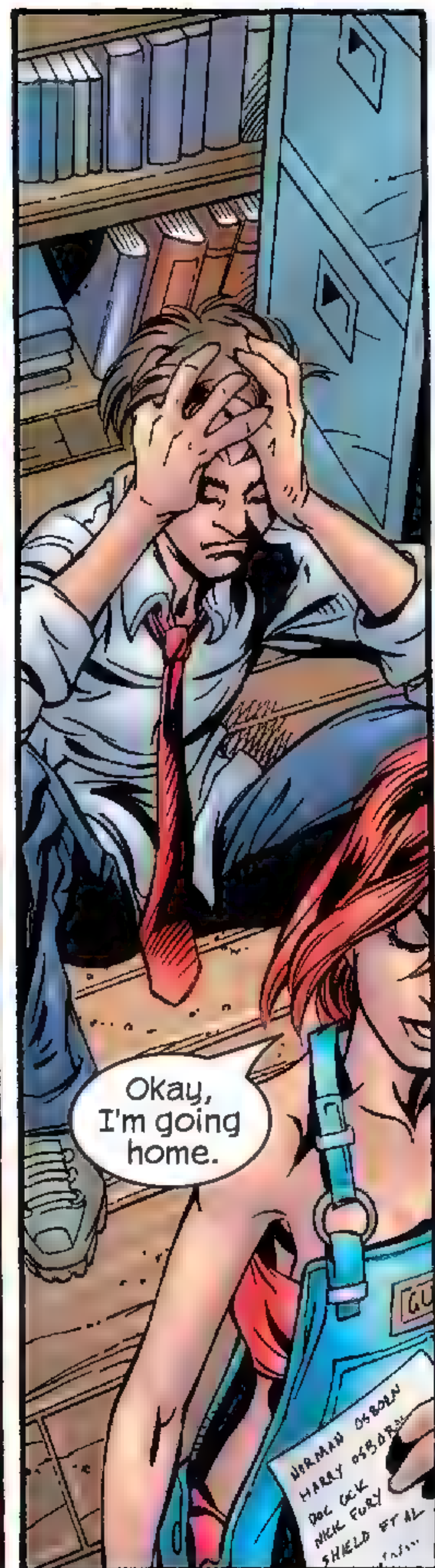
So there's like an-an unwritten thing.

A "professional courtesy".





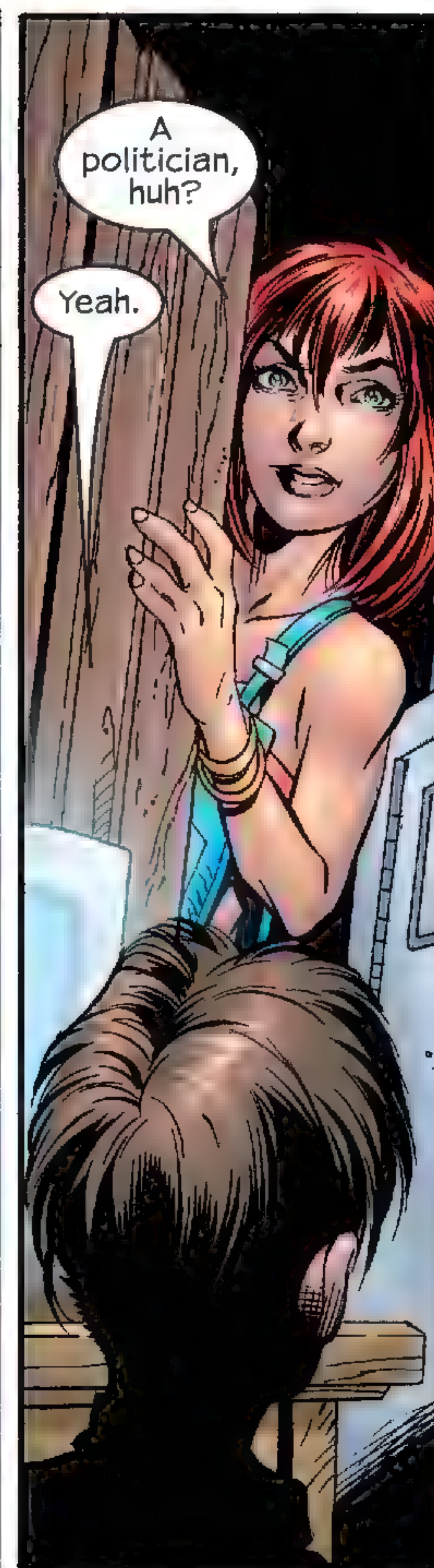
It's too many people.  
I know!!  
Why are you mad at me?  
Why do you keep repeating this point of yours?!!



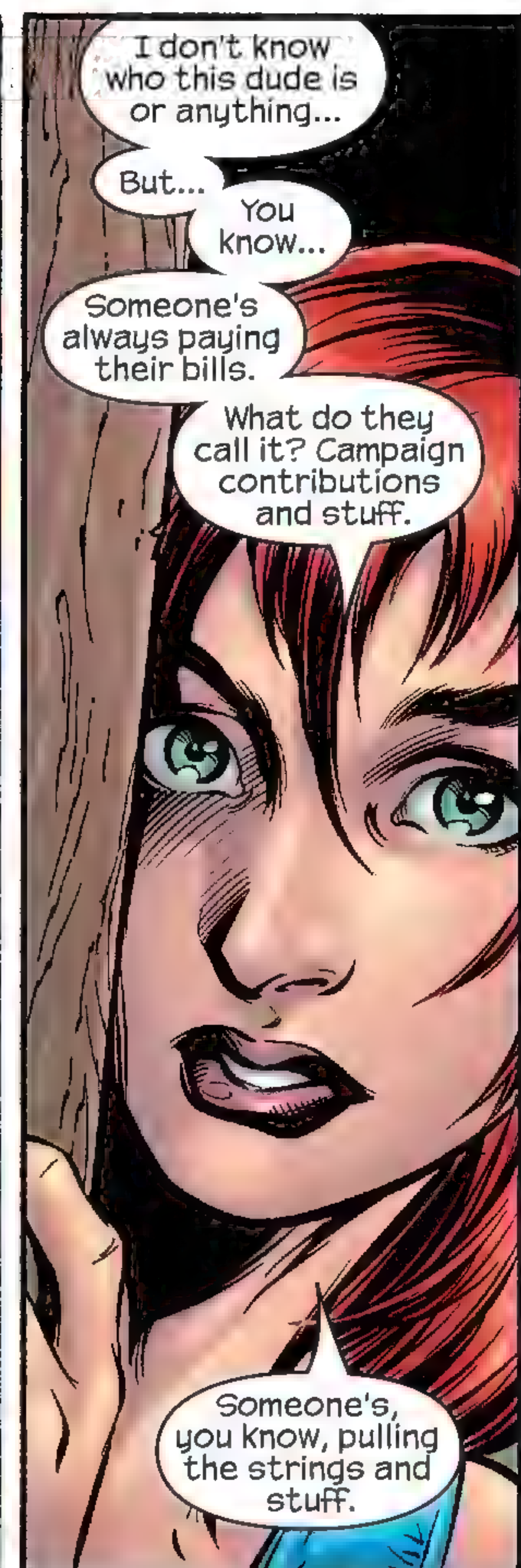
Okay, I'm going home.



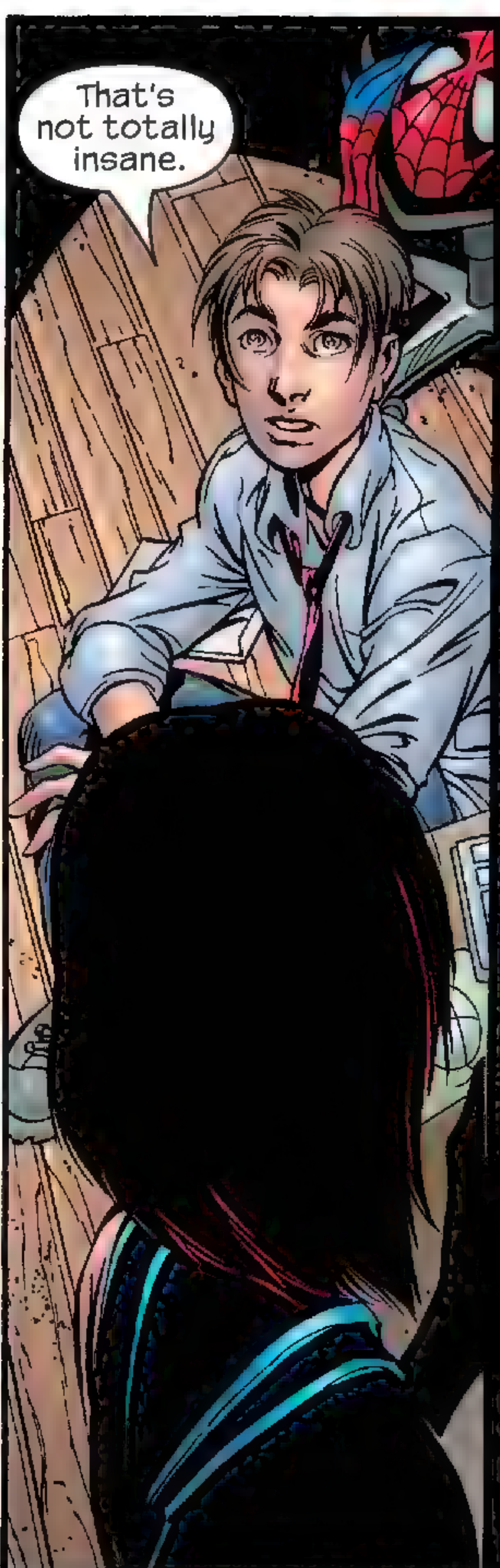
I'm sorry I yelled.  
I know.  
I didn't do it on purpose.



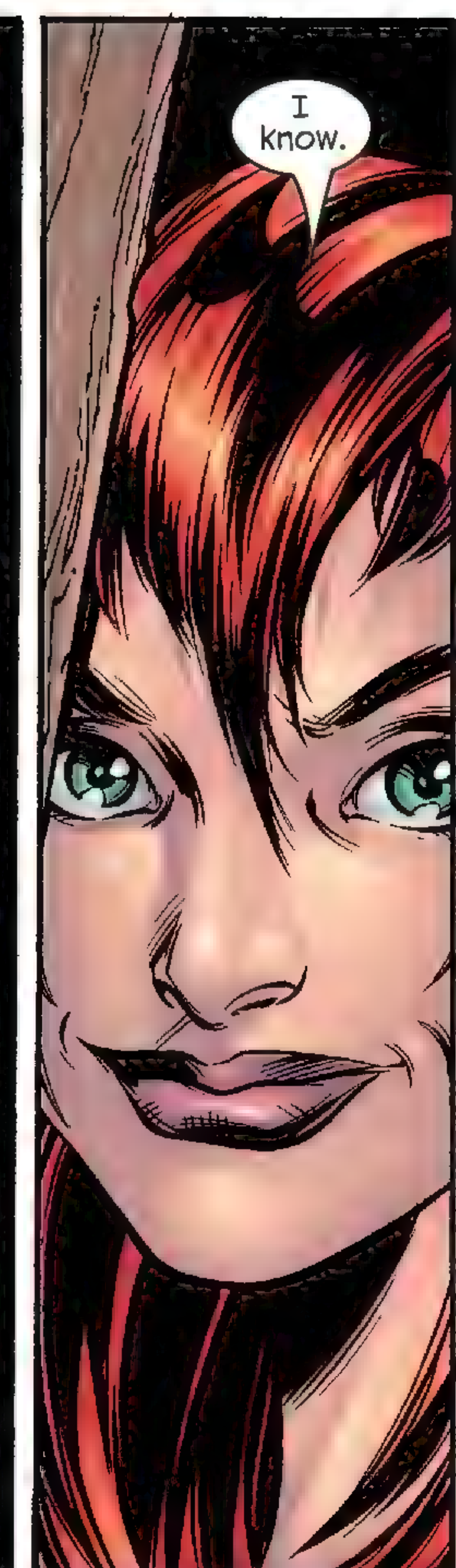
A politician, huh?  
Yeah.



I don't know who this dude is or anything...  
But... You know...  
Someone's always paying their bills.  
What do they call it? Campaign contributions and stuff.



That's not totally insane.



I know.



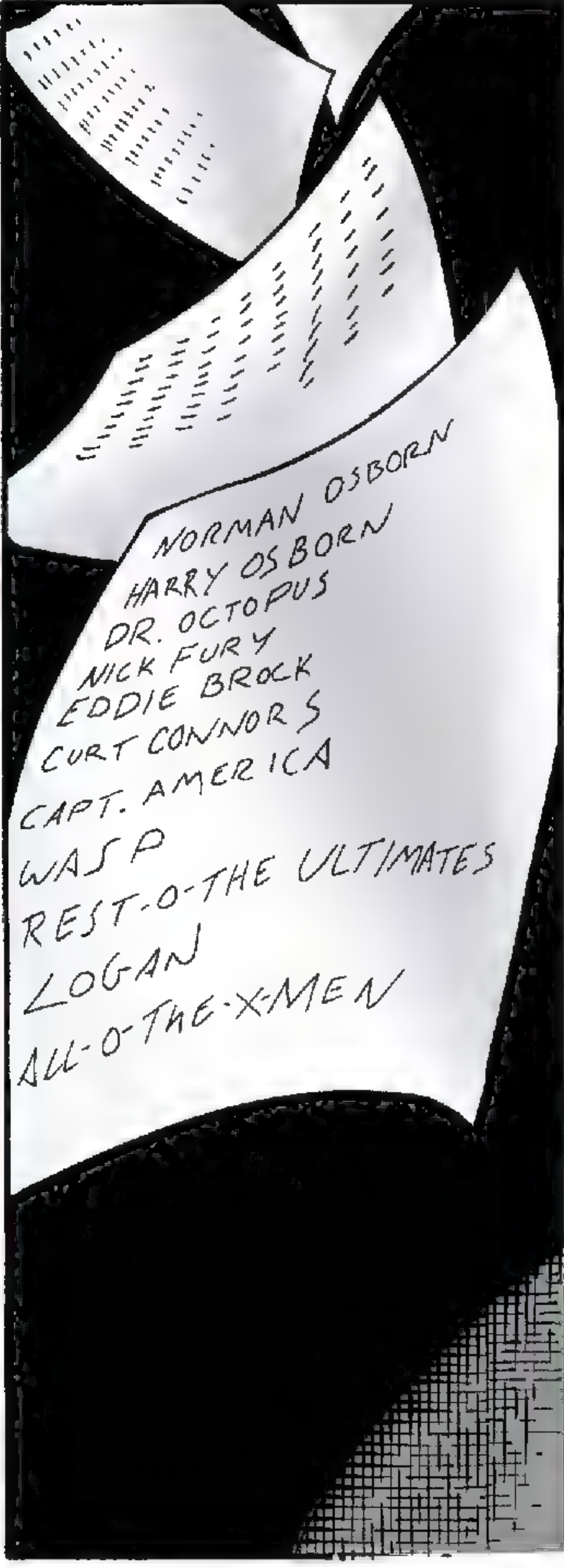
Who would want to do that?



Good question.  
Huh.  
Oh! Look at this.

NORMAN OSBORN  
HARRY OSBORN  
DR. OCTOPUS  
NICK FURY  
EDDIE BROCK  
CURT CONNOR  
CAPT. AMERICA  
WASP  
REST-O-THE ULTIMATES  
LOGAN  
ALL-O-THE X-MEN

I have a list right here.



NORMAN OSBORN  
HARRY OSBORN  
DR. OCTOPUS  
NICK FURY  
EDDIE BROCK  
CURT CONNOR  
CAPT. AMERICA  
WASP  
REST-O-THE ULTIMATES  
LOGAN  
ALL-O-THE X-MEN







Everyone on the planet Earth is picking on me.

Officially, everyone.

This *is* picking on me, right? I'm not crazy.

Who is this guy and why has he crawled--

Oh, God!

# TAKE BACK OUR CITY!



--so far up my--

HOLY LORD!! HOLY LORD!!



It's-- it's *him*! Oh God!!

What?

Get away from here, you *mutant*!! We-- we-- we don't want you here!





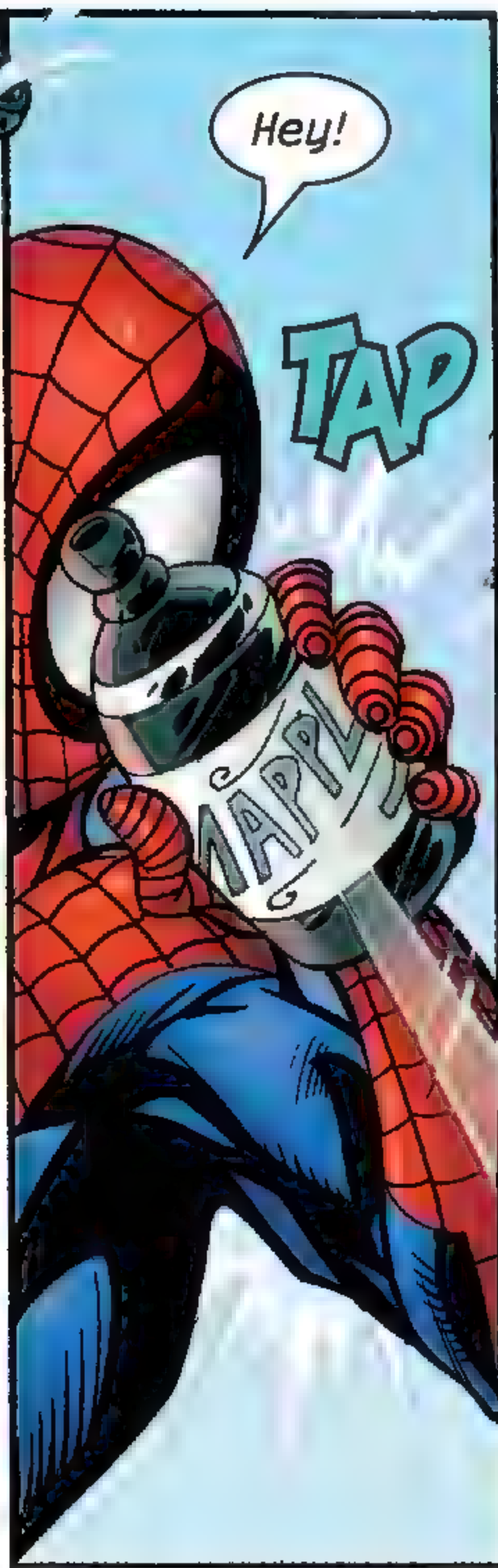
What?!  
What did I do?

What did I do that you're freaking here like this?

Seriously.

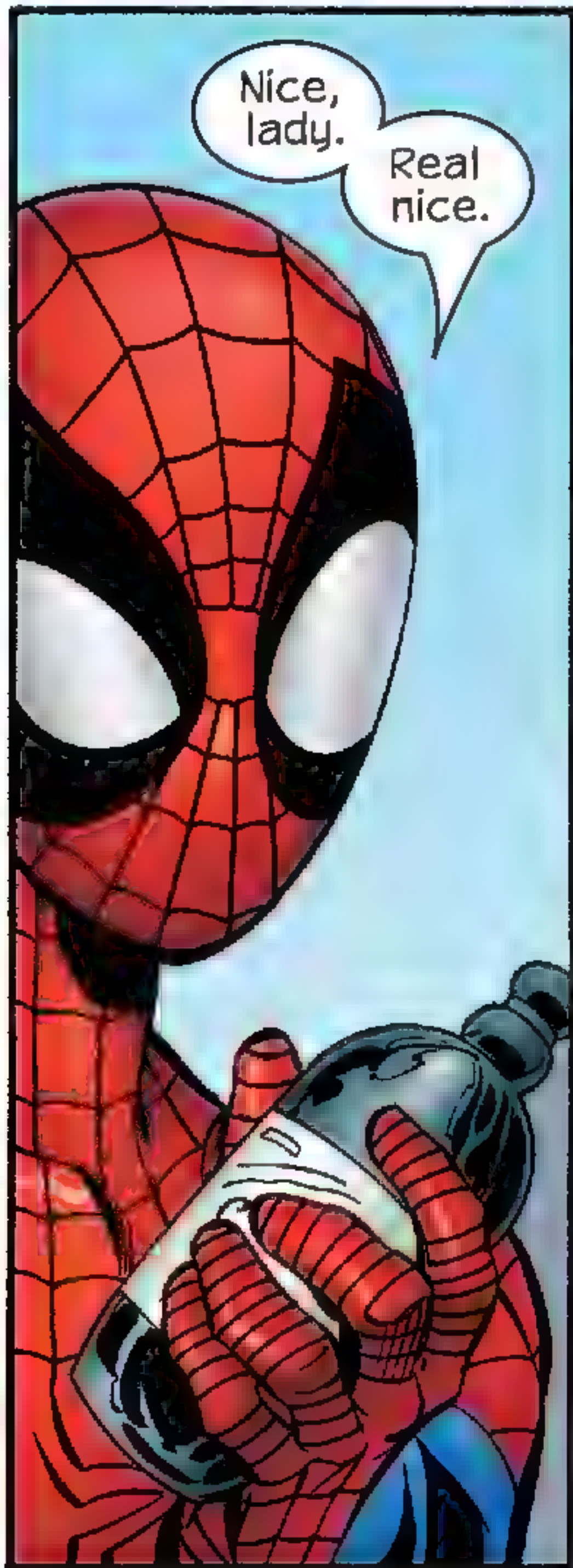


Just get out of here!!



Hey!

TAP



Nice, lady.

Real nice.



I want you to note the following, okay?

I didn't try to hurt you.

I'm not the one who threw something at you.



And I didn't call you any names even though you wore that hat out in public.



# DAILY BUGLE KINGPIN CLEARED

Questionable evidence deemed fraud/ inadmissible



I--

I guh--

I can't--  
no.

I--  
what?

Huh?

I--

He murdered  
someone on  
videotape!!

On  
videotape!!

I had the tape  
and I gave it to  
the paper.

And the--  
it--

It aired on CNN  
fifty times a day  
for six months.

And he's  
walking  
away??

He's out and  
about??

I am going--  
My--

I-I am going  
to lose it!!!

I'm the wanted  
man!! Me!!

And *this* guy  
**WHO MURDERED  
SOMEONE ON  
VIDEOTAPE** is--

Ben Urich is  
the guy I snuck  
the tape to.

The story *made*  
him. He got a book  
deal over the--

Oh.

Has the world gone  
absolutely goofy? What  
is going on??!!

Why is  
everything  
so--

It's  
*backwards*,  
Jonah!!

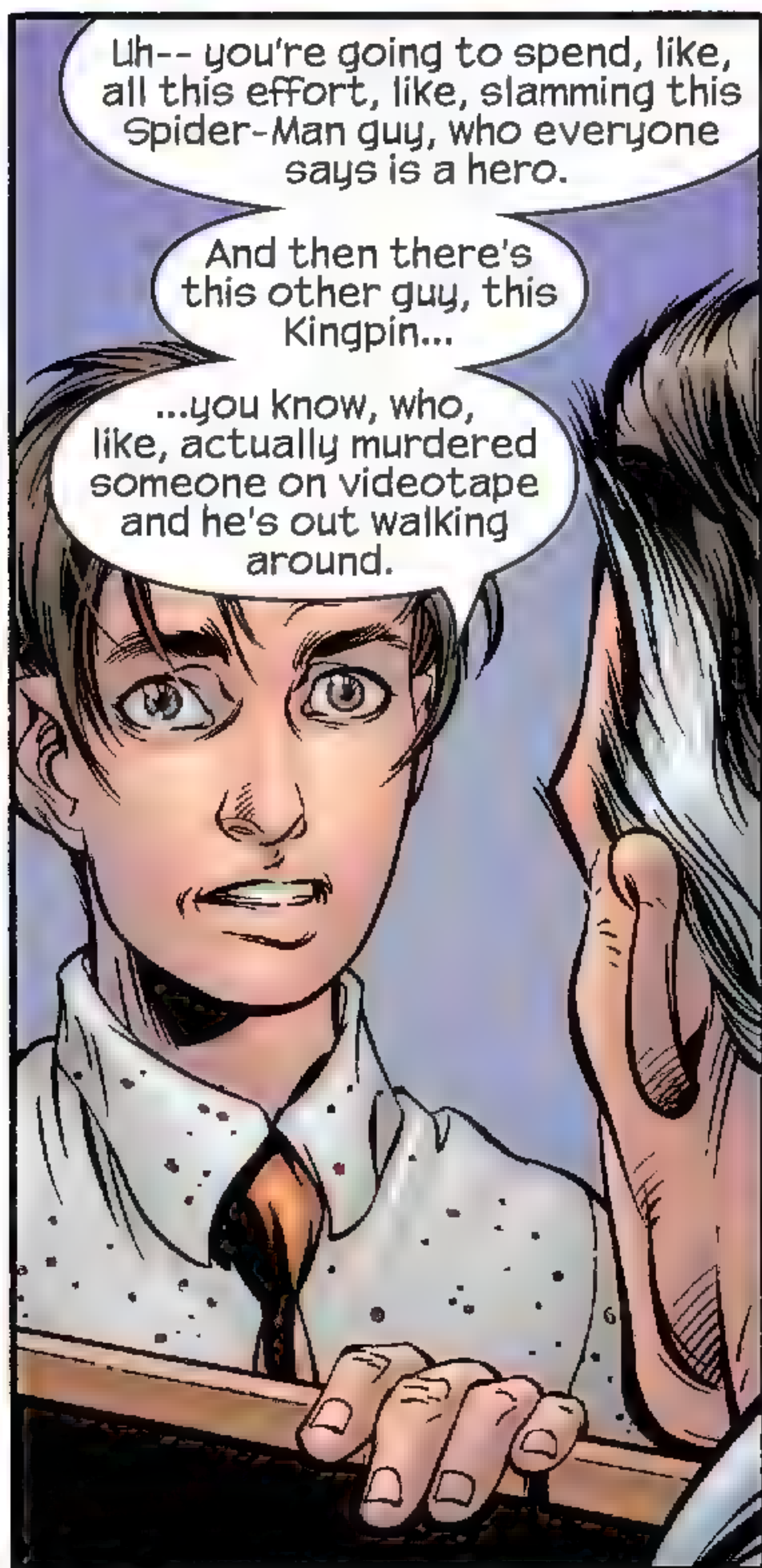
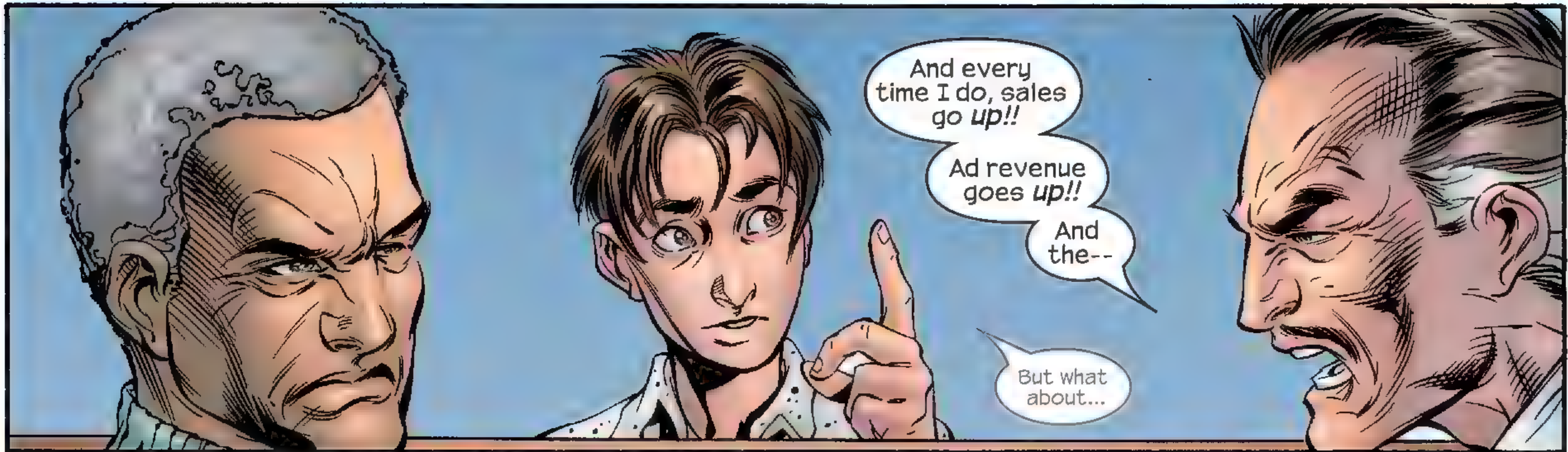
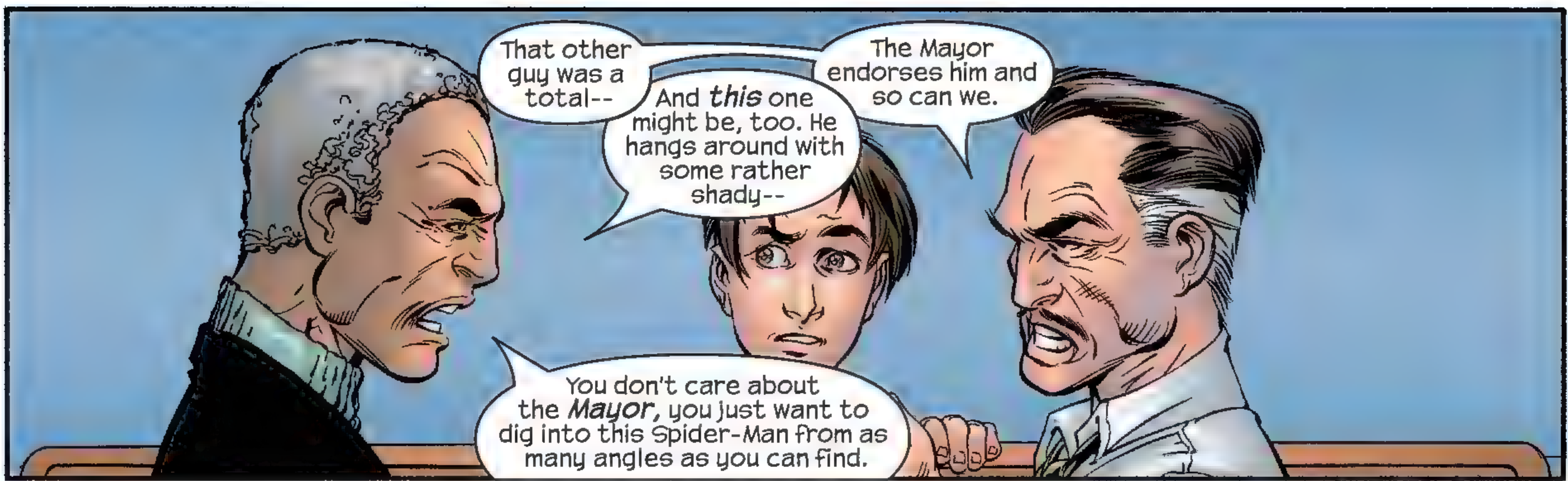
I'm not  
discussing  
this!!

You jump  
into bed with  
*any* politician  
that--

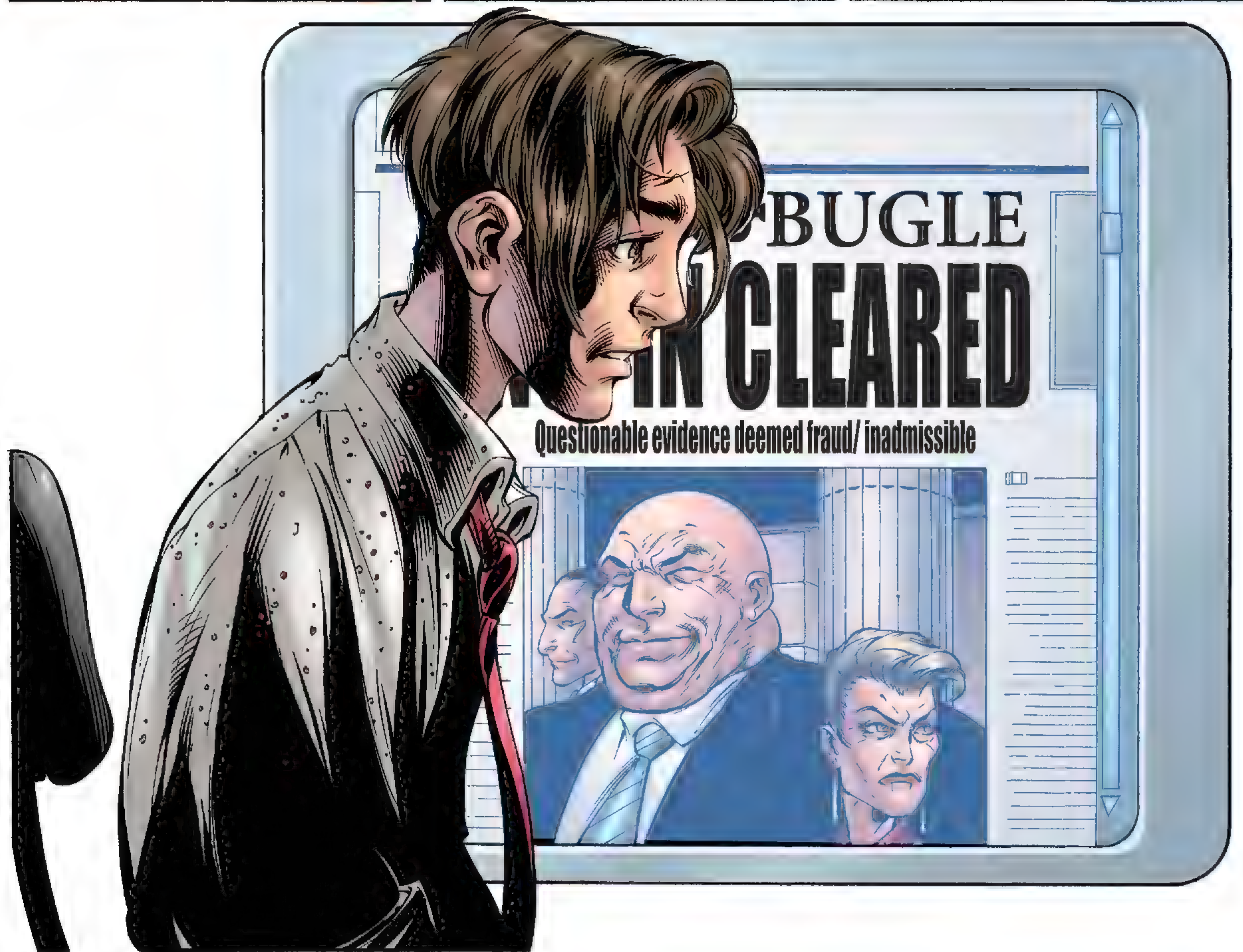
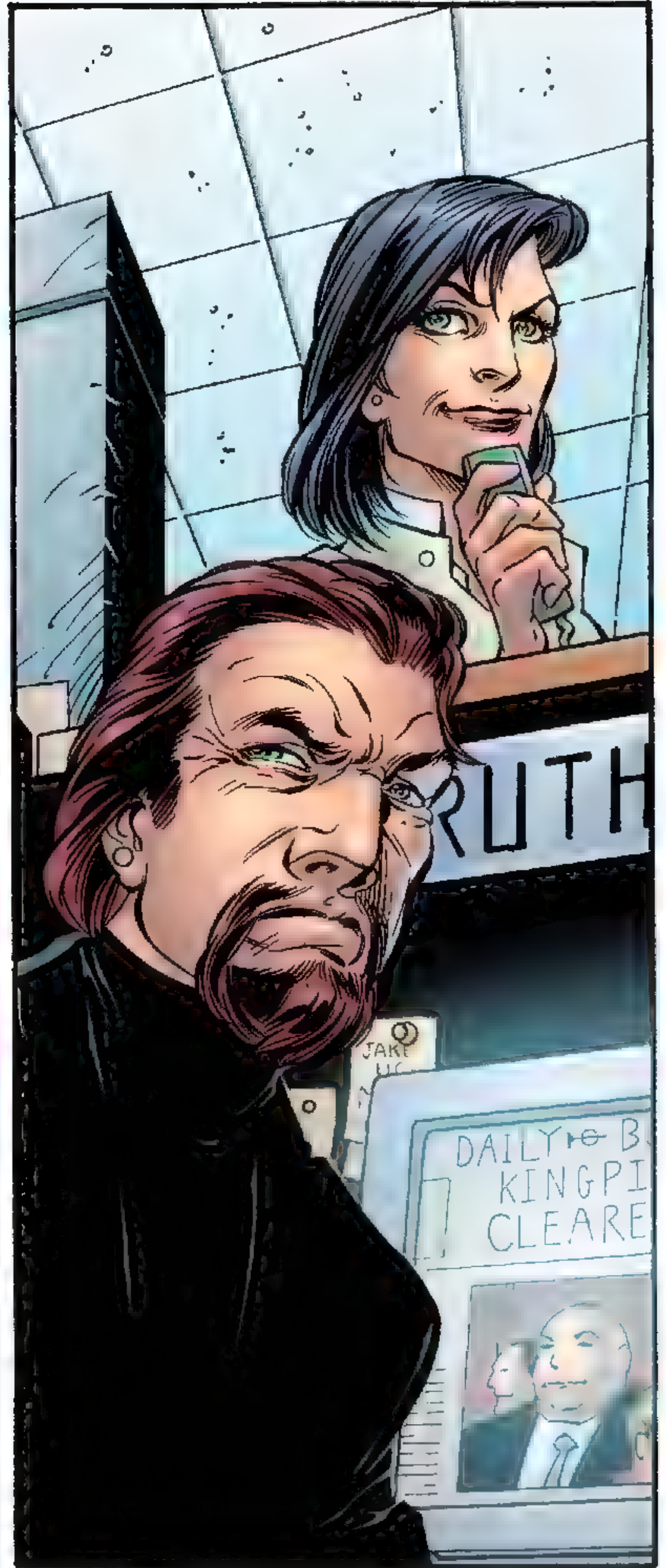
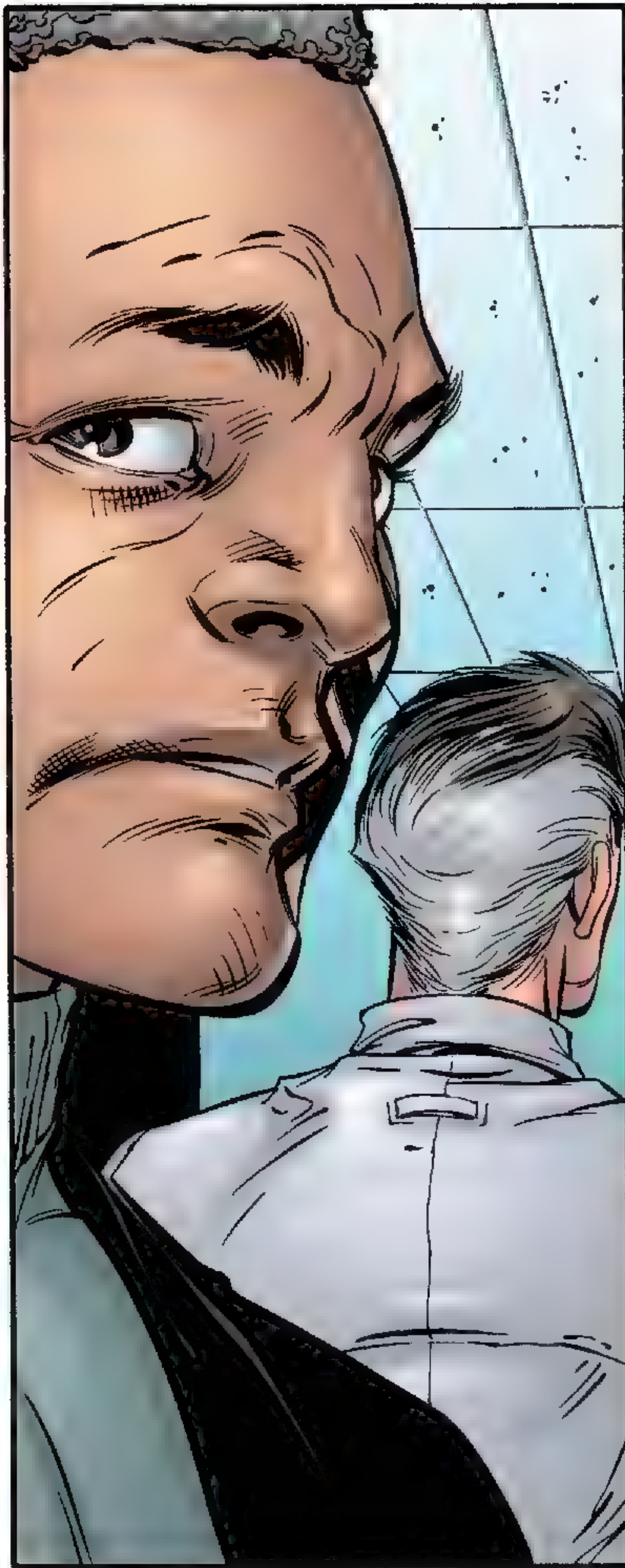
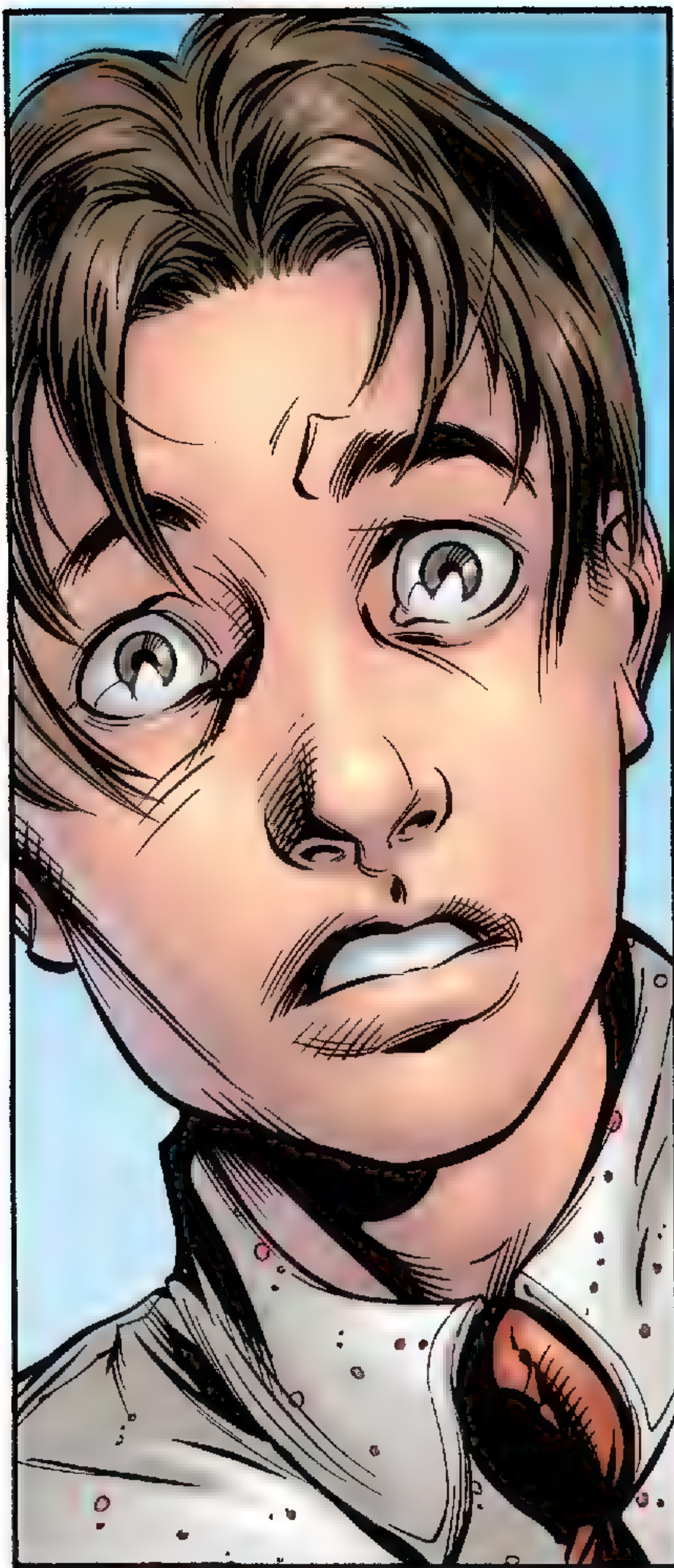
Hey!

You've been  
burned by this  
before.





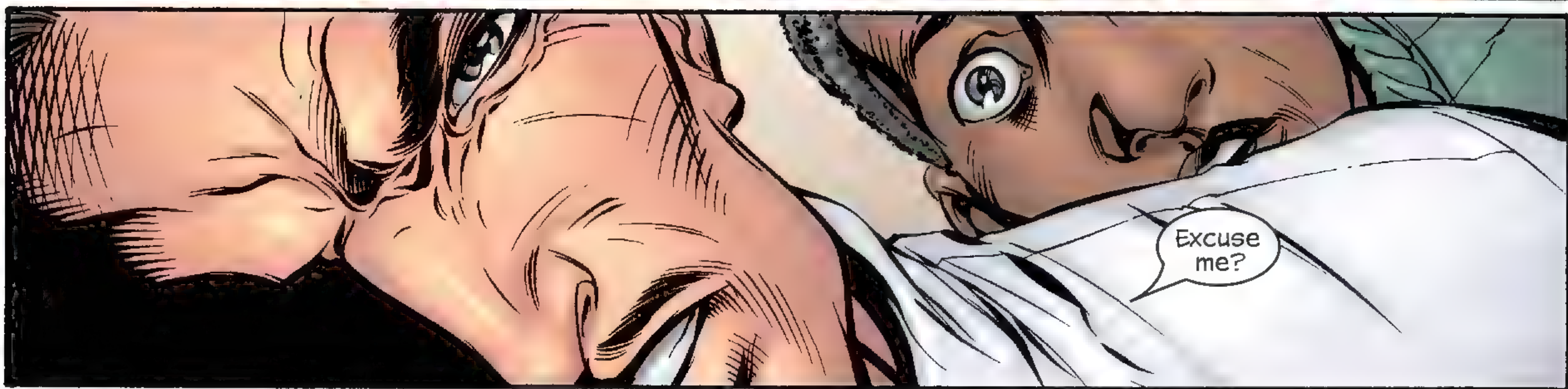
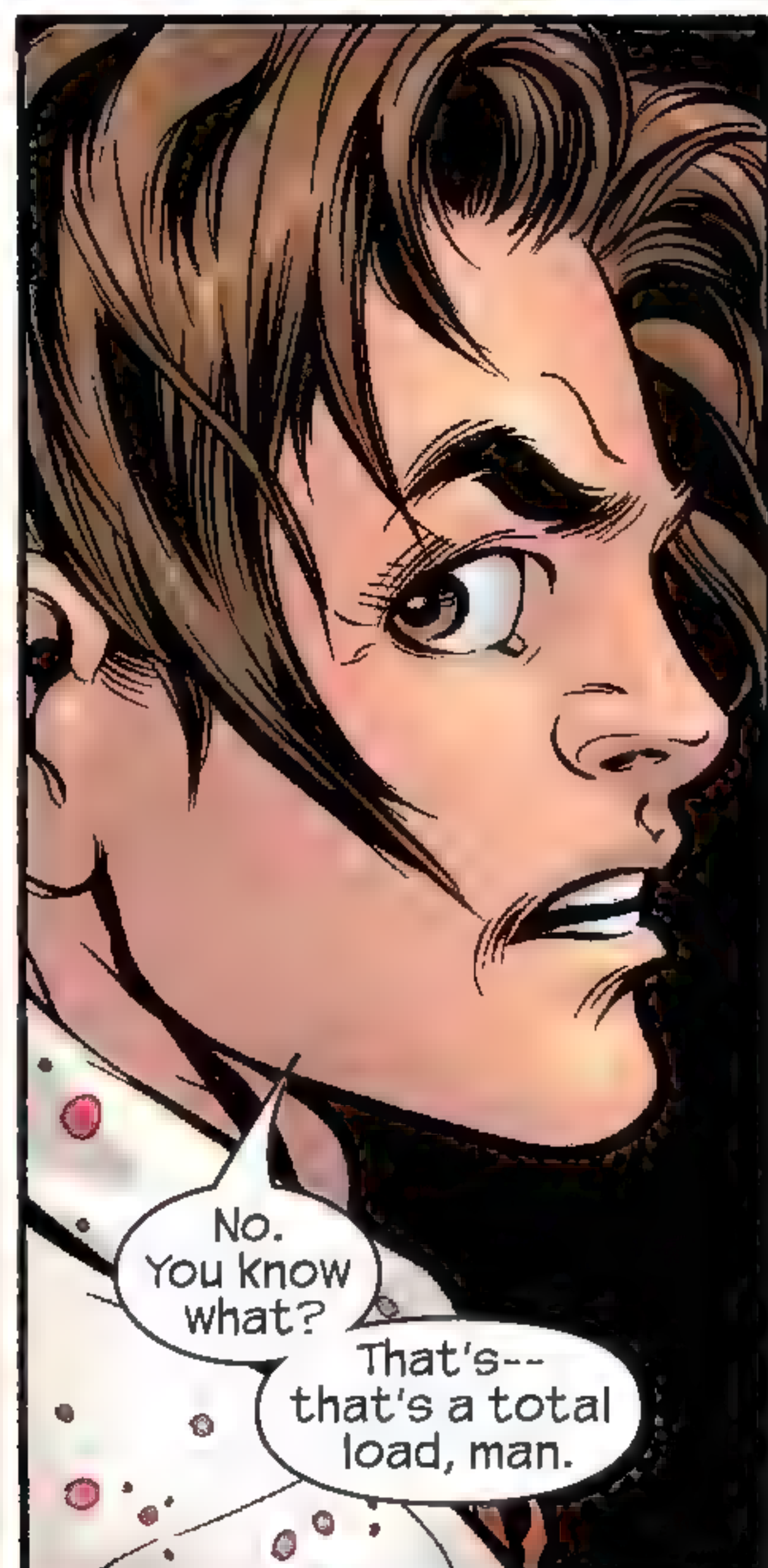
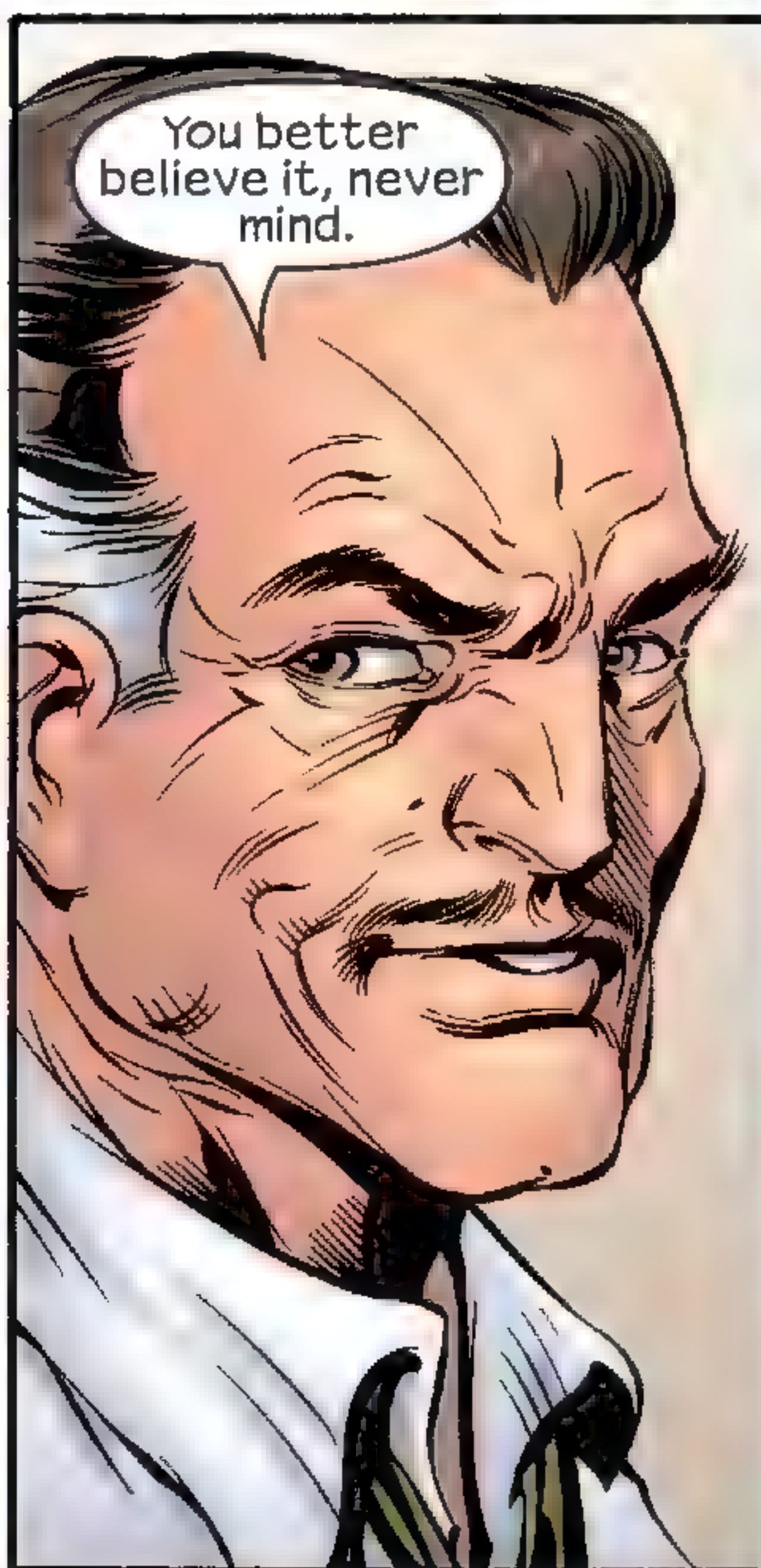
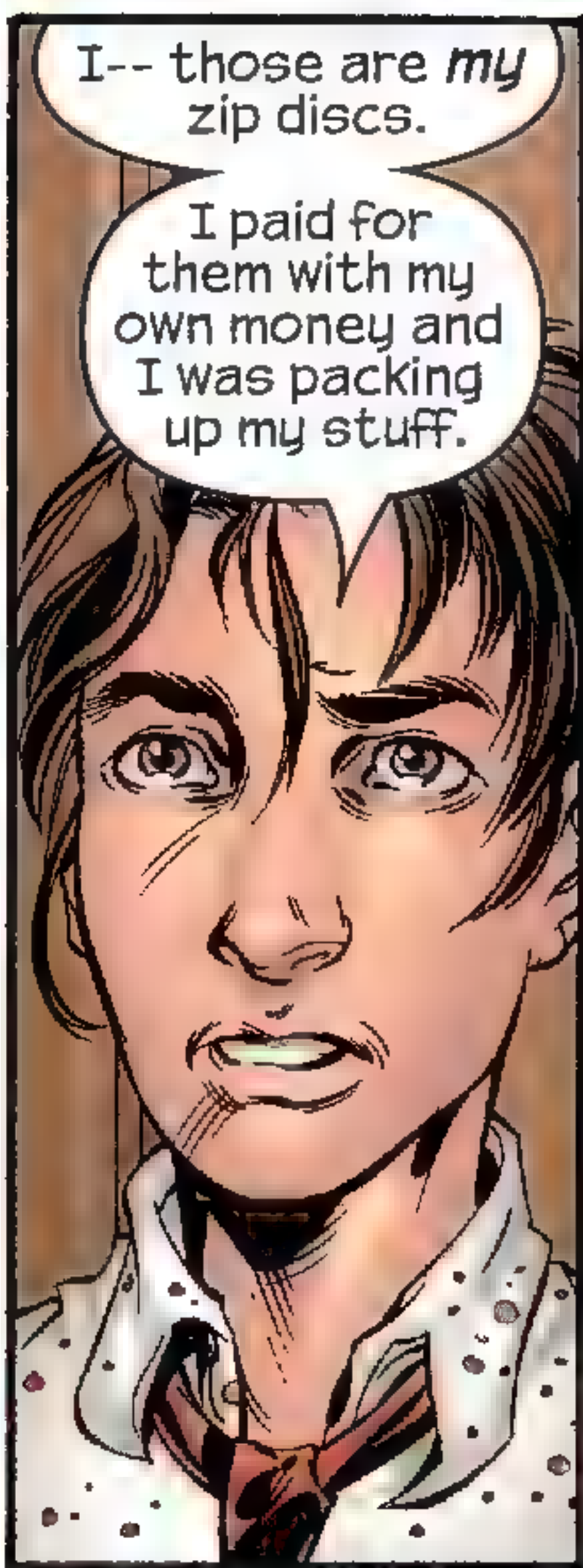














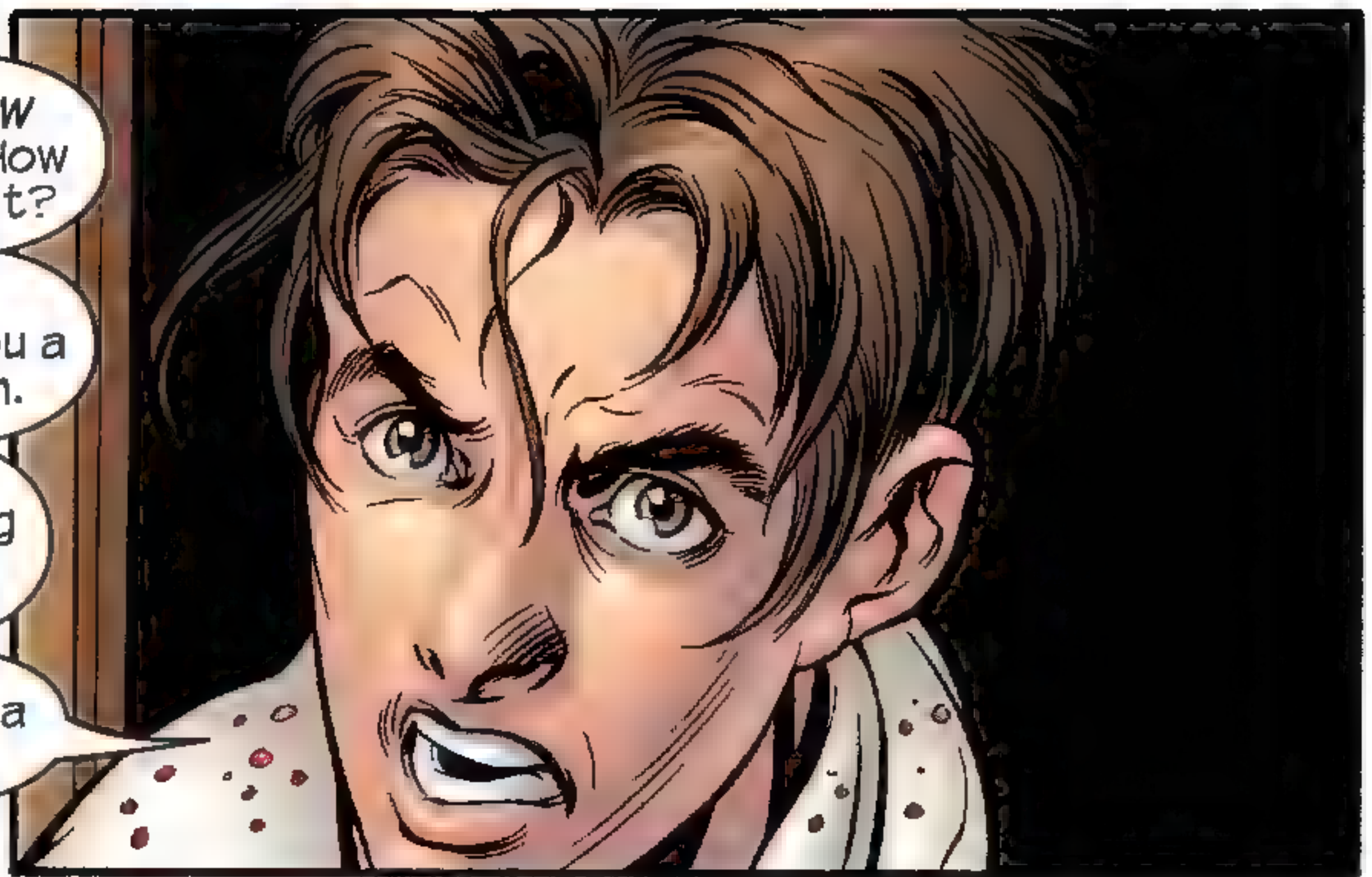


It was *how* I *said* it? How did I *say* it?

All I did was ask you a question.

I wasn't yelling or being anything but polite.

I asked you a question.



You're this older man, of, you know, *experience*, and I was asking you a question about something I didn't know the answer to.

And instead of answering the question...

...because I guess you didn't *like* the *answer* you had...

...you *fired* me!

And that's okay, I guess.

I mean, you can fire me for whatever reason you want.



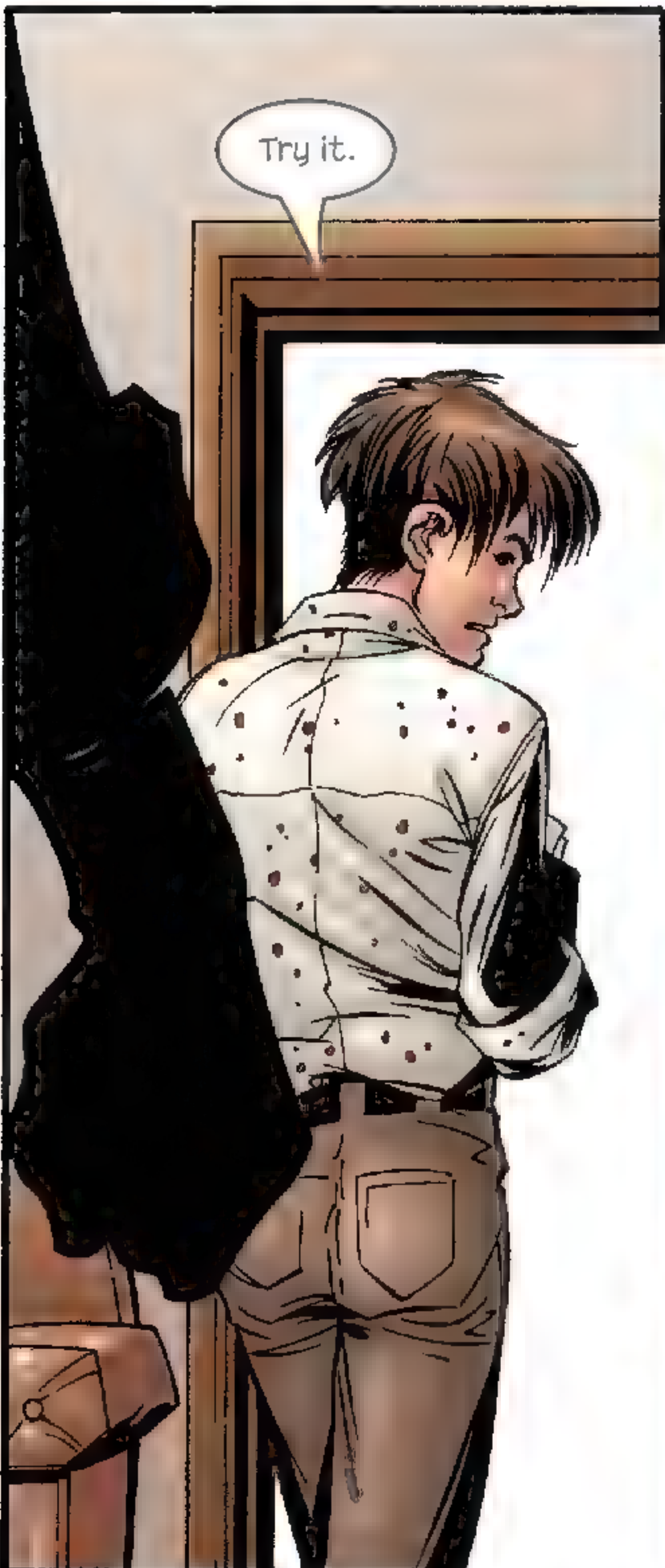
But don't give me that "it's not what I said, it's how I said it".

I asked you a question and you fired me.



And now you're *double* fired.

Do I have to call security?!!



Try it.



Teenagers!

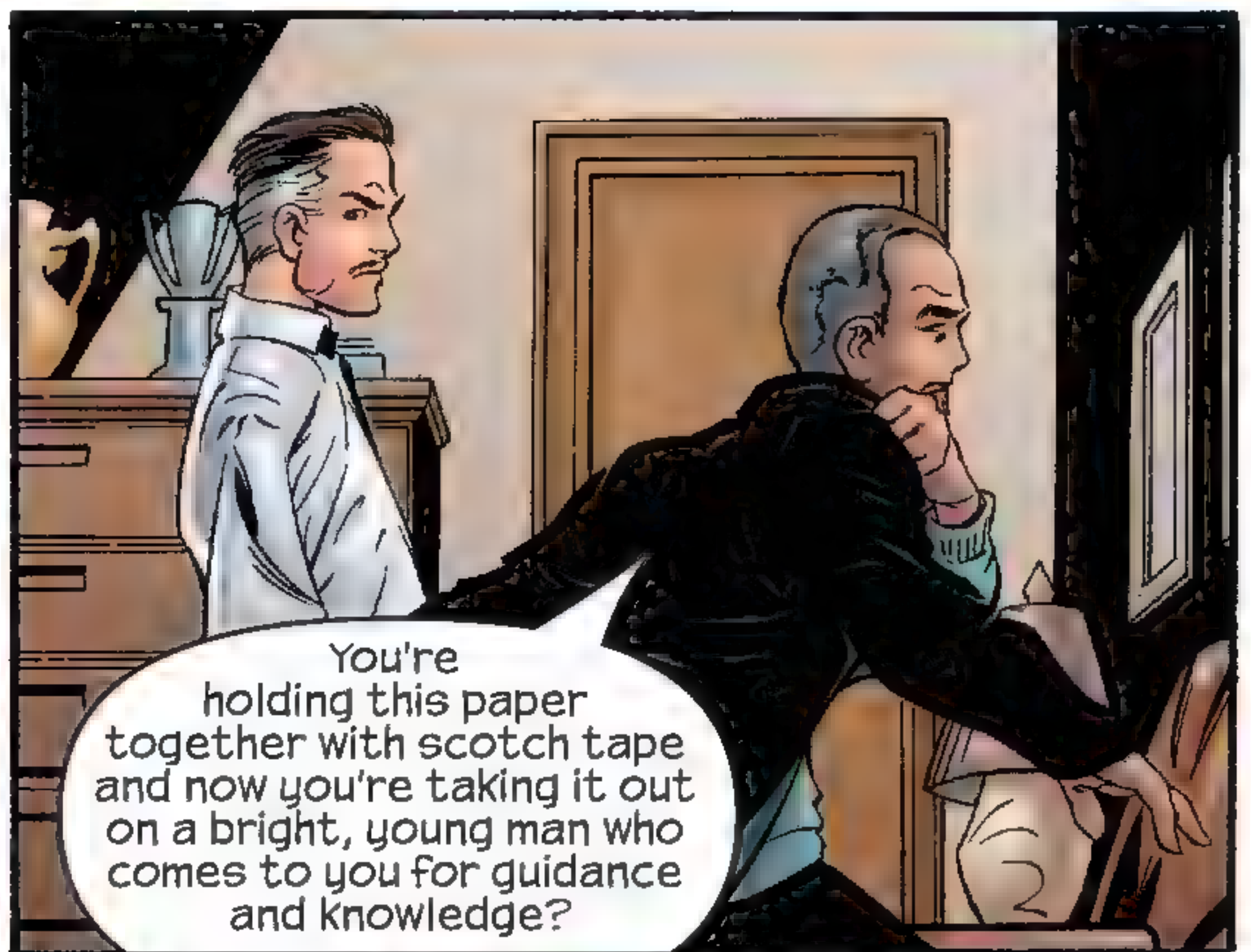
So *this* is you now?

Every time you lose an argument you *fire* the person?

I'm not having this discussion.

Jonah, I've known you twenty years.

*I know* you know that kid is right on the money.



You're holding this paper together with scotch tape and now you're taking it out on a bright, young man who comes to you for guidance and knowledge?



I liked you better when you drank.

I'm going home.





AAARRRGHHH!!!

I got fired!!  
I opened my  
mouth and got  
fired!!

Great! Just  
great!!

Is there some  
kind of *world's  
record* I'm hitting  
for the youngest  
total *loser* in New  
York City?!



Is there *any* facet of my  
life I haven't *totally*  
screwed up?

Ugh!!!

Now I'm going to have  
to go get a job at the  
*mall* or something.

Excuse me, sir, would  
you like *cheese* on your  
*hotdog on a stick*?

Cheese dog  
maker by day,  
super hero  
by night?

This is  
my life?



This is what I  
have to look  
forward to?

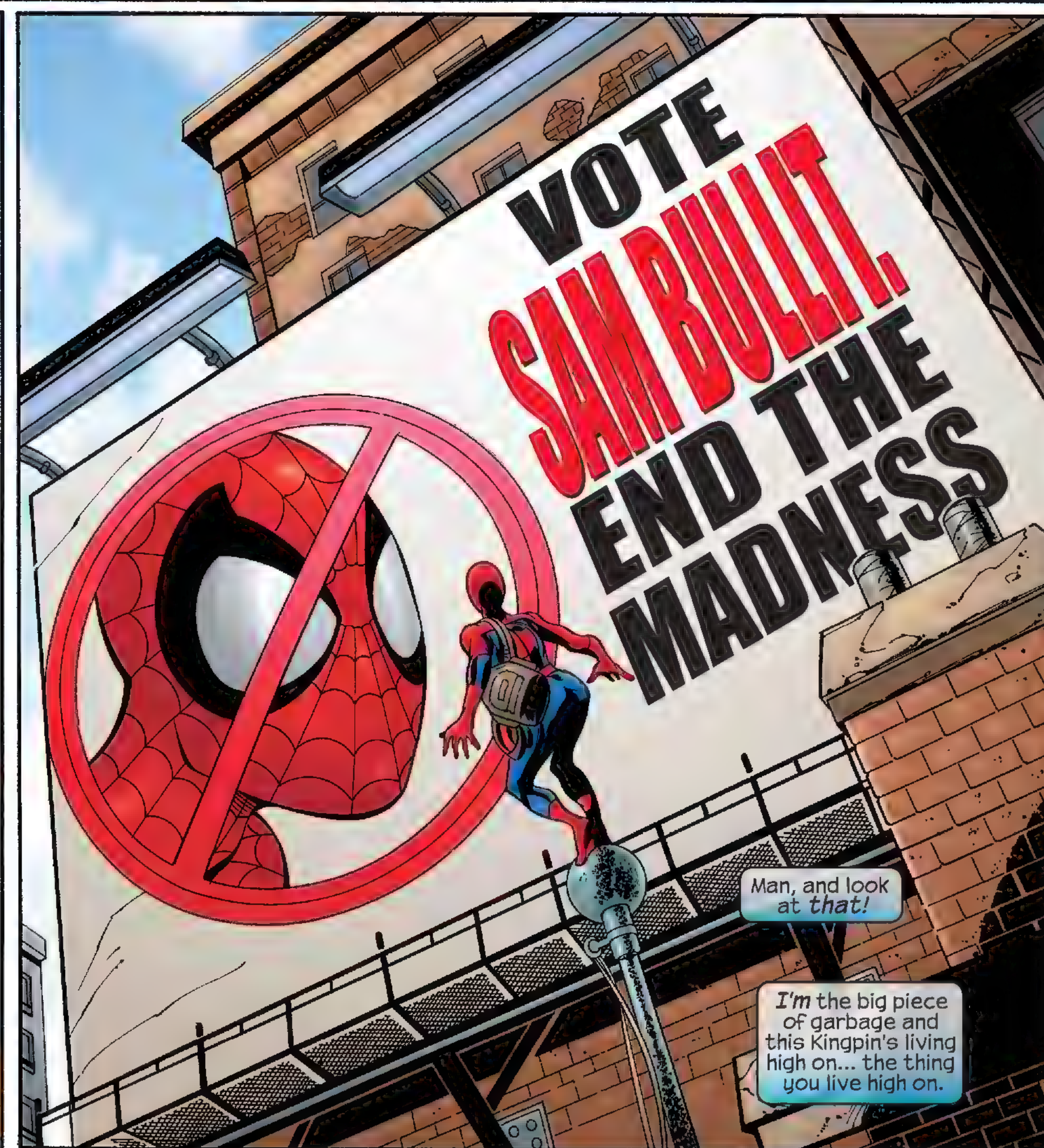
And there it  
is. There's Fisk  
Tower.

The Kingpin's big  
freakin' castle right  
in the middle of the  
freakin' city.

And he's sitting  
up there just having  
a big freakin' party.

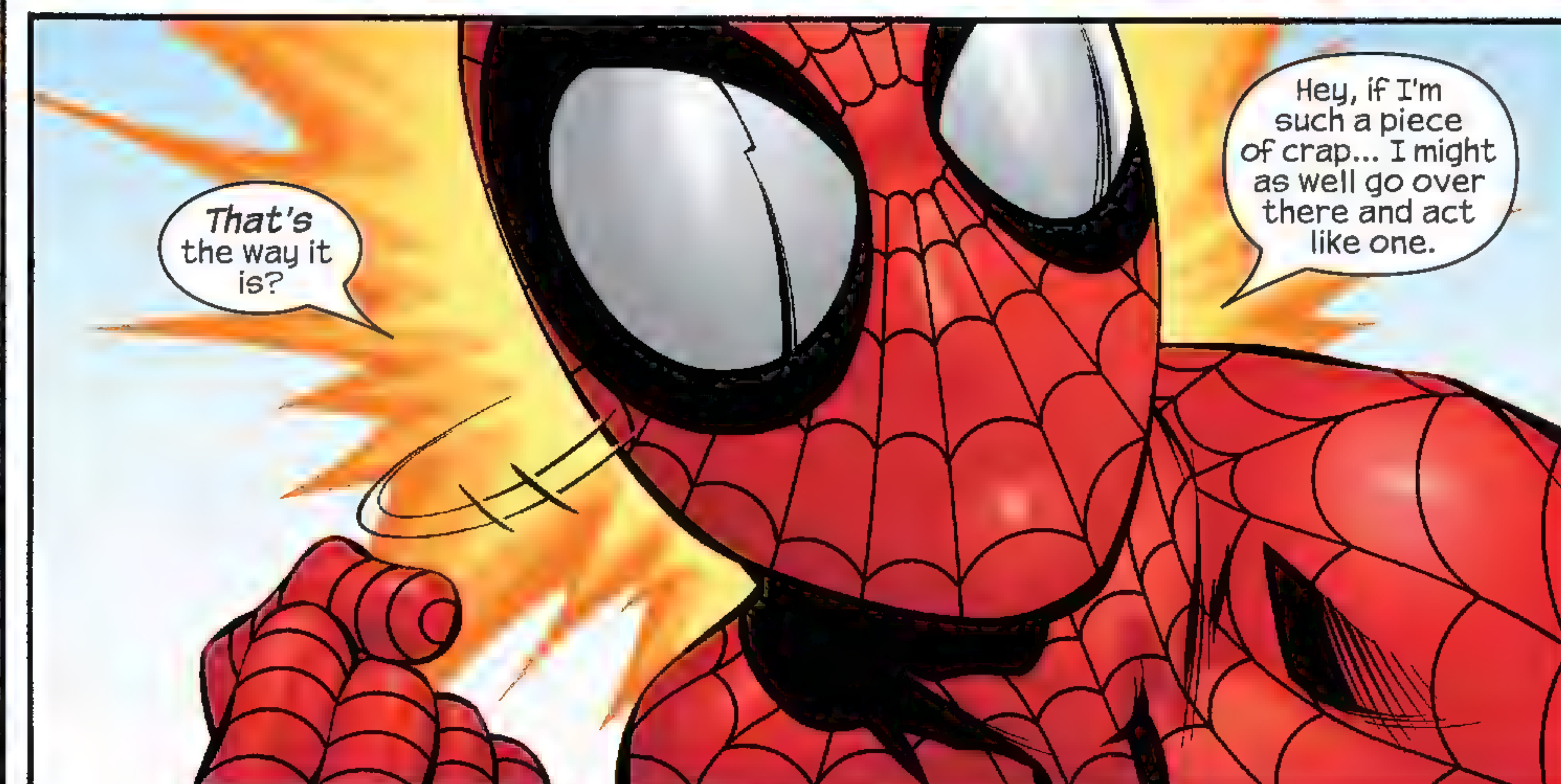
A big "I can do  
whatever the  
hell I freakin'  
want" party!

This is what I  
have to deal  
with? This is  
the world?



Man, and look  
at that!

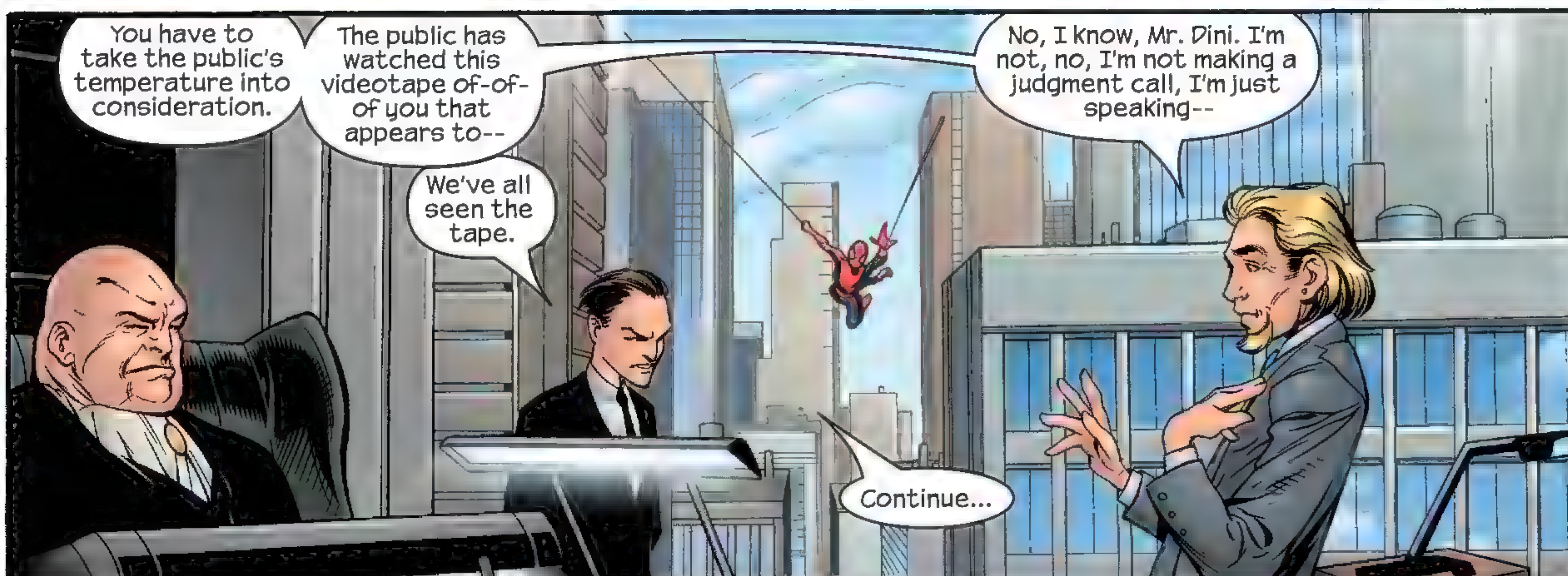
I'm the big piece  
of garbage and  
this Kingpin's living  
high on... the thing  
you live high on.



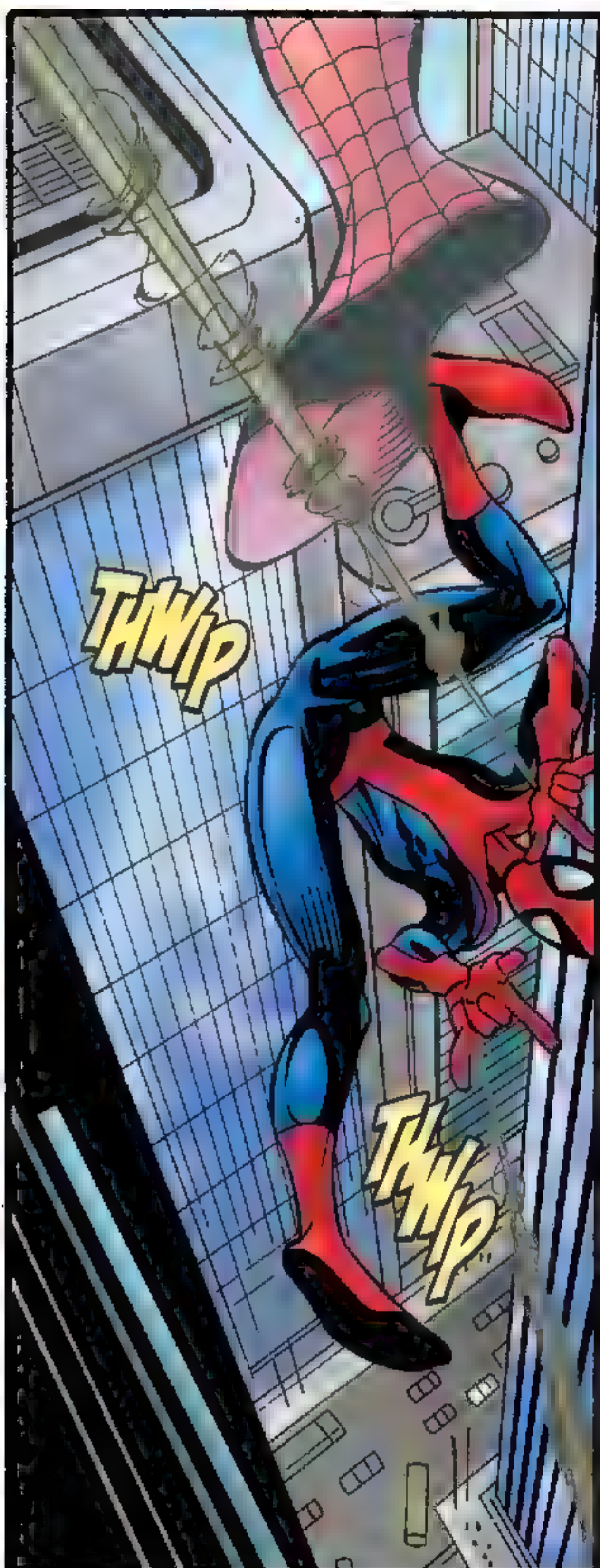
That's  
the way it  
is?

Hey, if I'm  
such a piece  
of crap... I might  
as well go over  
there and act  
like one.

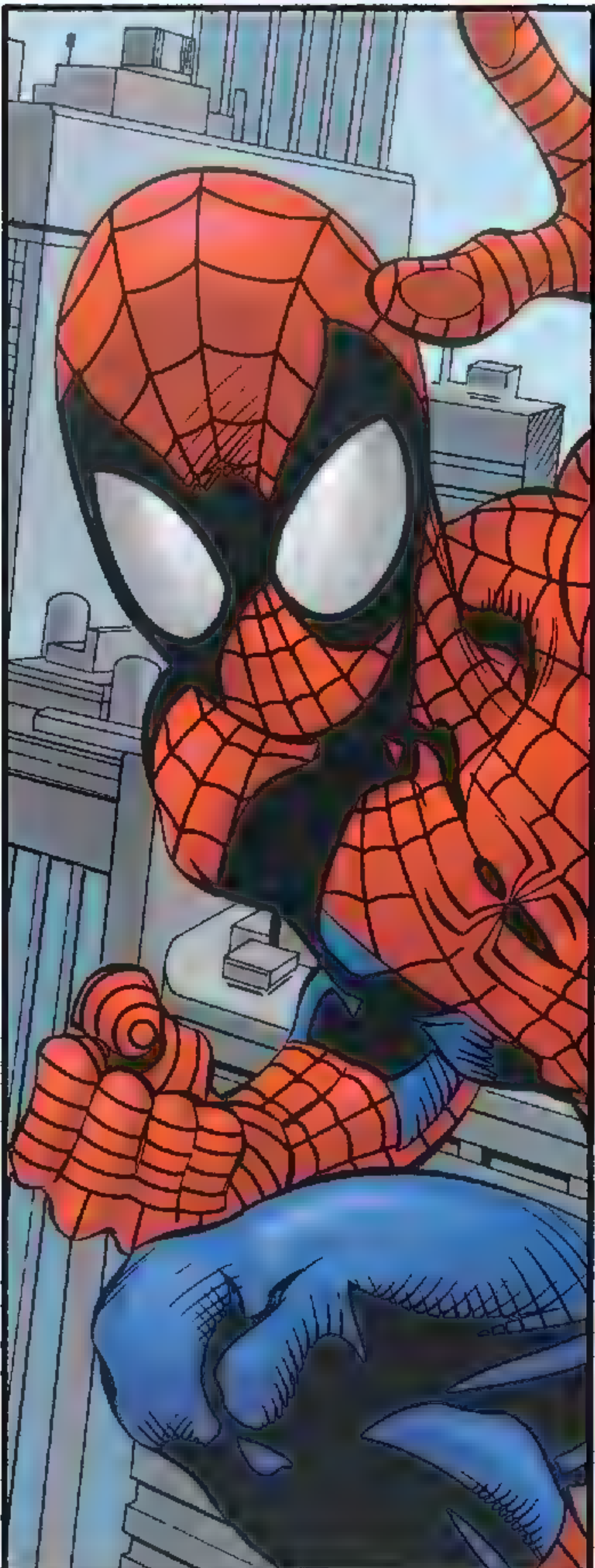
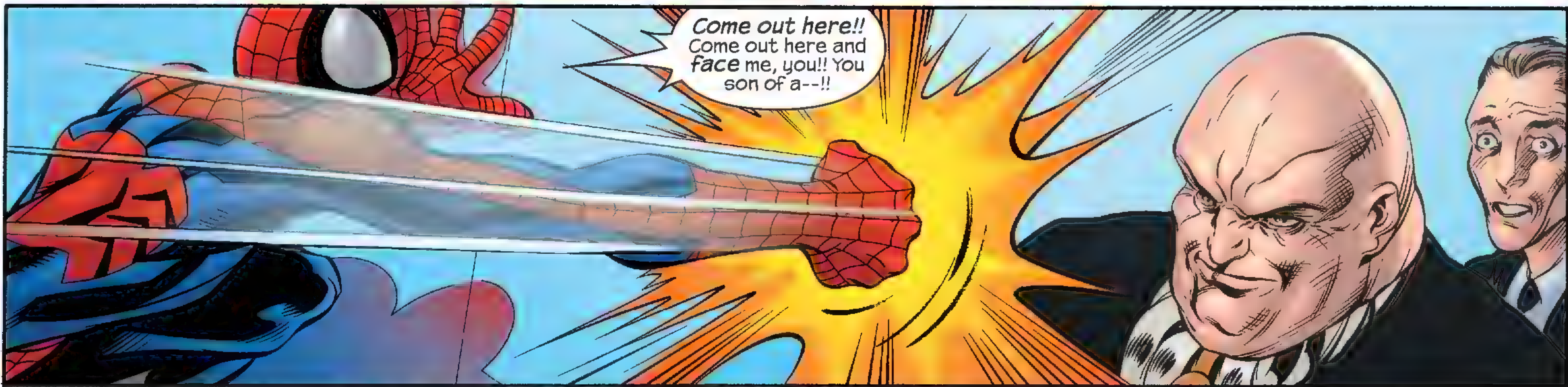
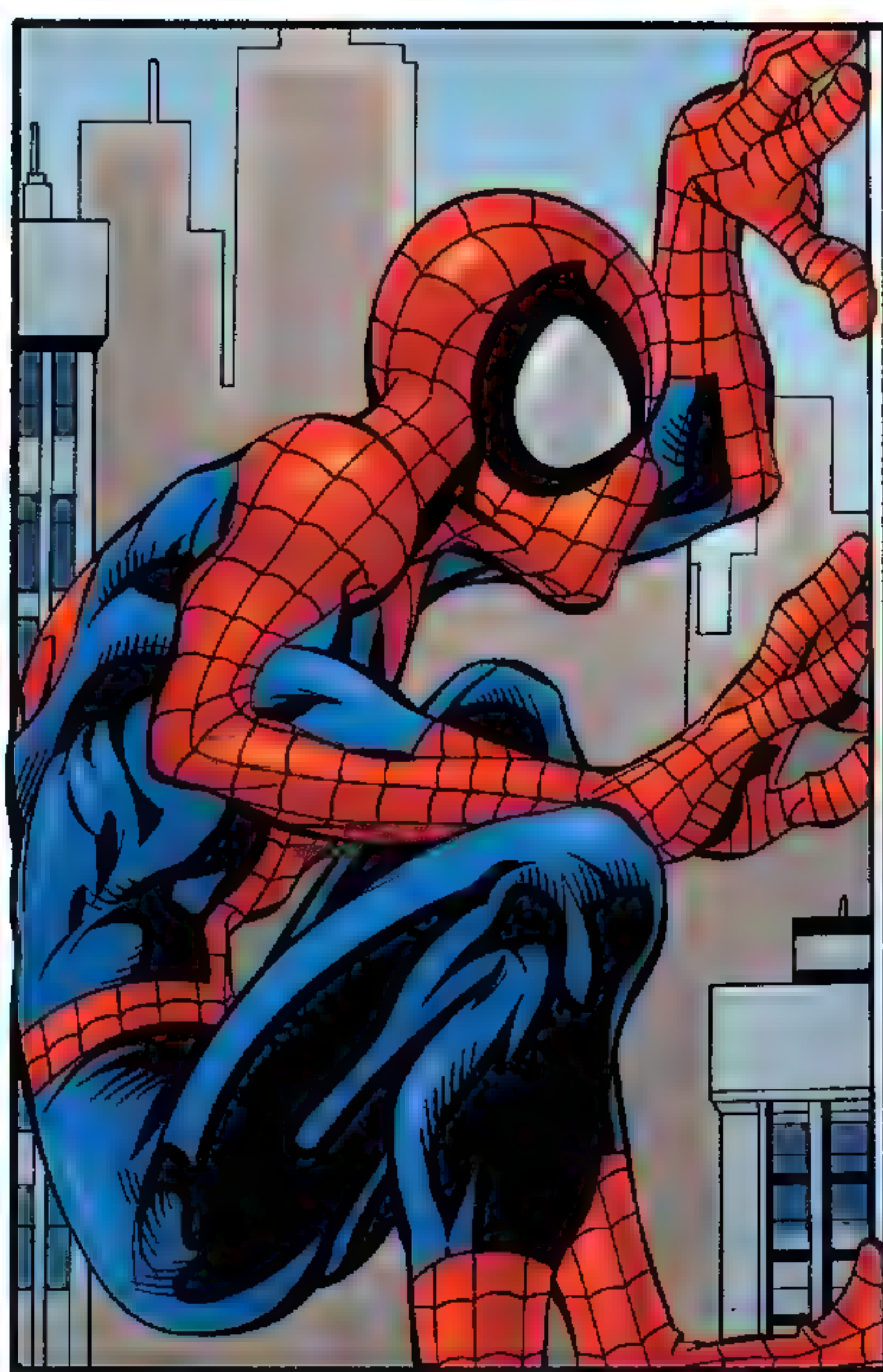
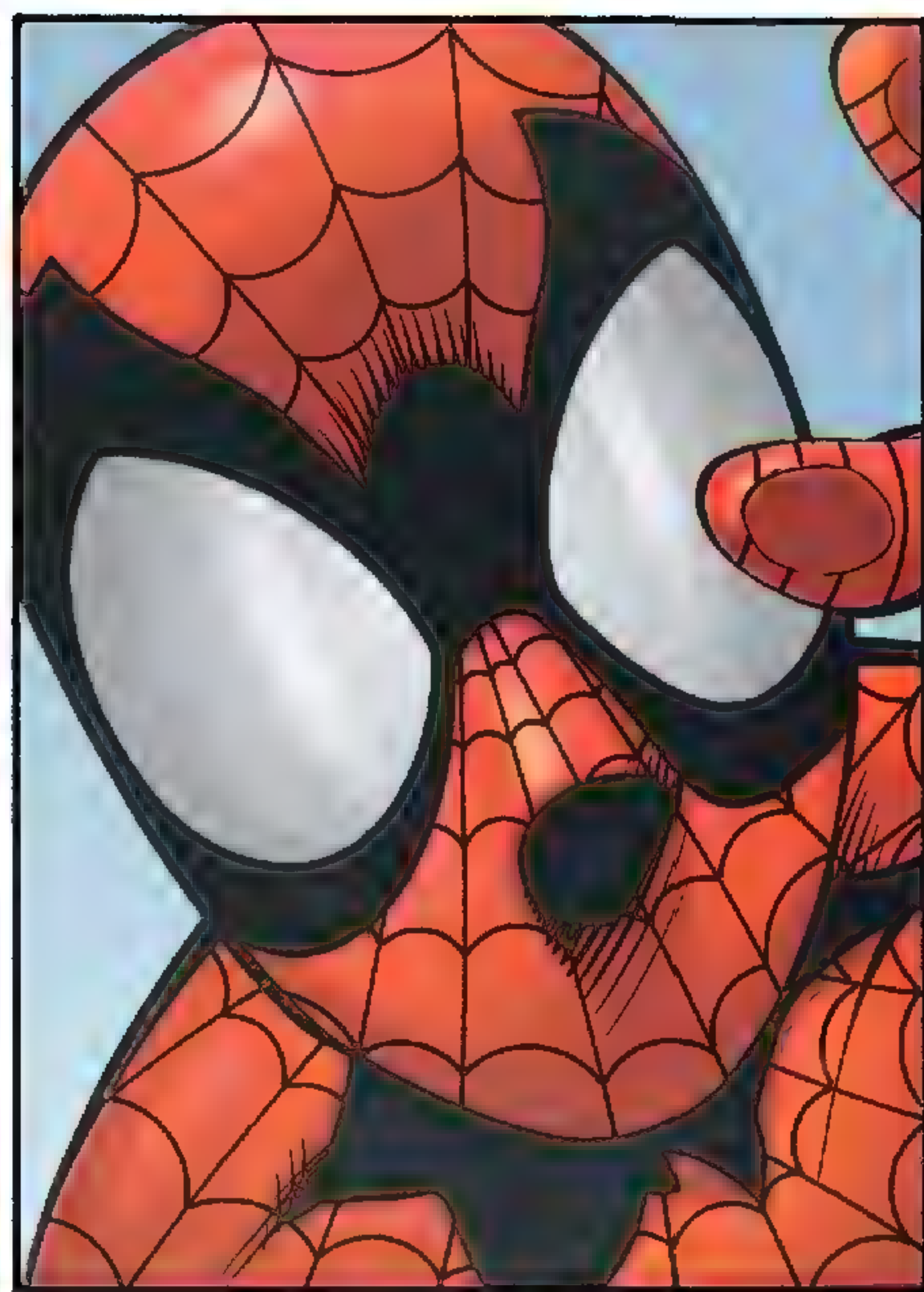




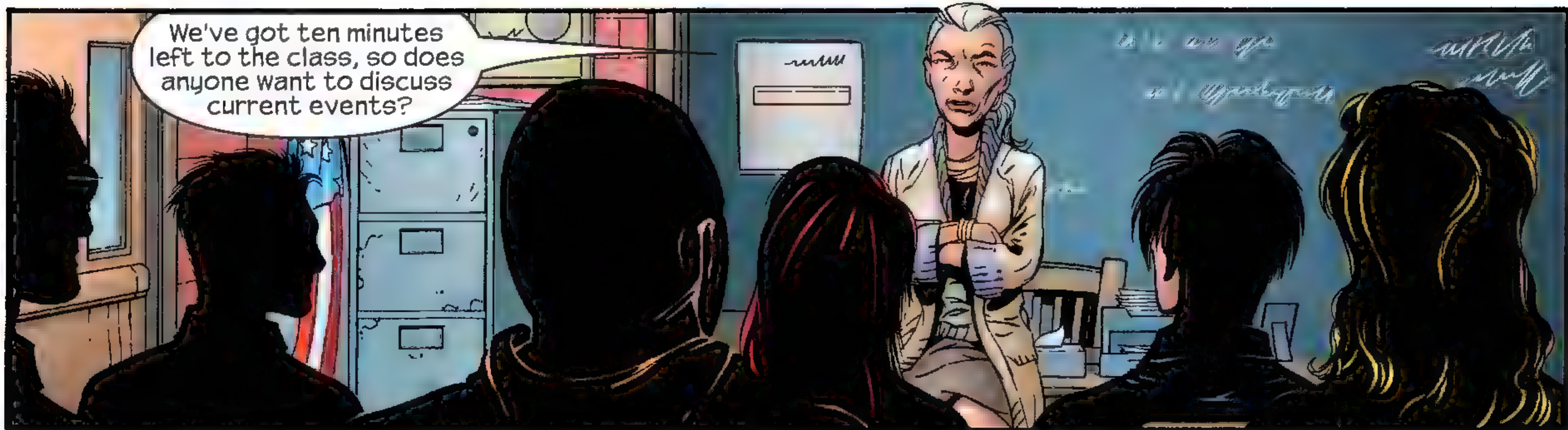












We've got ten minutes left to the class, so does anyone want to discuss current events?



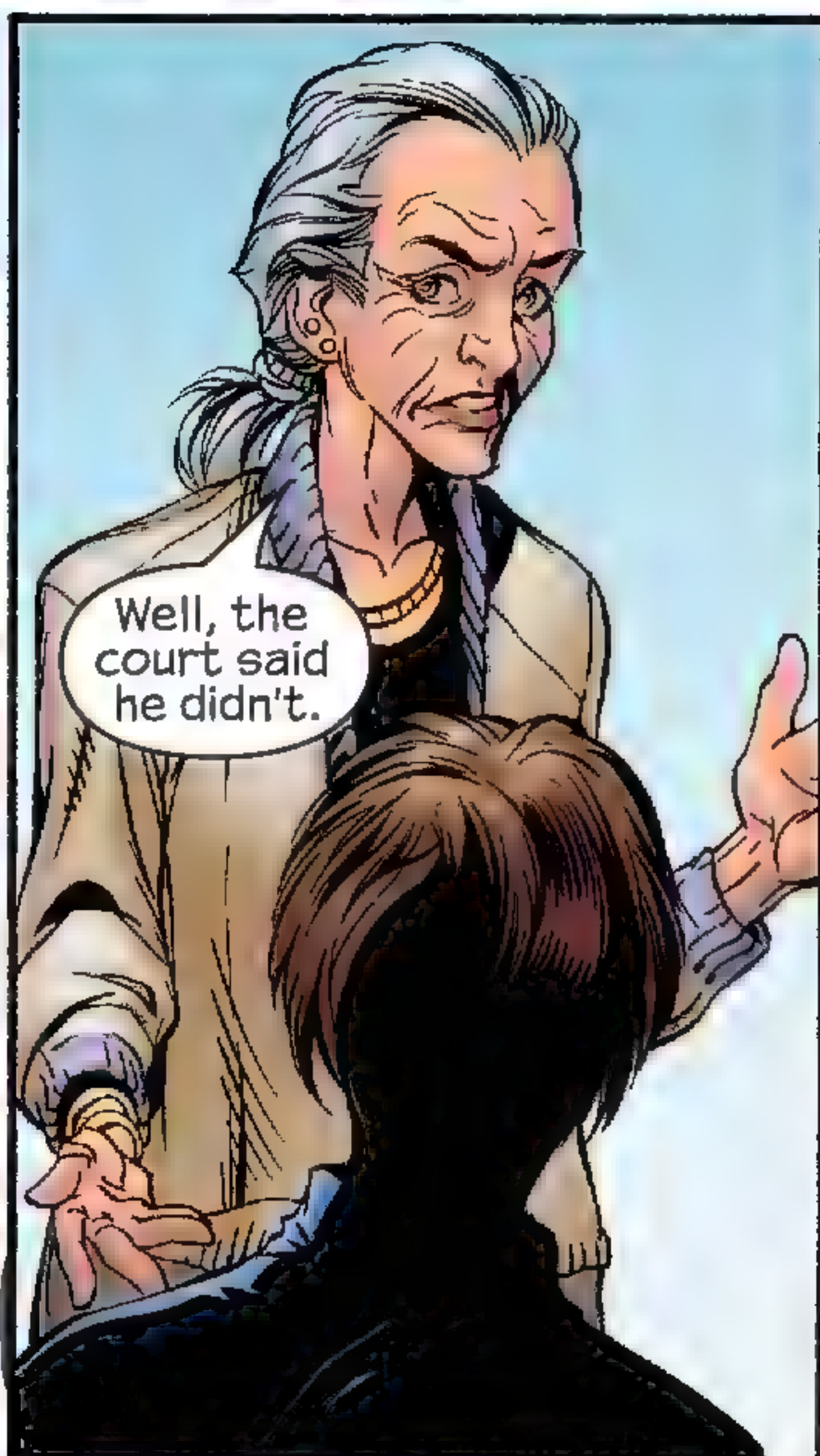
Anyone see anything that--?

Can we talk about this Wilson Fisk being allowed to walk around like he didn't *kill* someone?

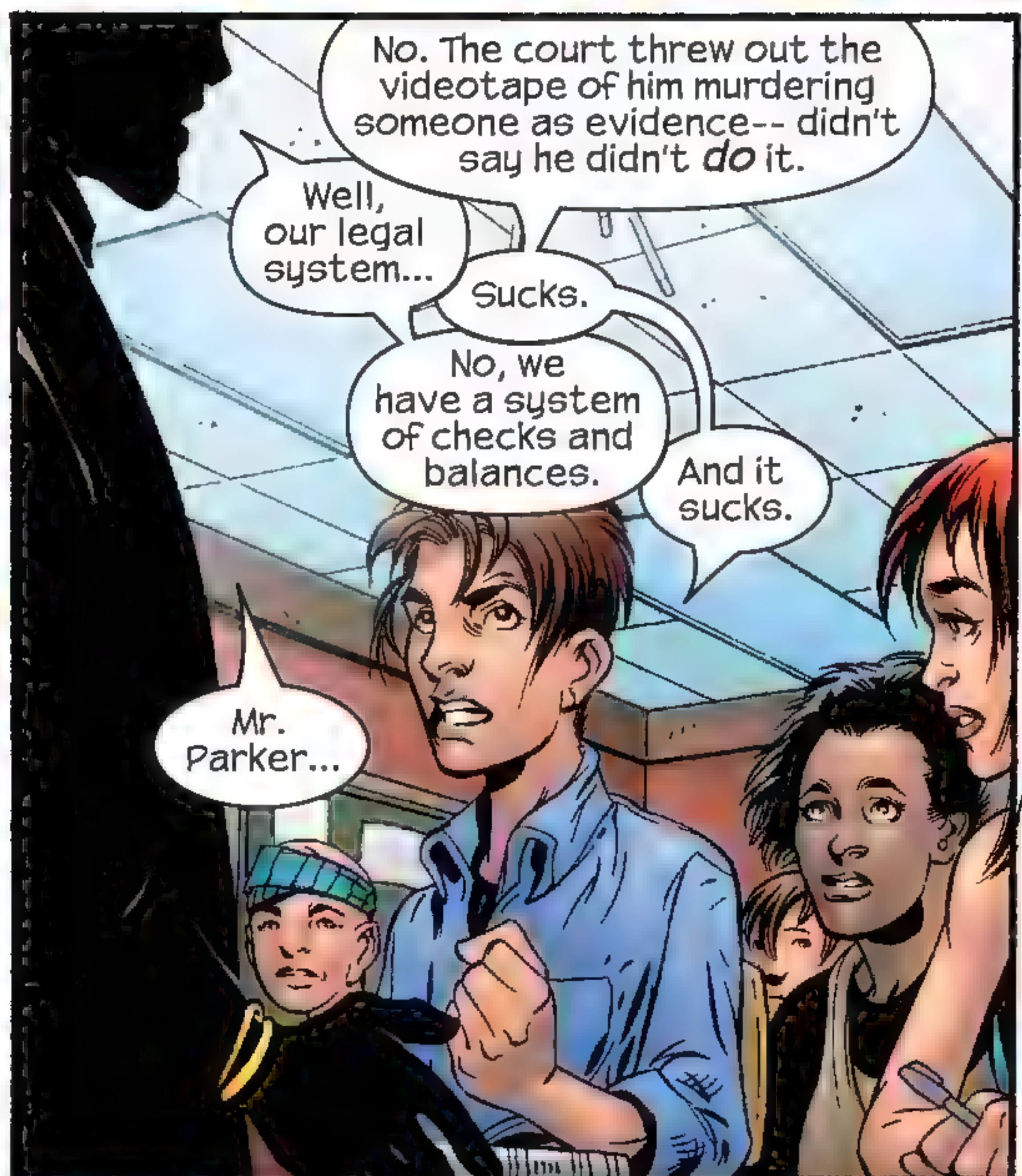
What's on your mind, Mr. Parker?



Yeah, uh, how is he allowed to walk around like he didn't kill someone?



Well, the court said he didn't.



No. The court threw out the videotape of him murdering someone as evidence-- didn't say he didn't *do* it.

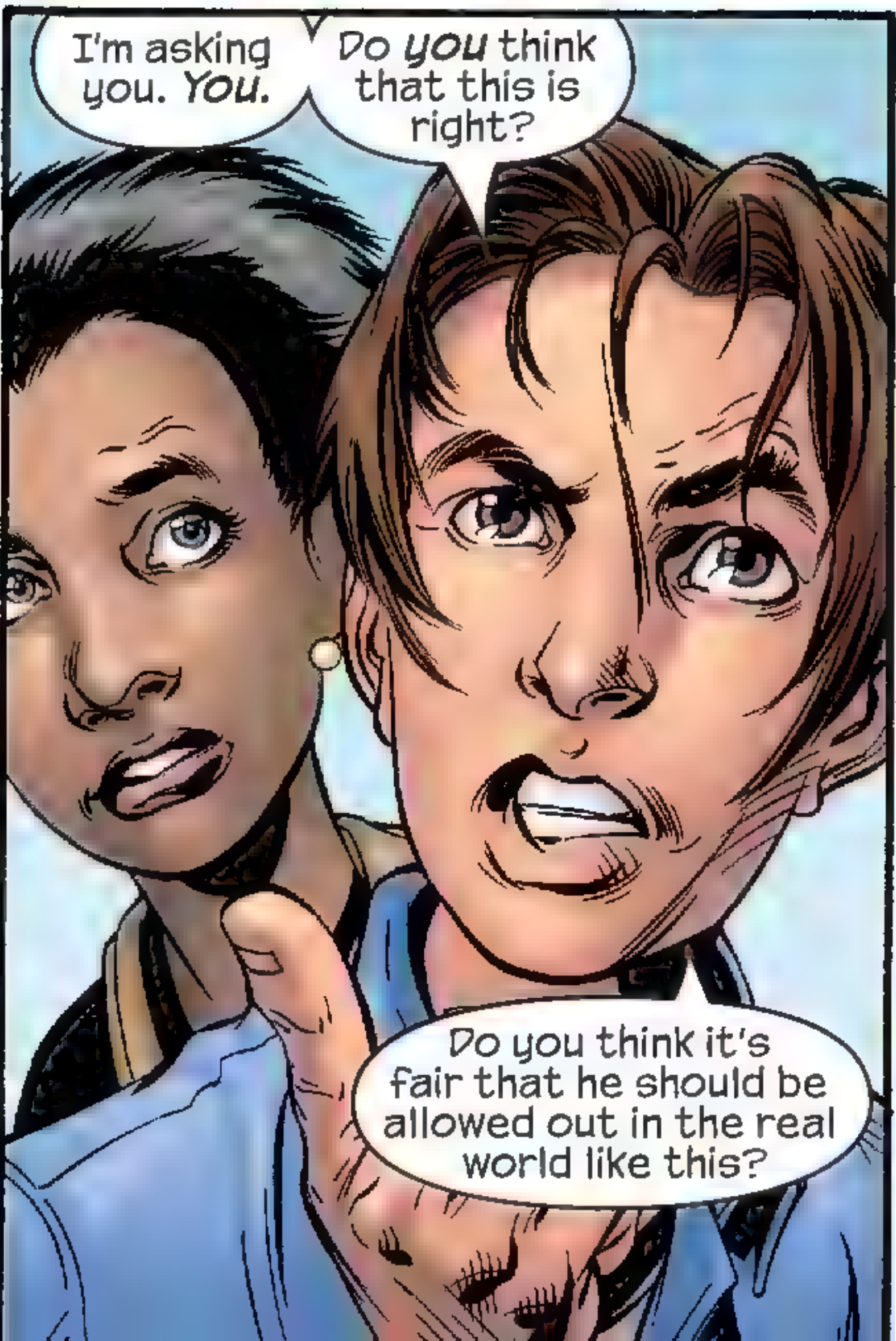
Well, our legal system...

Sucks.

No, we have a system of checks and balances.

And it sucks.

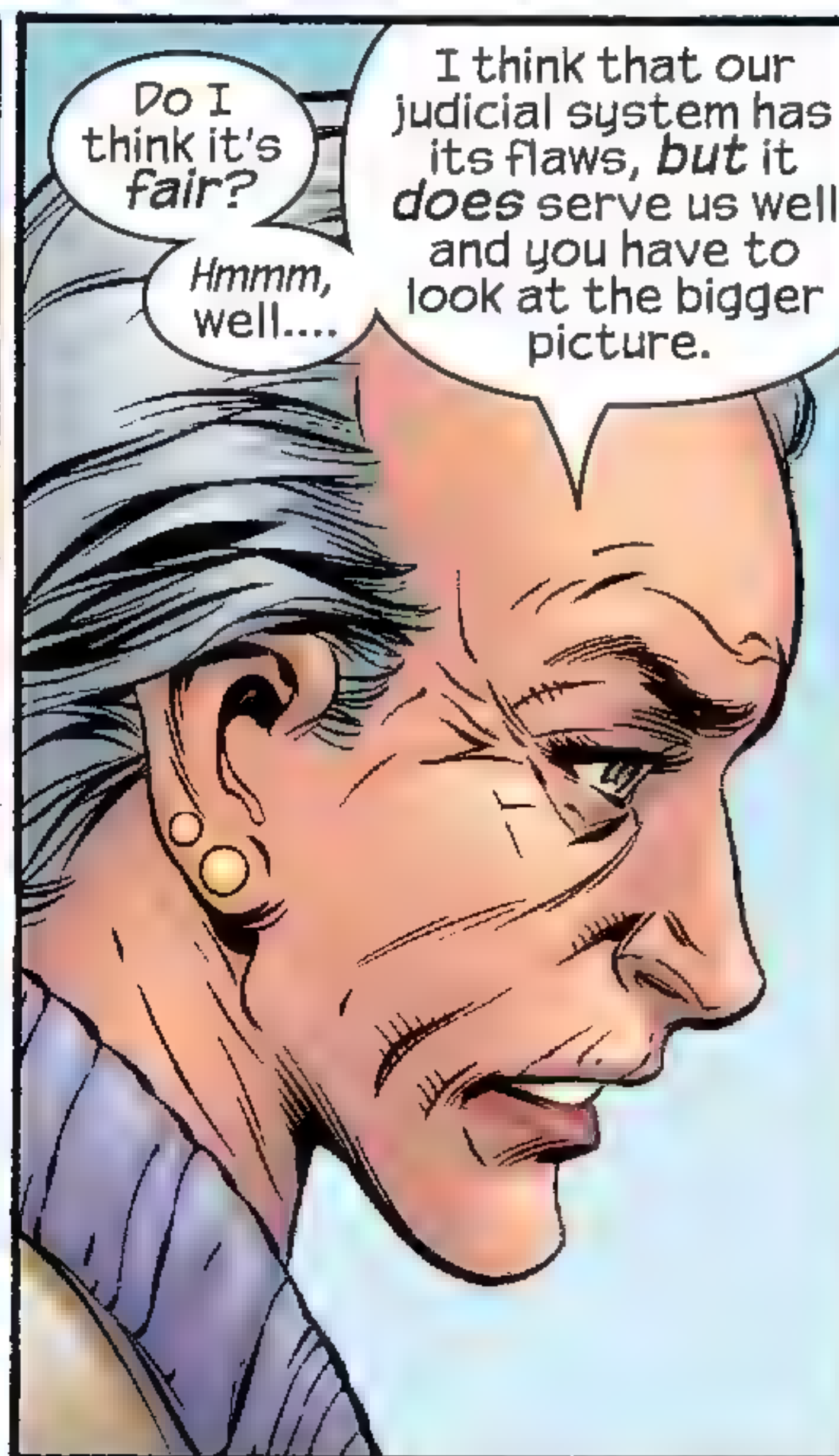
Mr. Parker...



I'm asking you. *YOU*.

Do *you* think that this is right?

Do you think it's fair that he should be allowed out in the real world like this?



Do I think it's fair?

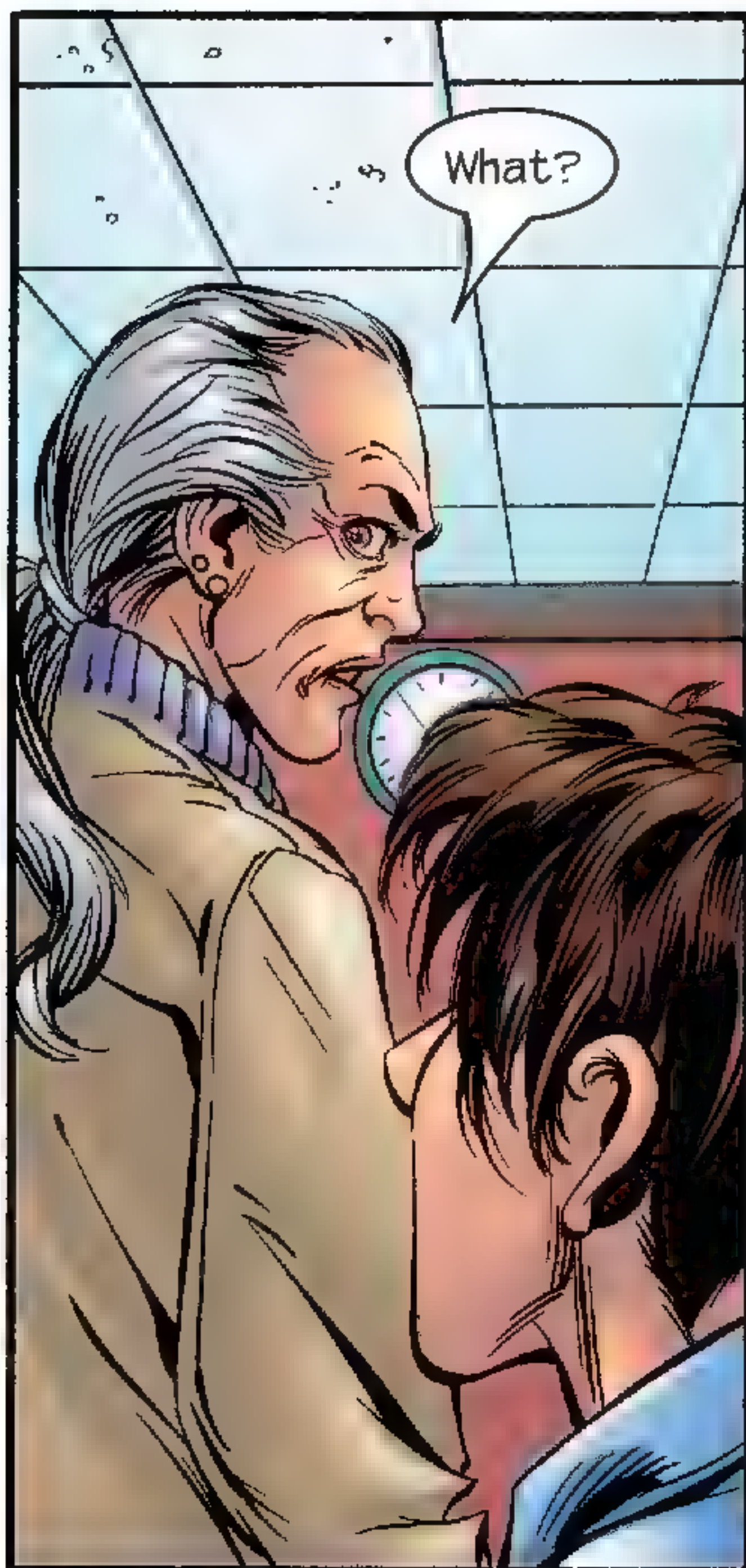
Hmmm, well....

I think that our judicial system has its flaws, *but* it *does* serve us well and you have to look at the bigger picture.

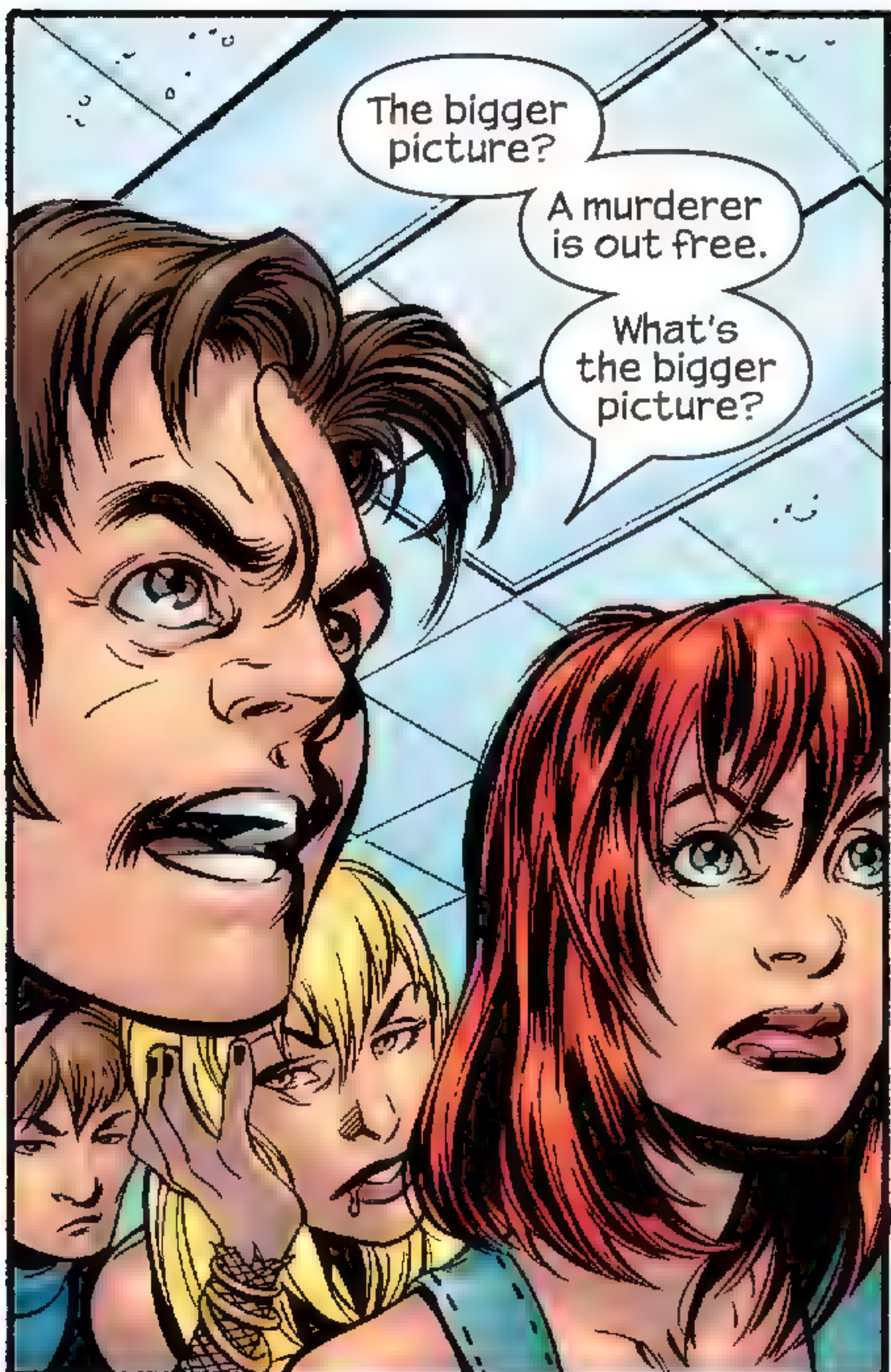


And what is *that*?





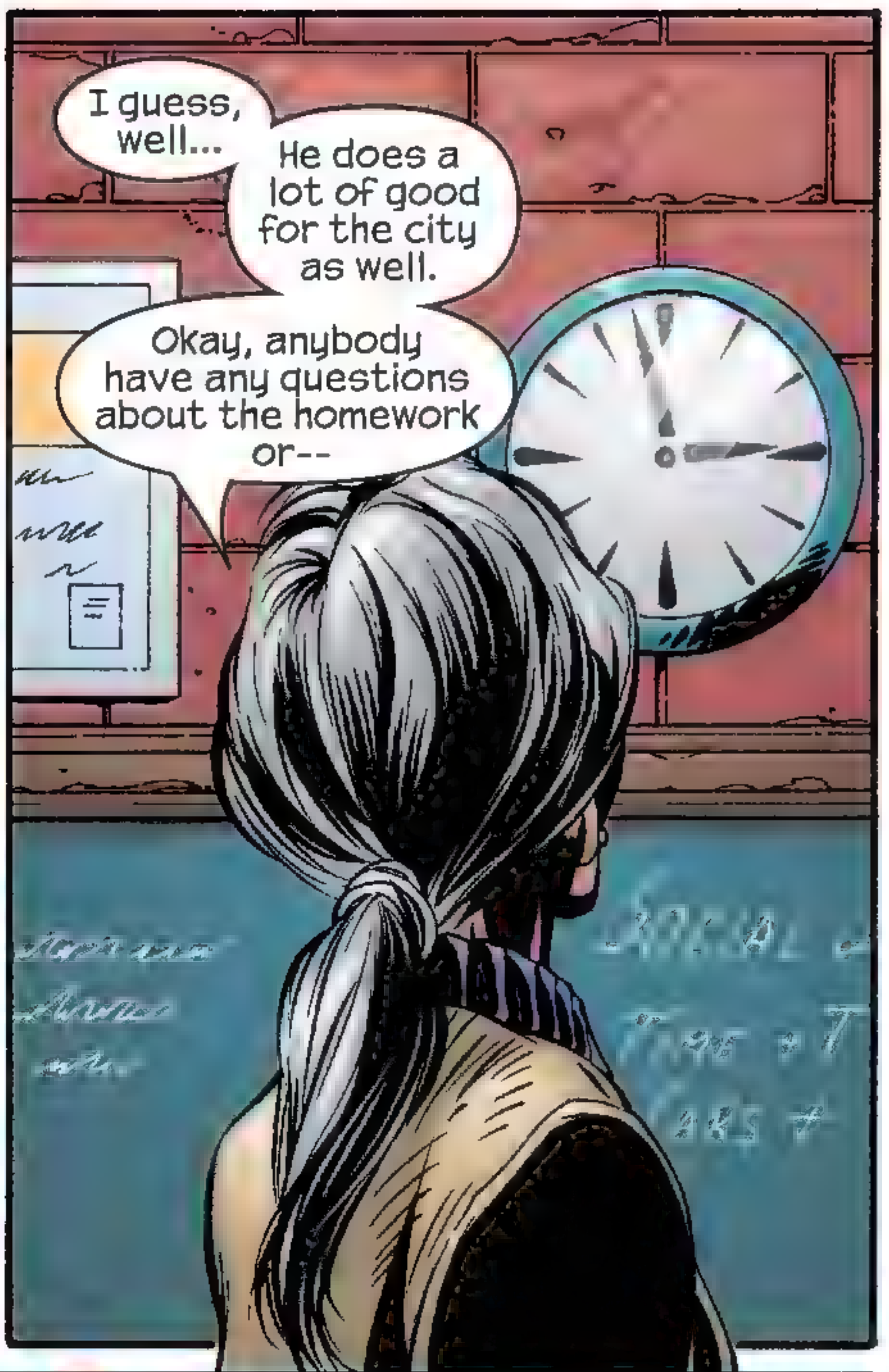
What?



The bigger picture?

A murderer is out free.

What's the bigger picture?



I guess, well...

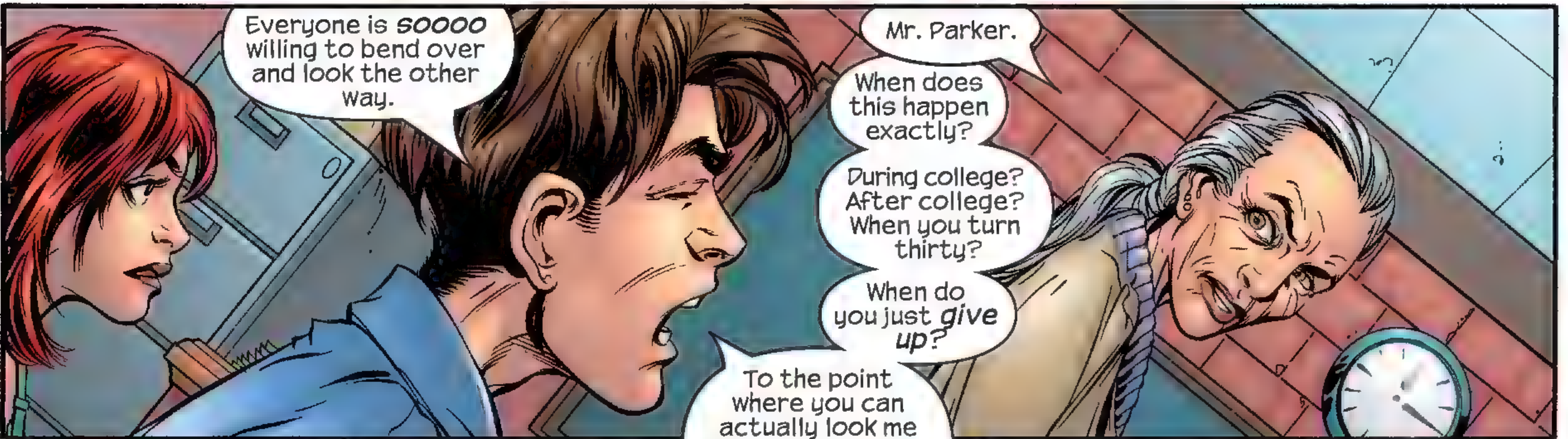
He does a lot of good for the city as well.

Okay, anybody have any questions about the homework or--



Oh, that is such a load of crap!

I am so sick of all this-- this compromise.



Everyone is **SOOOO** willing to bend over and look the other way.

Mr. Parker.

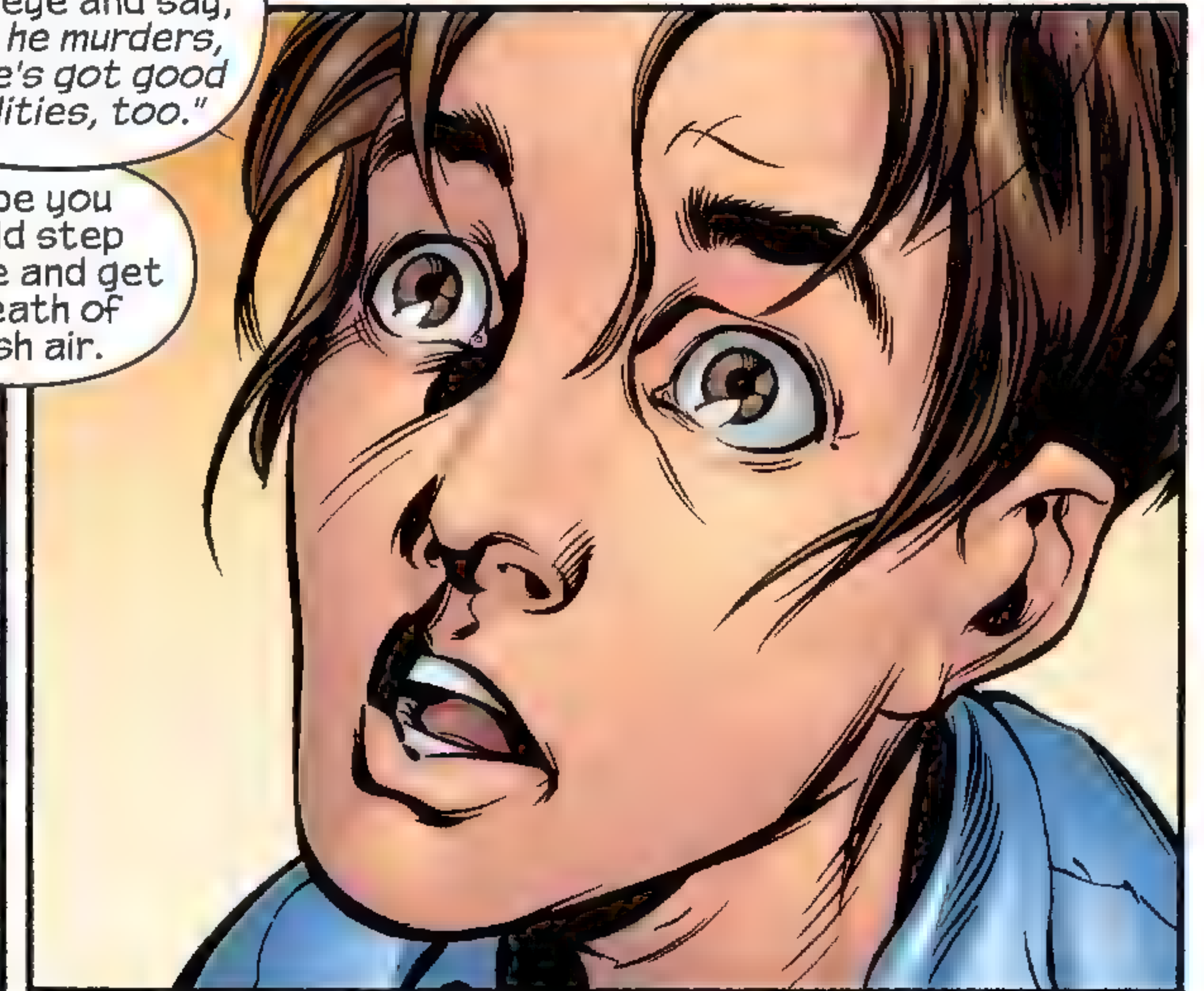
When does this happen exactly?

During college?  
After college?  
When you turn thirty?

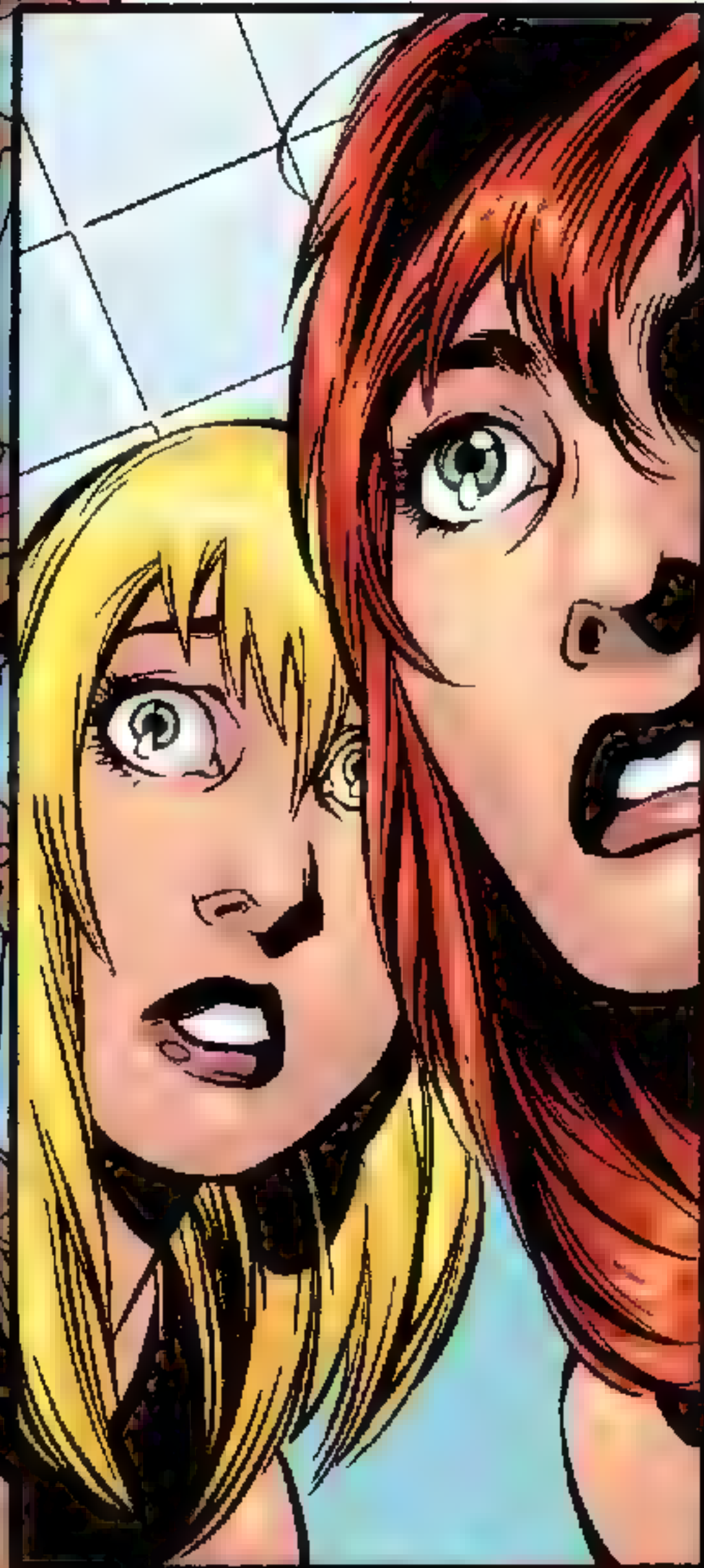
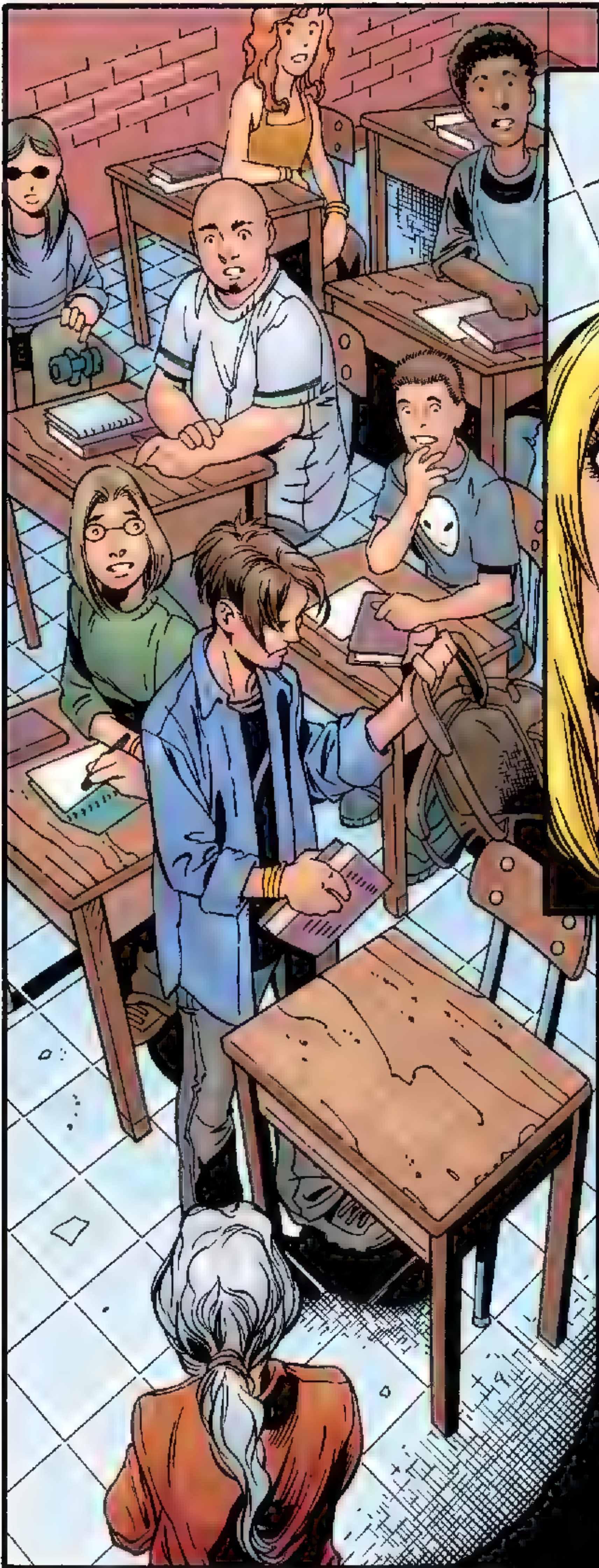
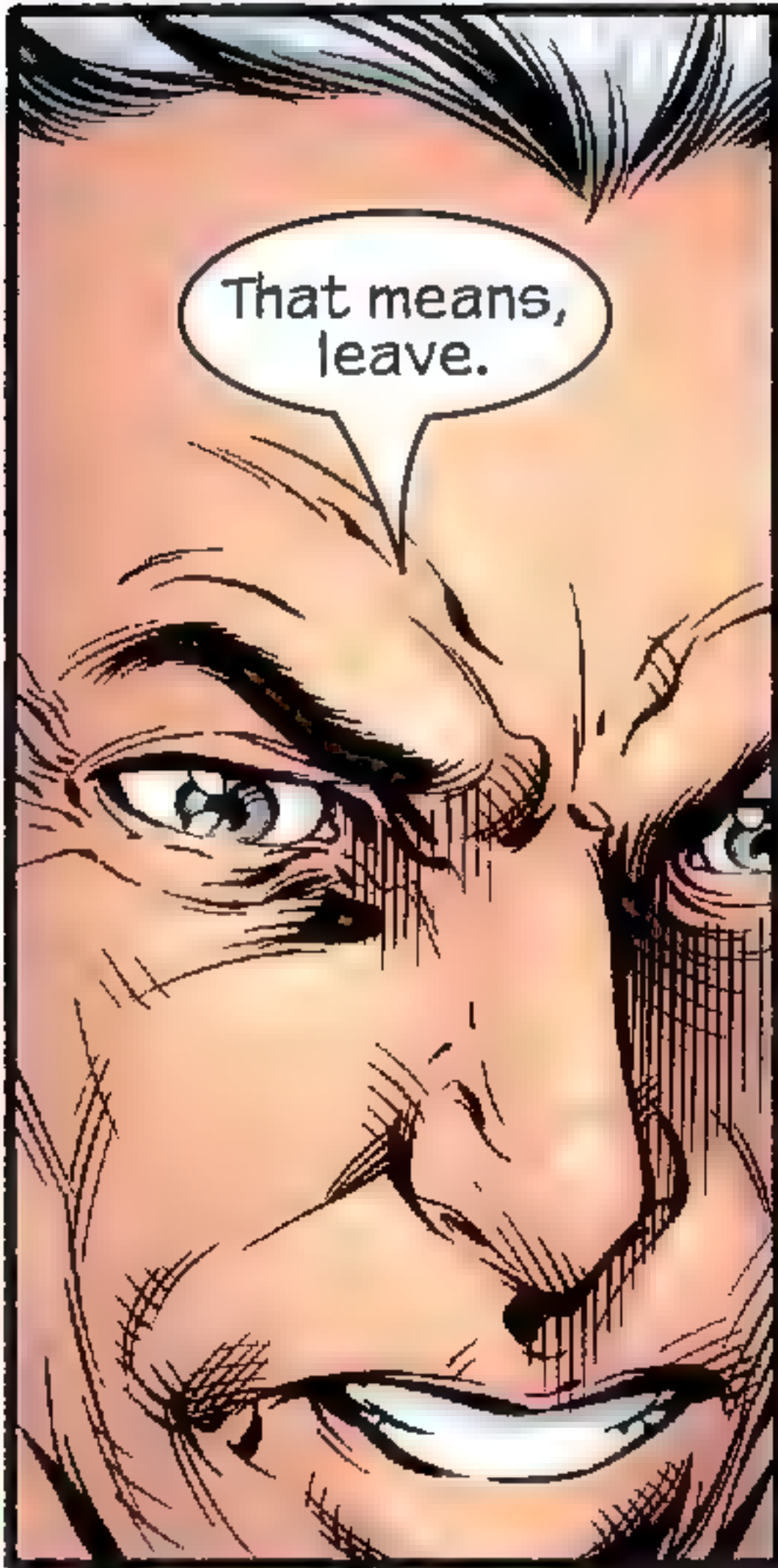
When do you just **give up**?

To the point where you can actually look me in the eye and say, "Sure he murders, but he's got good qualities, too."

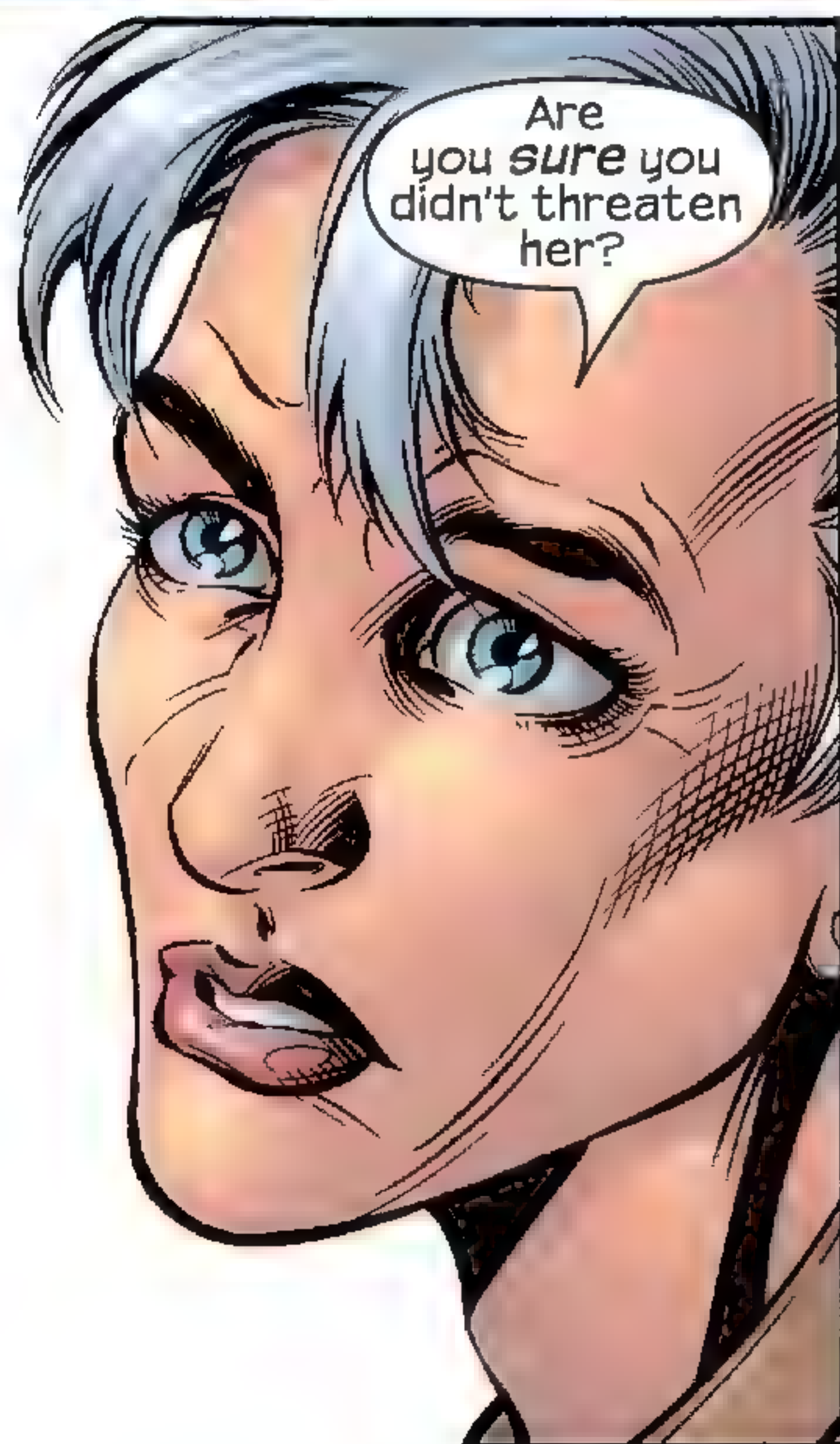
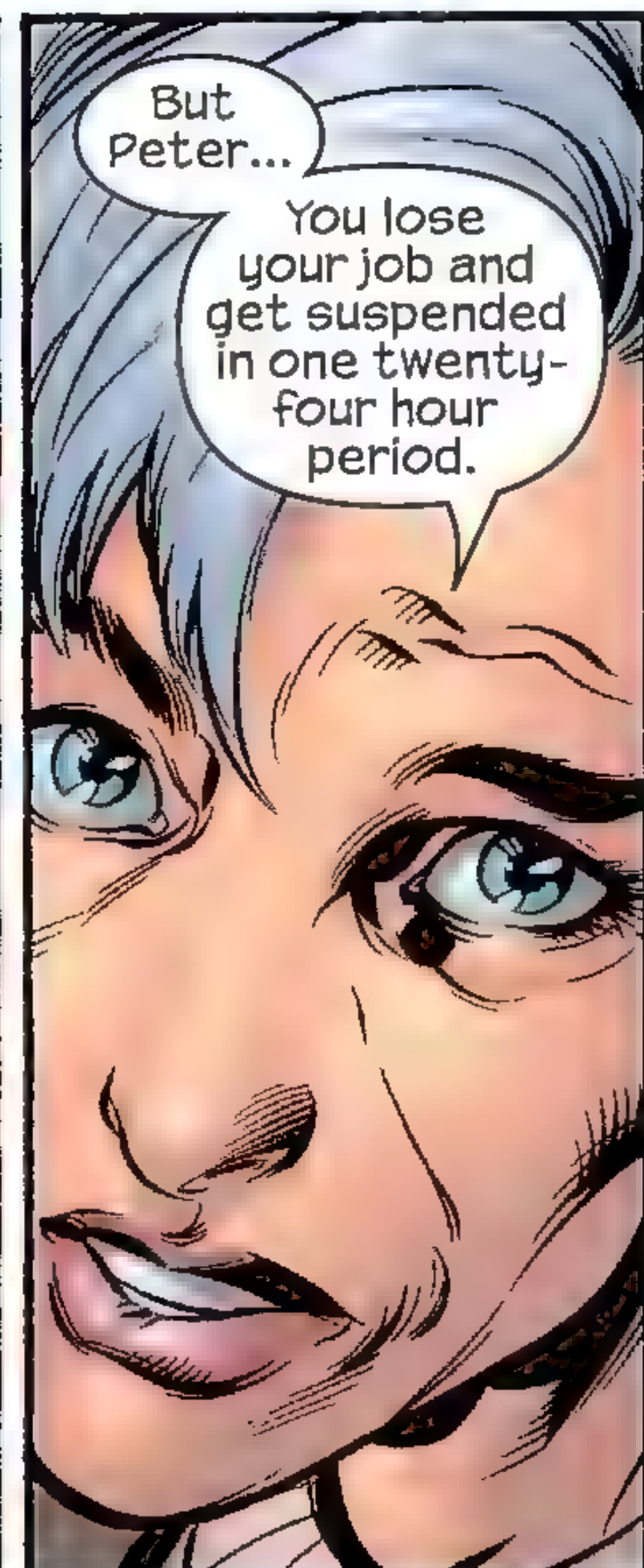
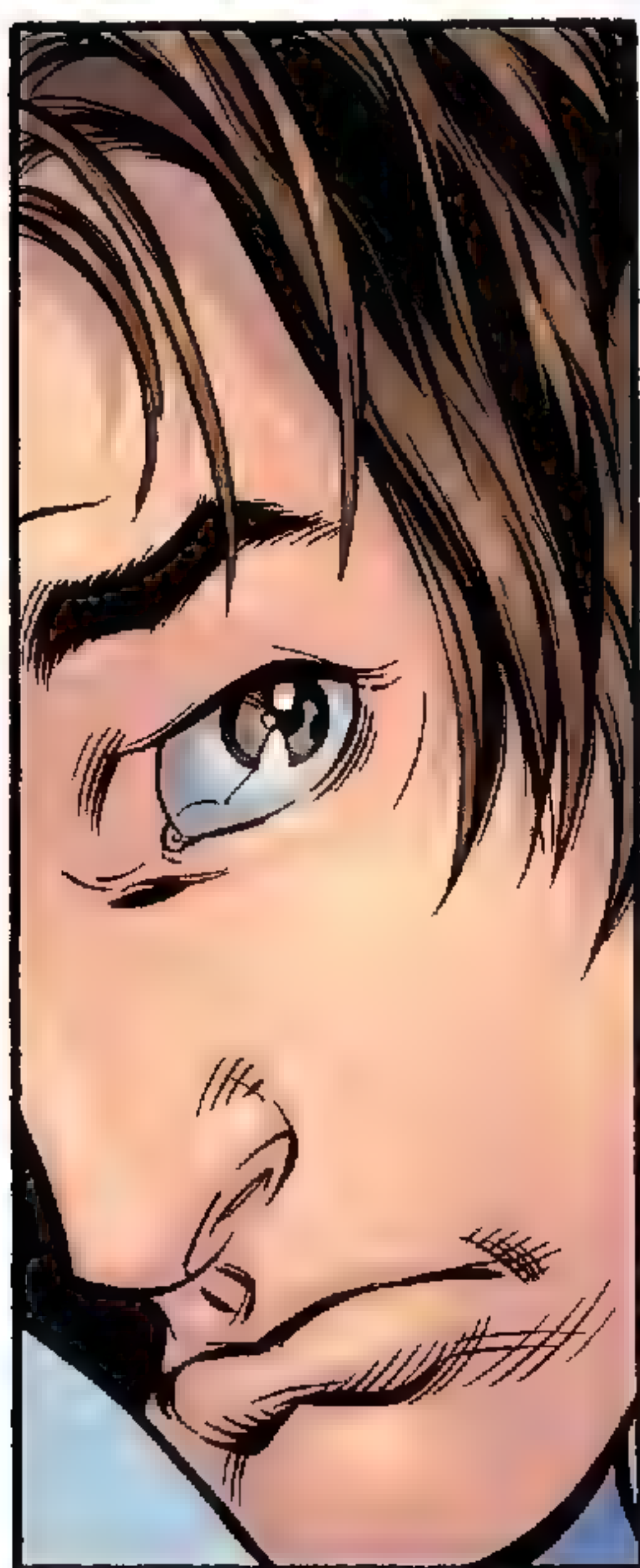
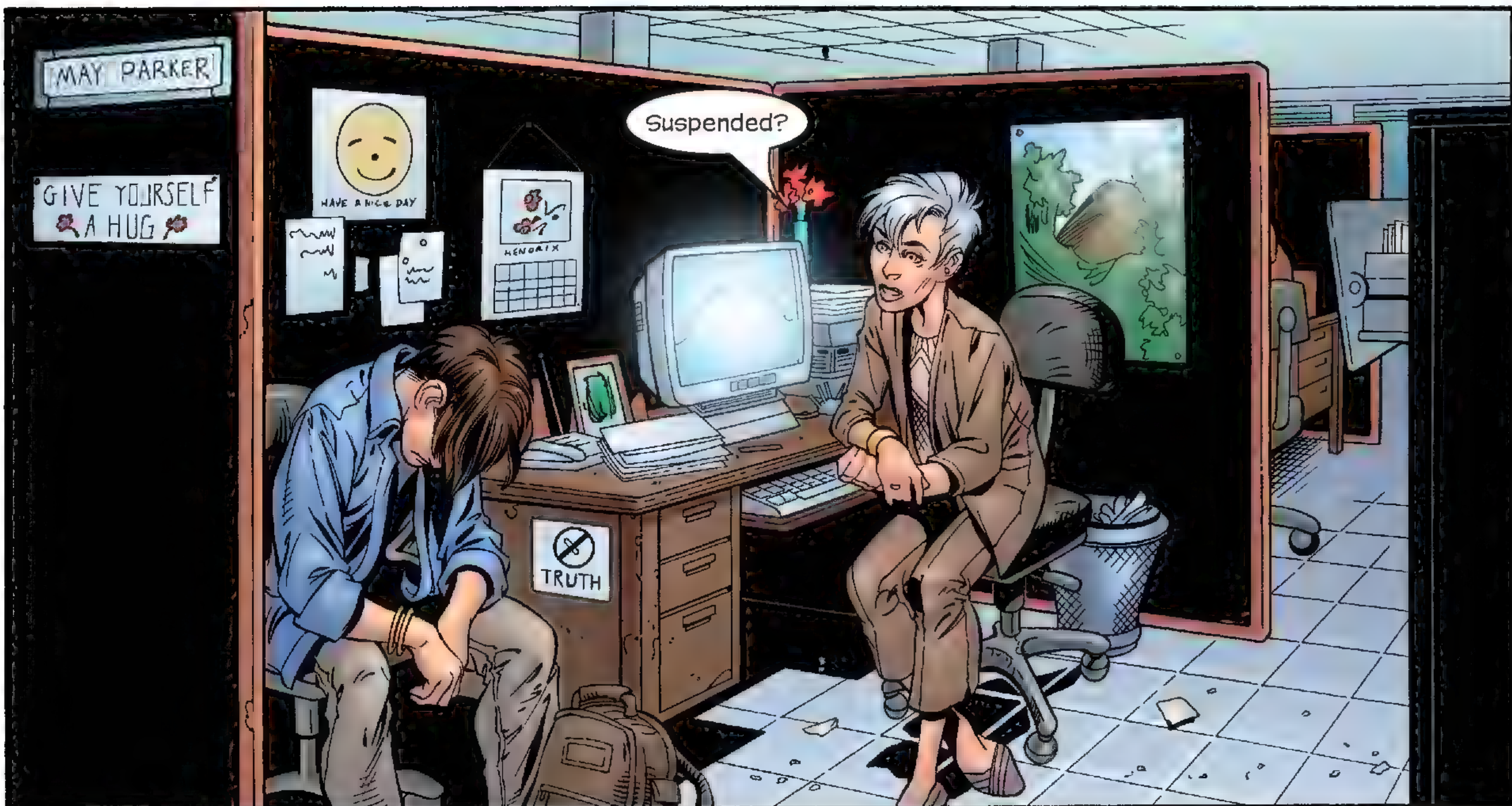
Maybe you should step outside and get a breath of fresh air.



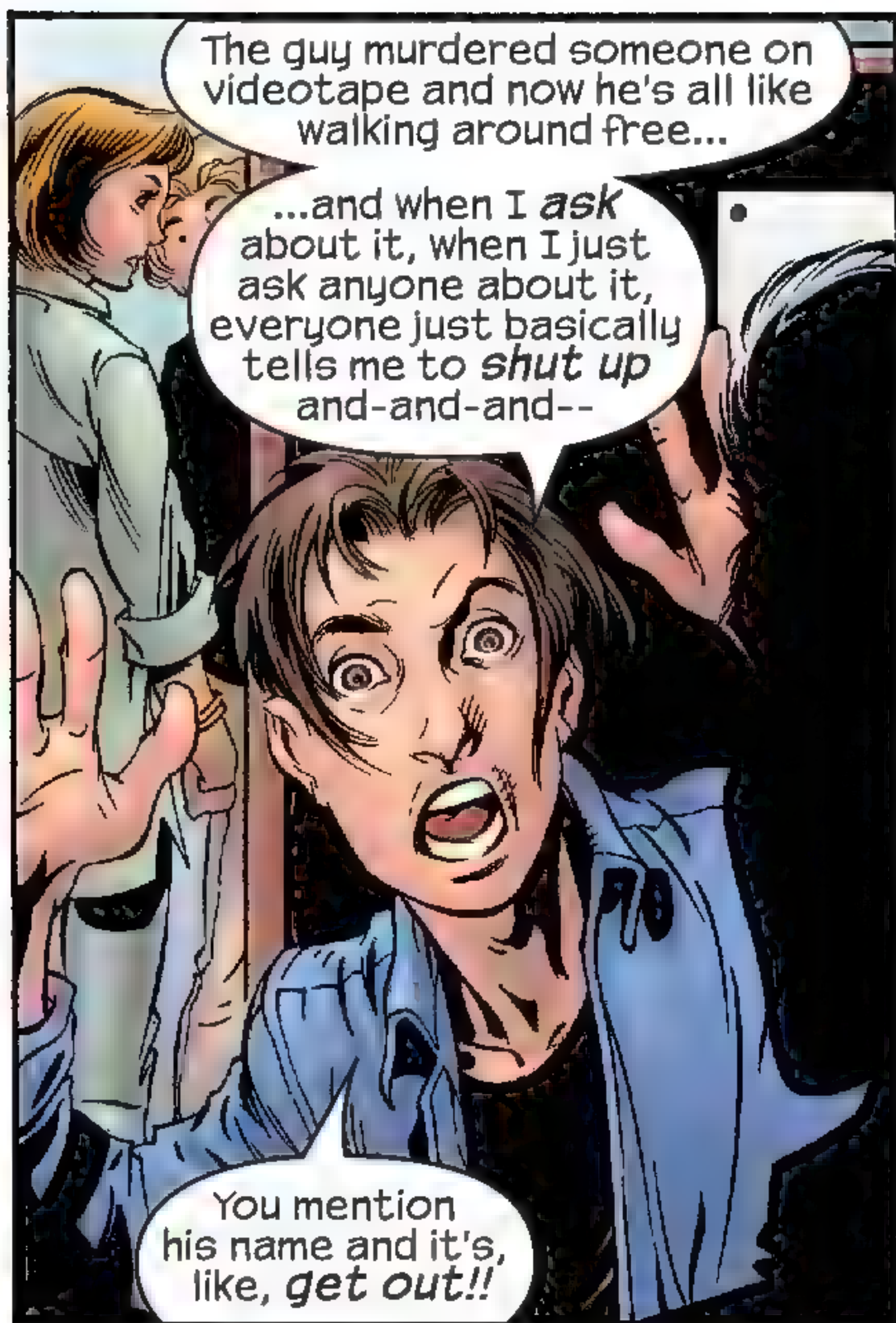












The guy murdered someone on videotape and now he's all like walking around free...

...and when I ask about it, when I just ask anyone about it, everyone just basically tells me to *shut up* and-and-and--

You mention his name and it's, like, *get out!!*



Oh, sweetie...

You know what this is about, don't you?



Well, yeah, I just don't understand how one man can hold such a--



Sweetie, the man that murdered your Uncle Ben is in jail.

And he's going to *stay* in jail.

You don't have to worry about that.



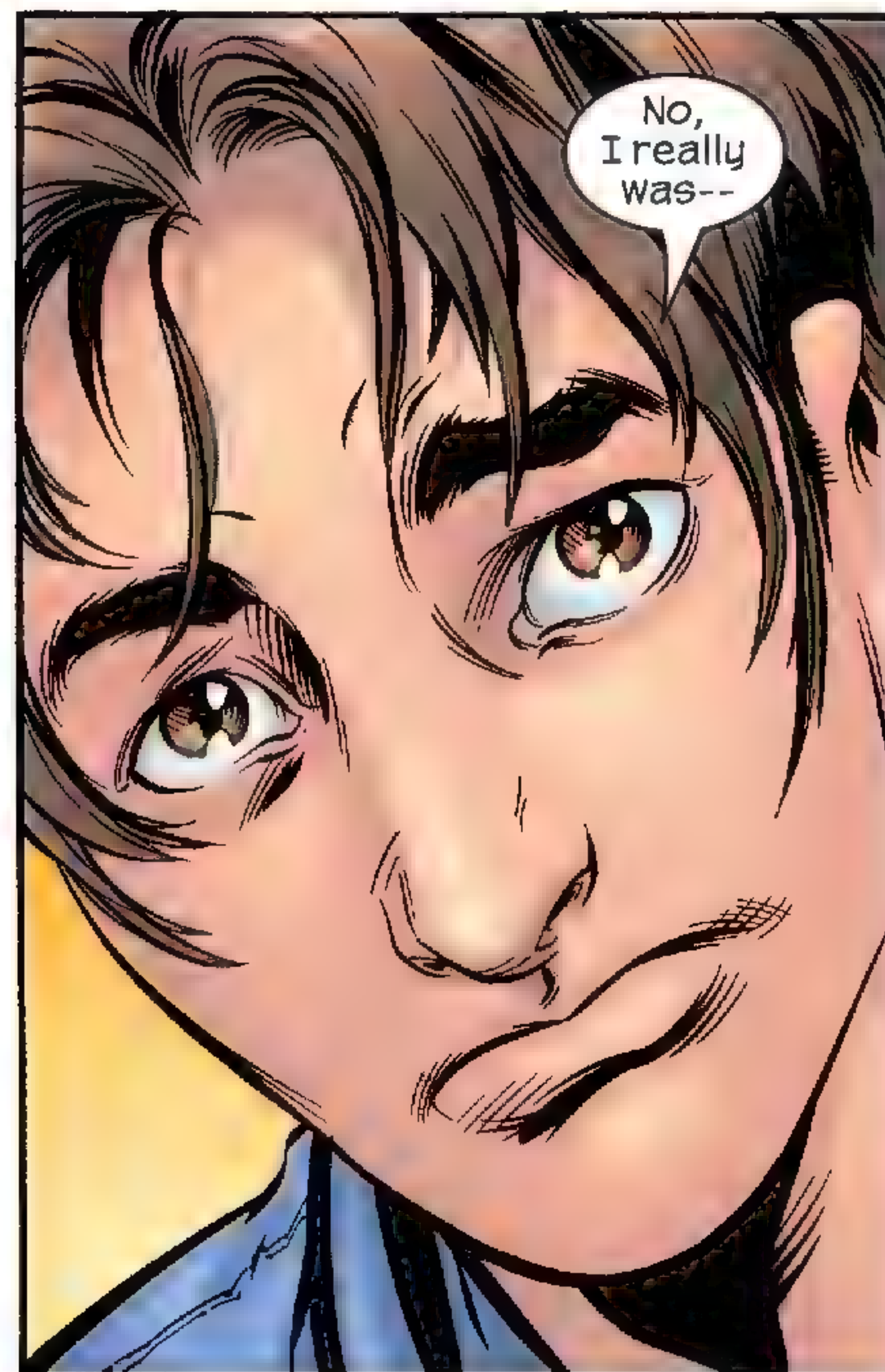
I go through the same things, you know.

Sometimes I walk into the living room and I think he's back.

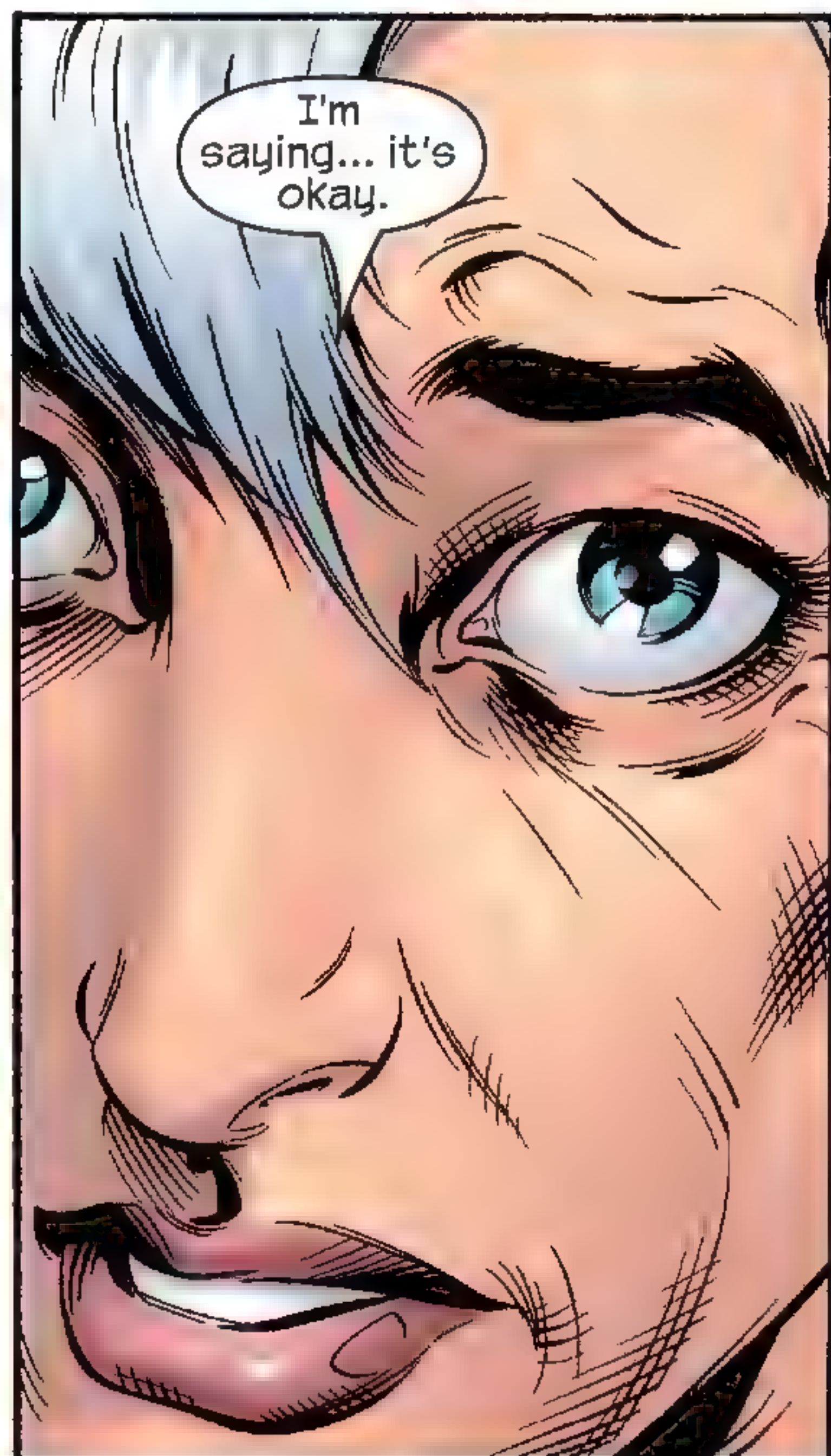


The man who killed Ben. I think I see him.

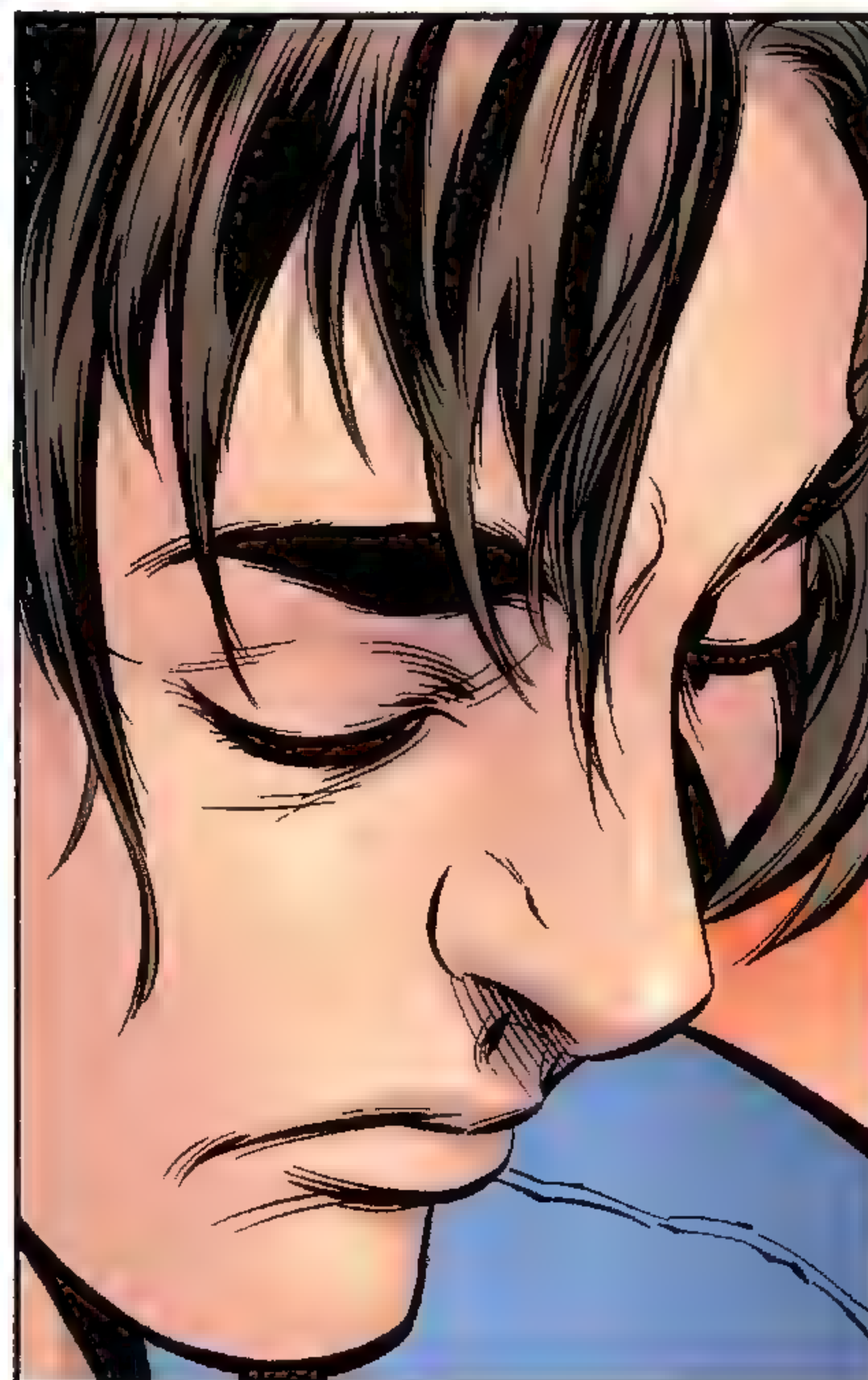
But he's not there, sweetie.



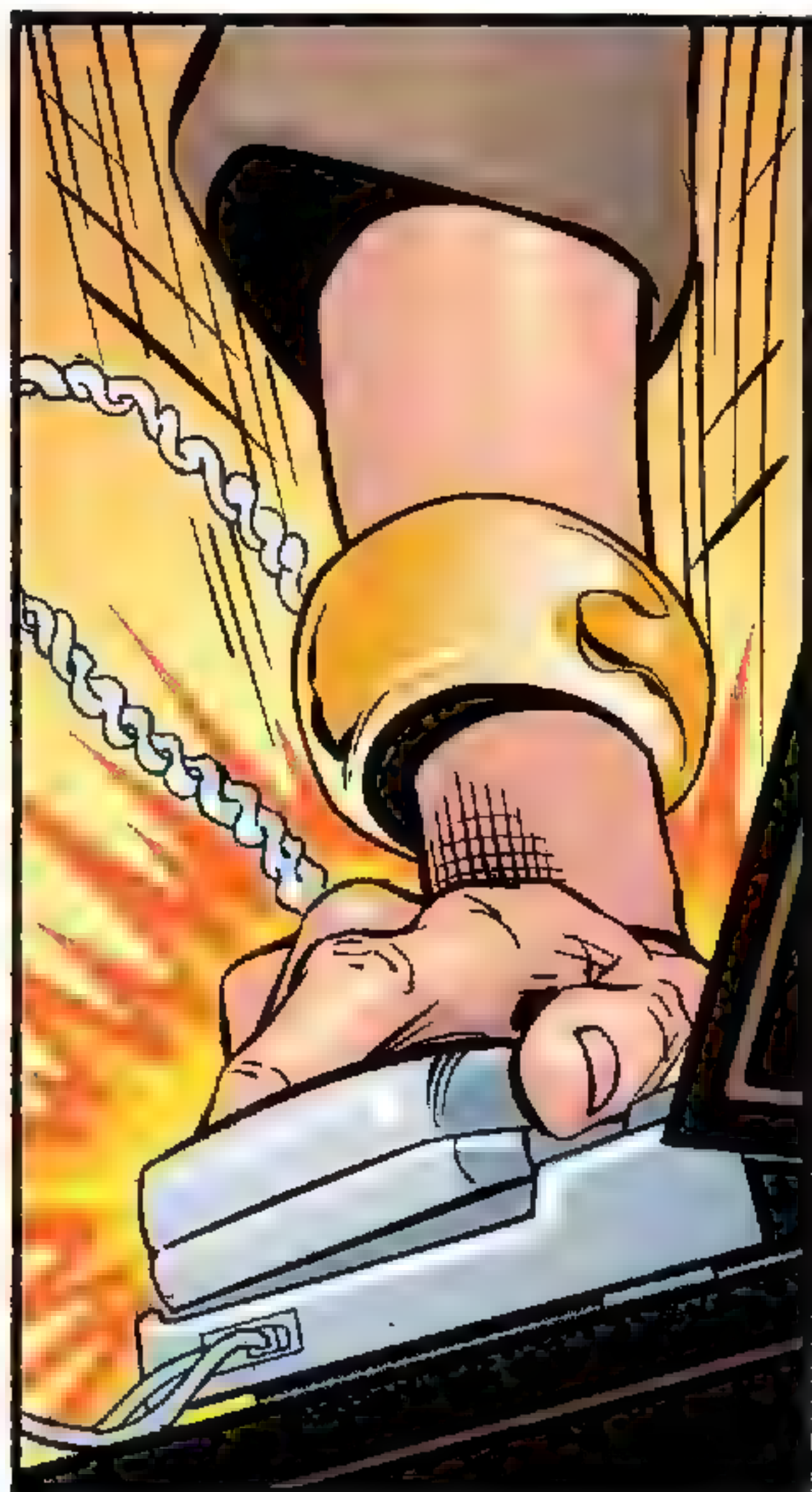
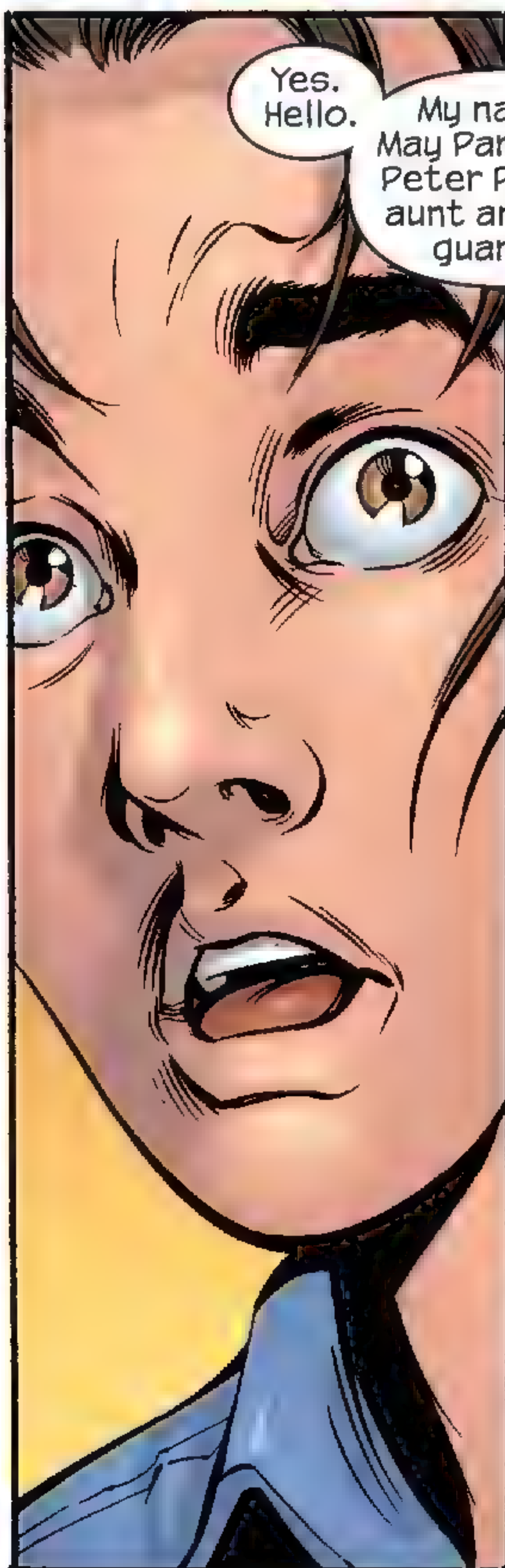
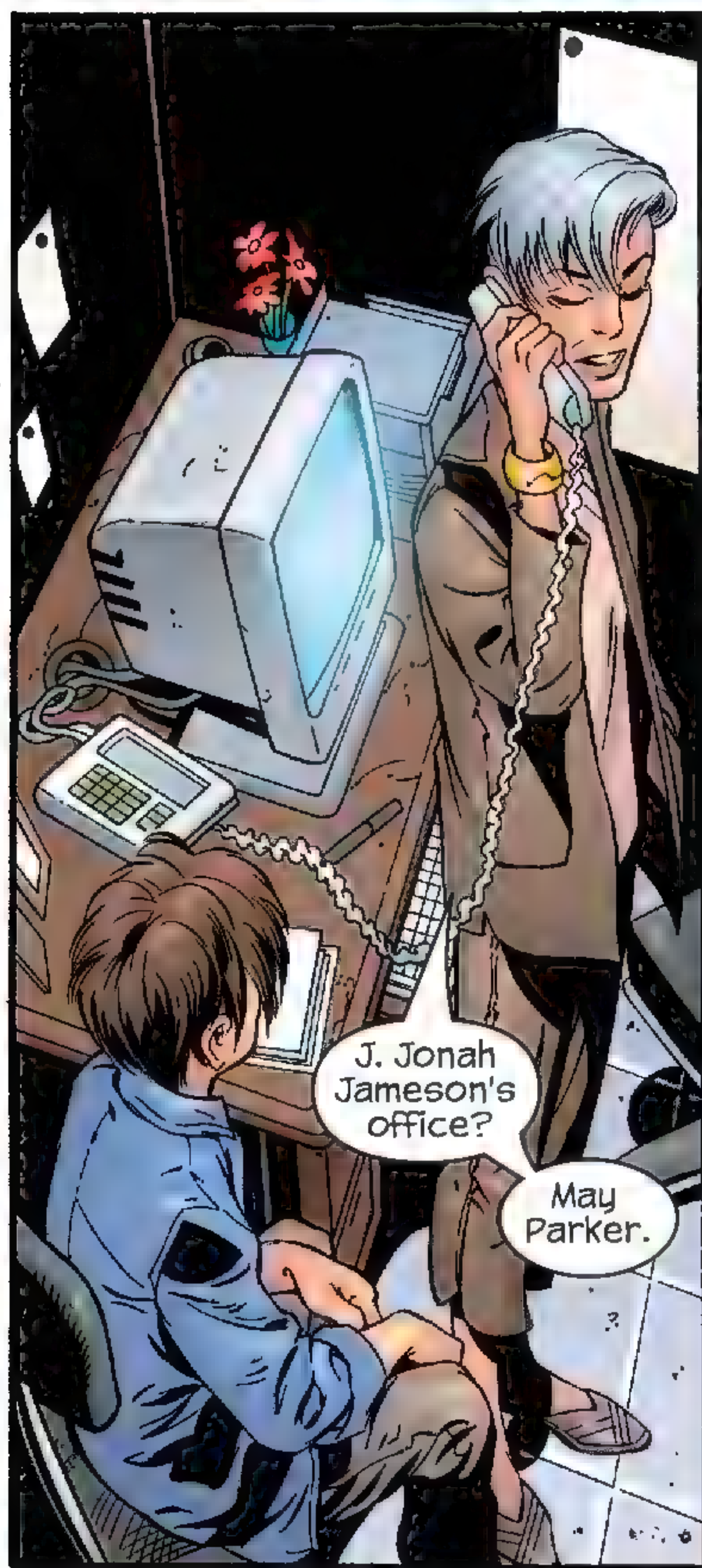
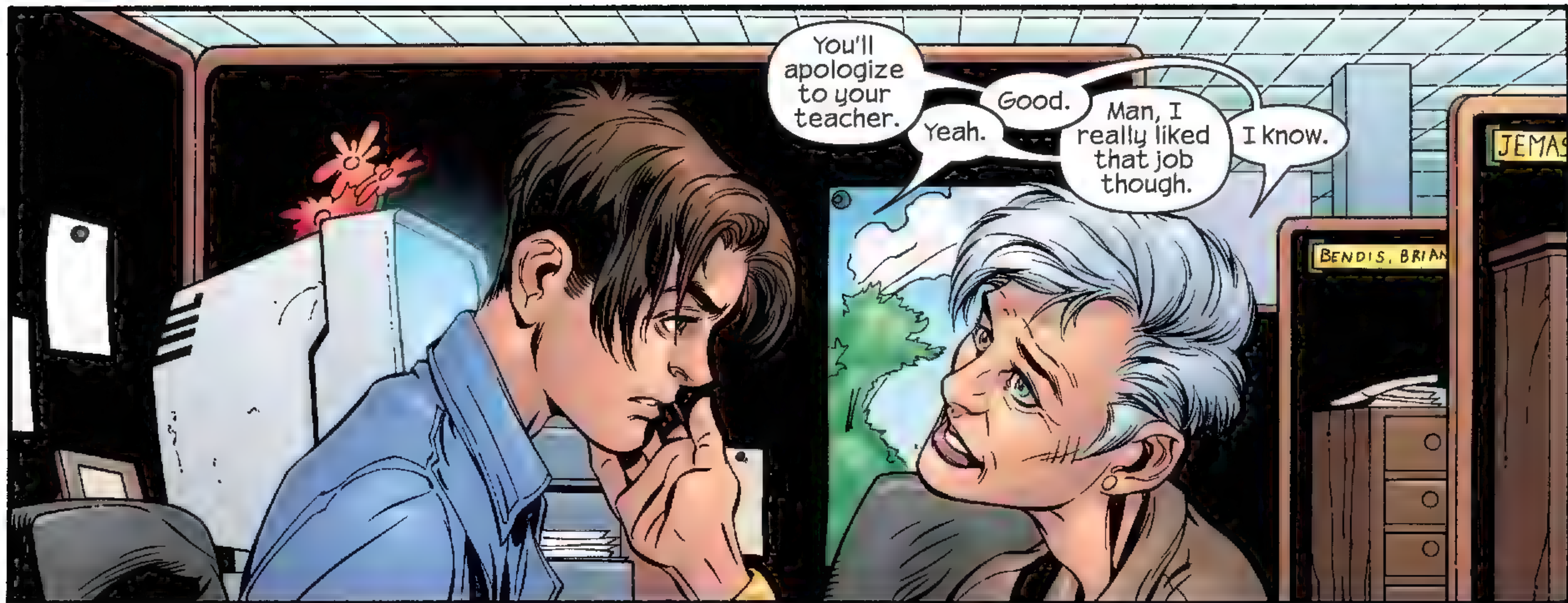
No, I really was--



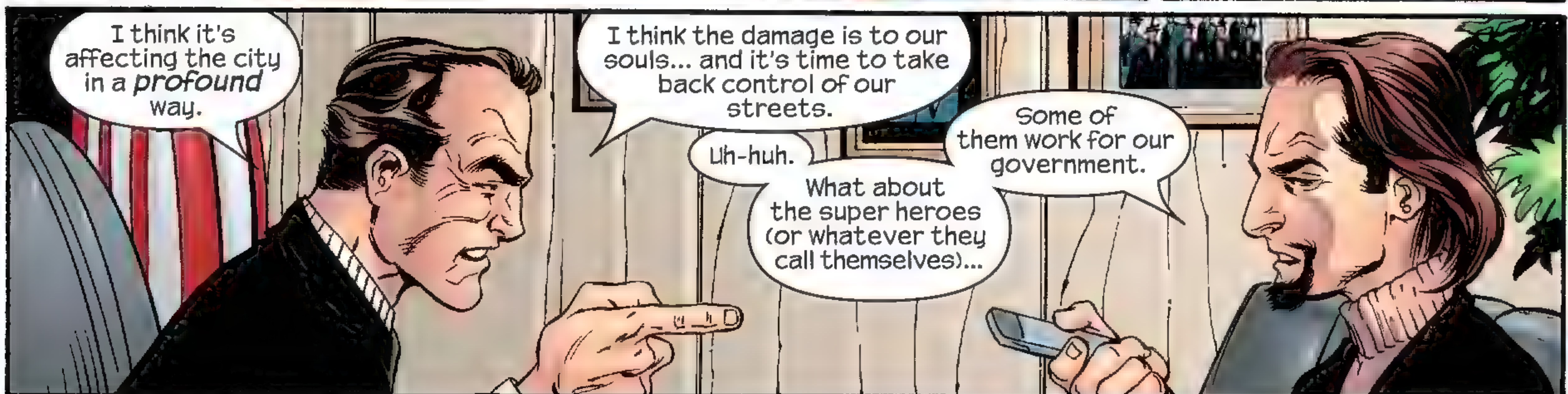
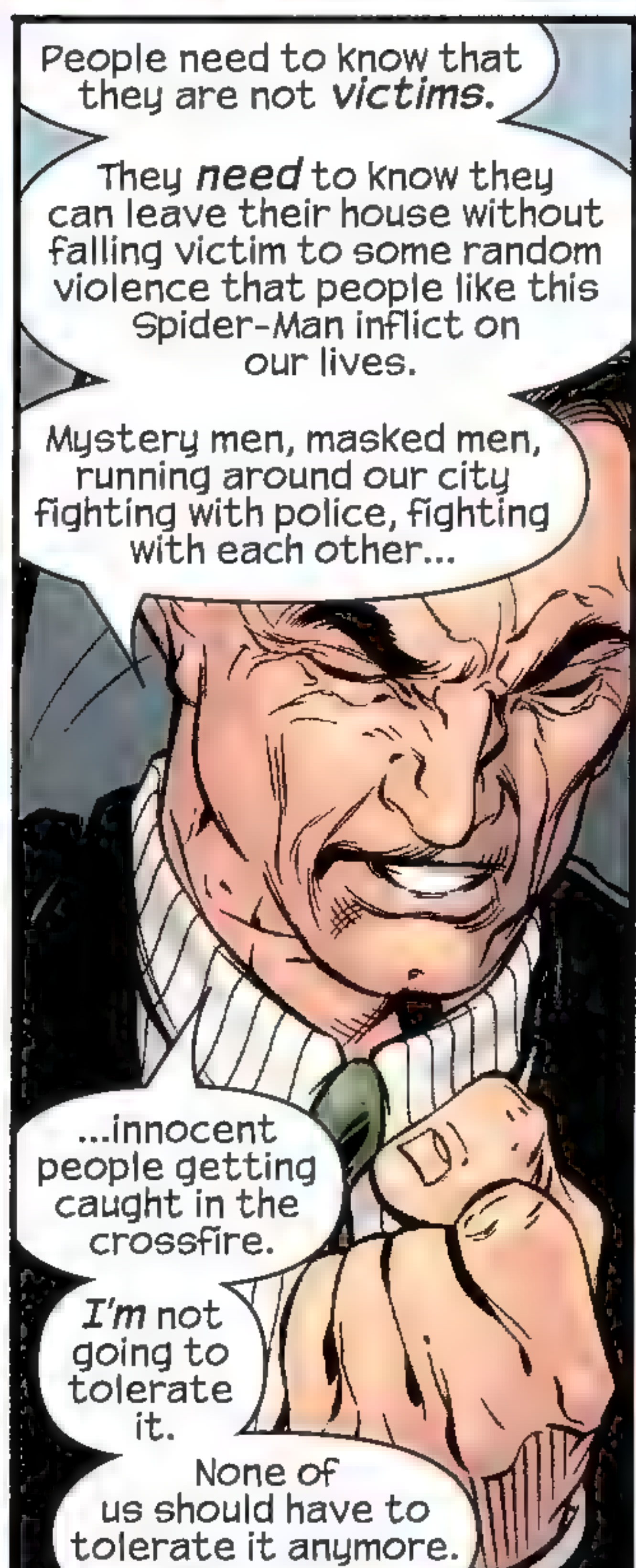
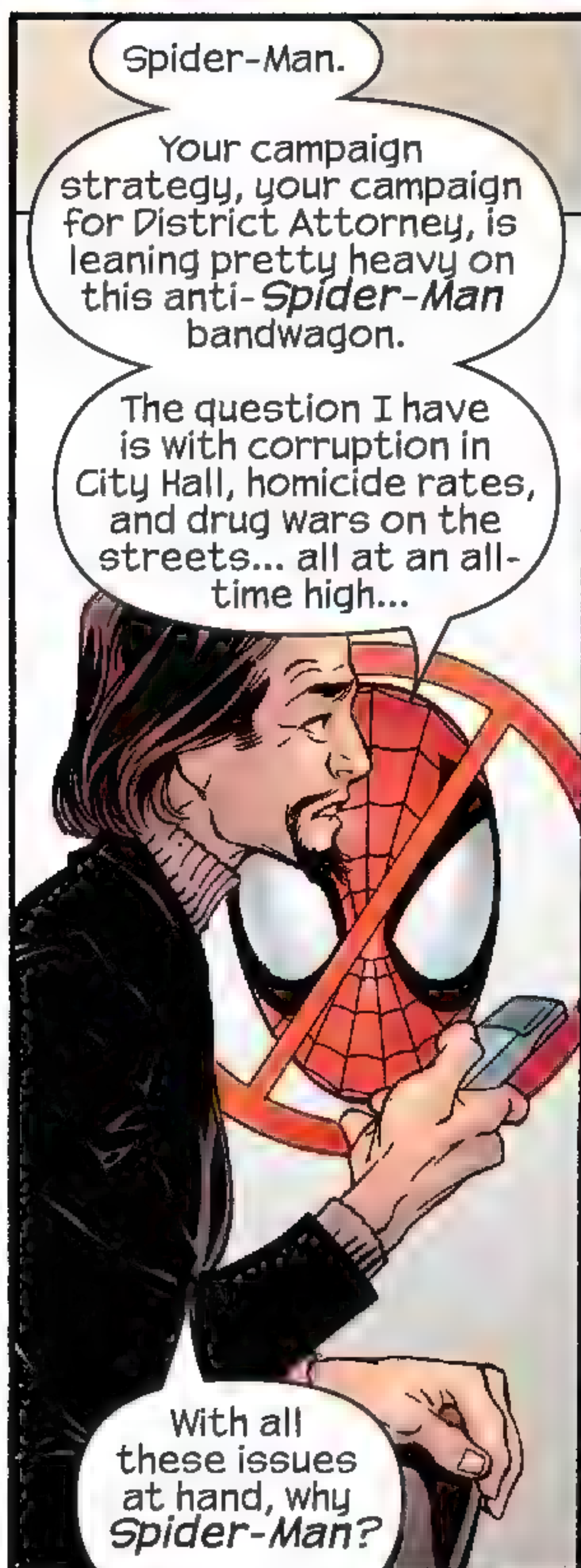
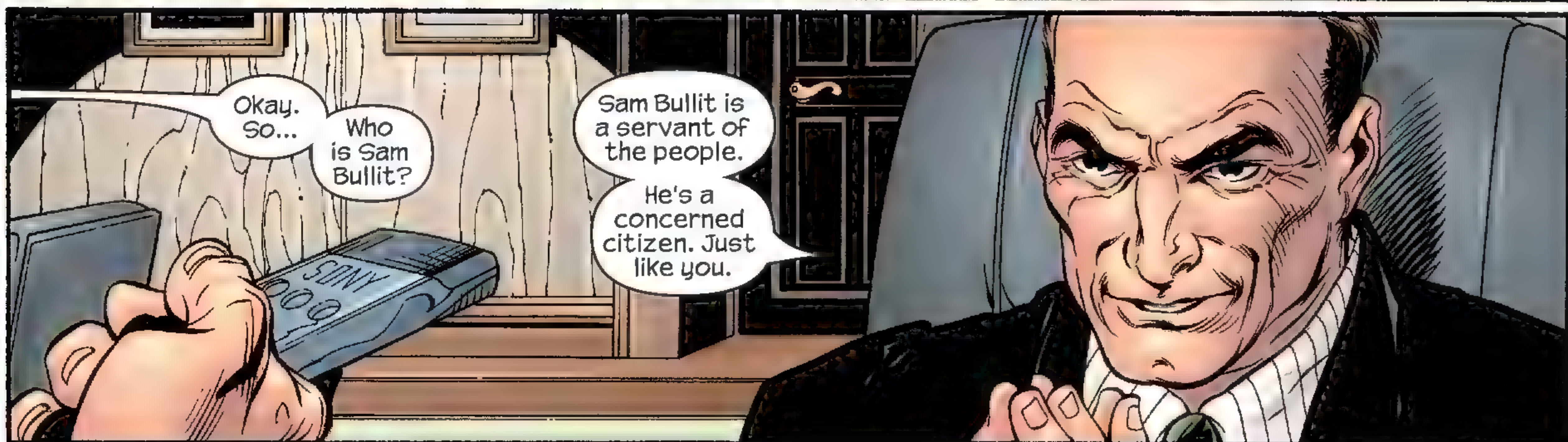
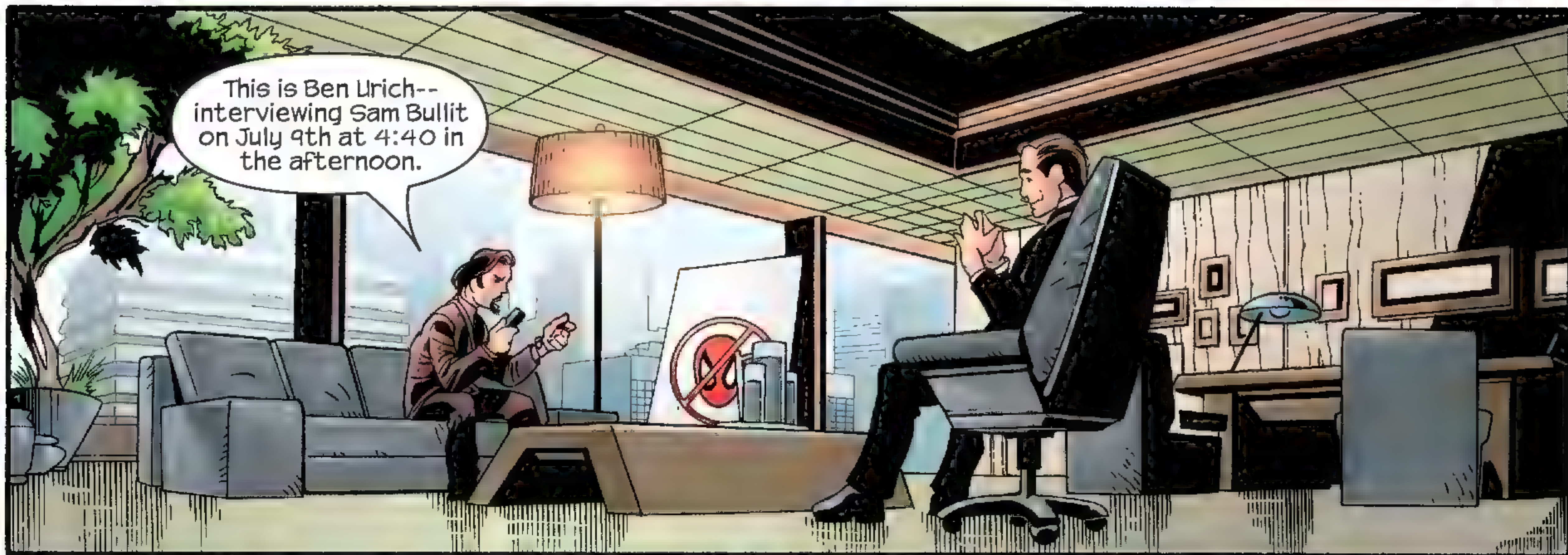
I'm saying... it's okay.



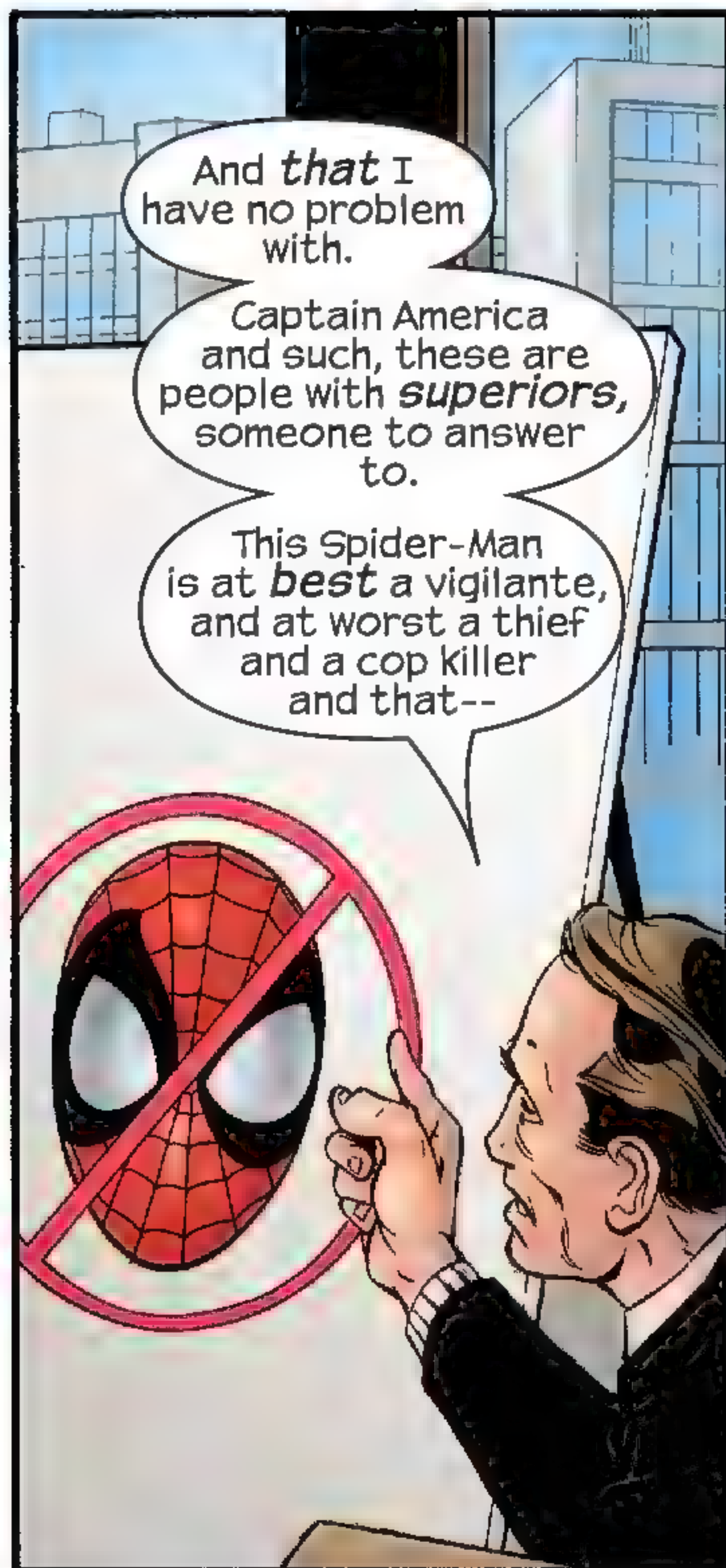












And *that* I have no problem with.

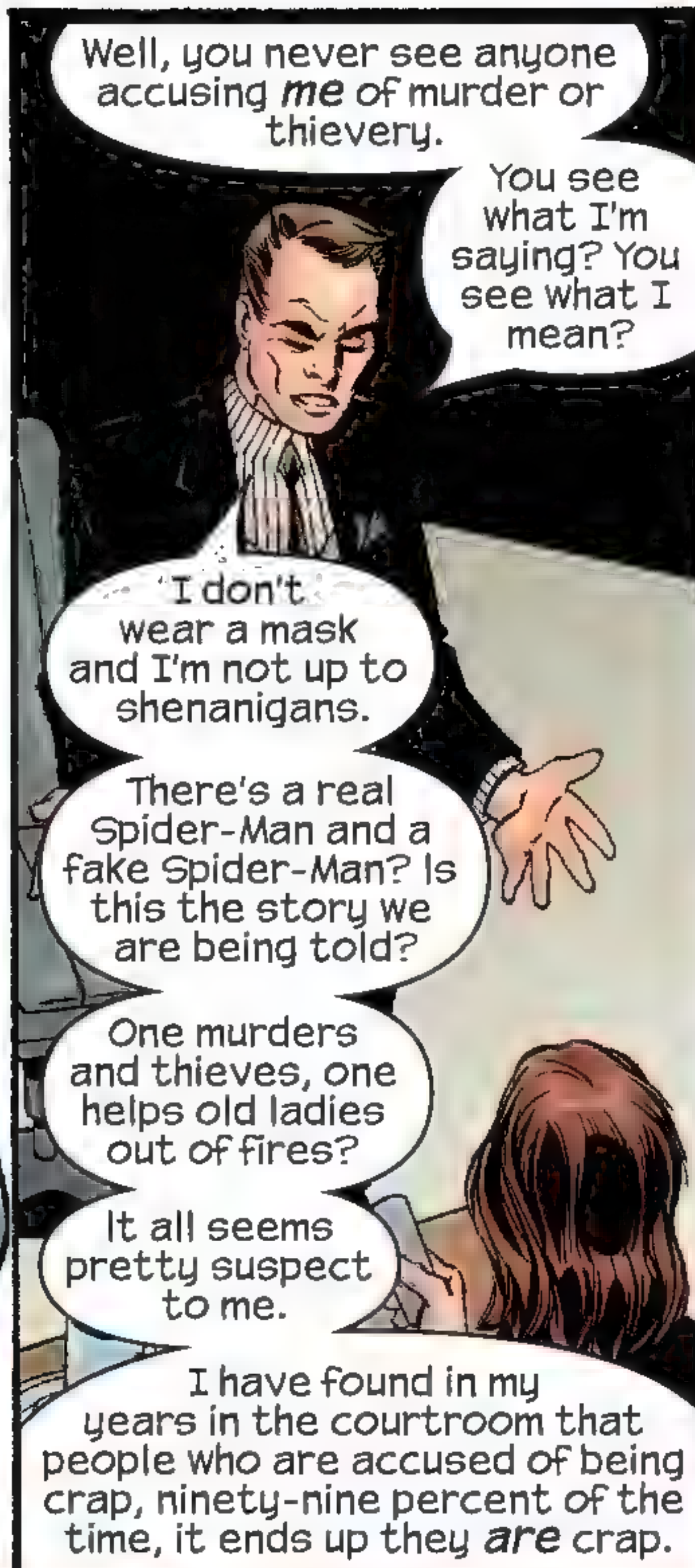
Captain America and such, these are people with *superiors*, someone to answer to.

This Spider-Man is at *best* a vigilante, and at worst a thief and a cop killer and that--



They caught the man who murdered that cop dressed as Spider-Man.

He confessed to the impersonation, the murder, the whole thing.



Well, you never see anyone accusing *me* of murder or thievery.

You see what I'm saying? You see what I mean?

I don't wear a mask and I'm not up to shenanigans.

There's a real Spider-Man and a fake Spider-Man? Is this the story we are being told?

One murders and thieves, one helps old ladies out of fires?

It all seems pretty suspect to me.

I have found in my years in the courtroom that people who are accused of being crap, ninety-nine percent of the time, it ends up they *are* crap.



Where there's smoke, there's fire.



Exactly. Exactly!!



How about mutants?

Does this smoke and fire theory of yours follow to mutants as well?



It's a *complicated* issue and I am still looking into it.

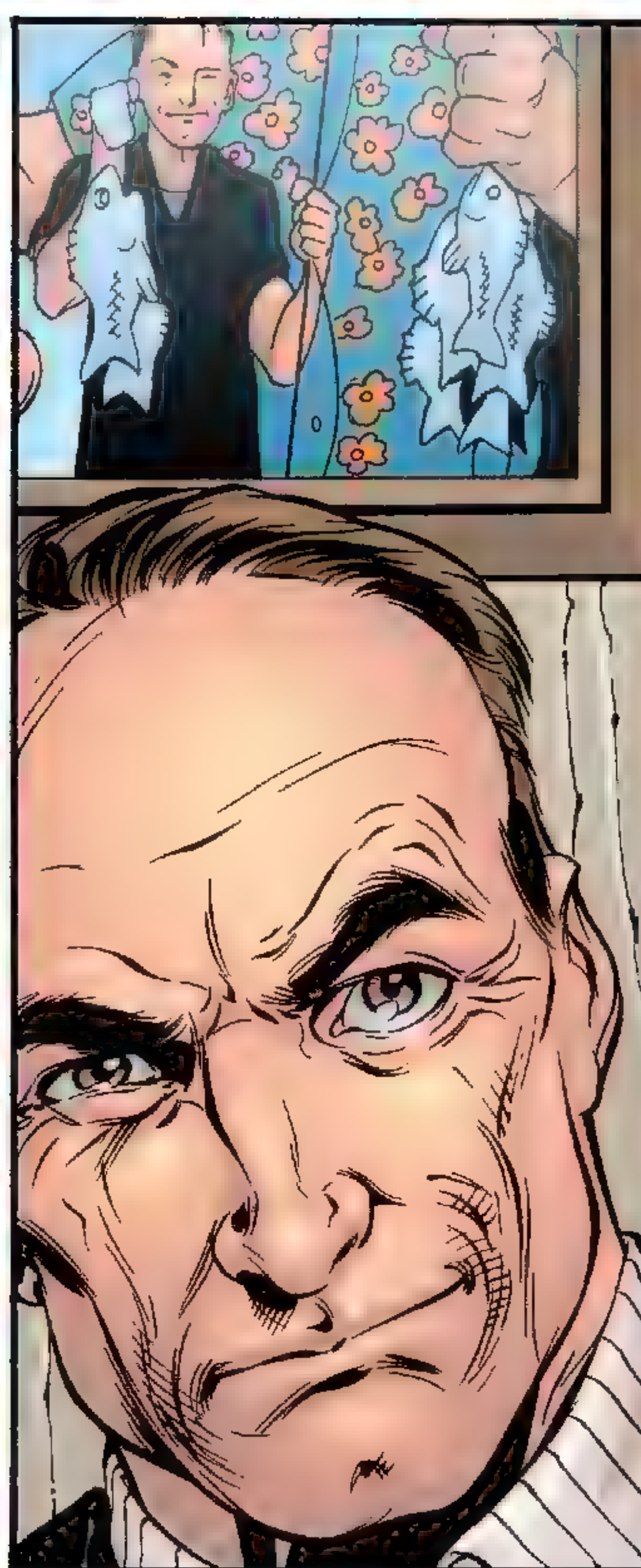
No gut feeling?

My gut feeling is that the President of the United States says humans and mutants can live together in harmony.

And though I certainly haven't seen any *evidence* of this, I suppose I have to support my President as is my duty as an American.

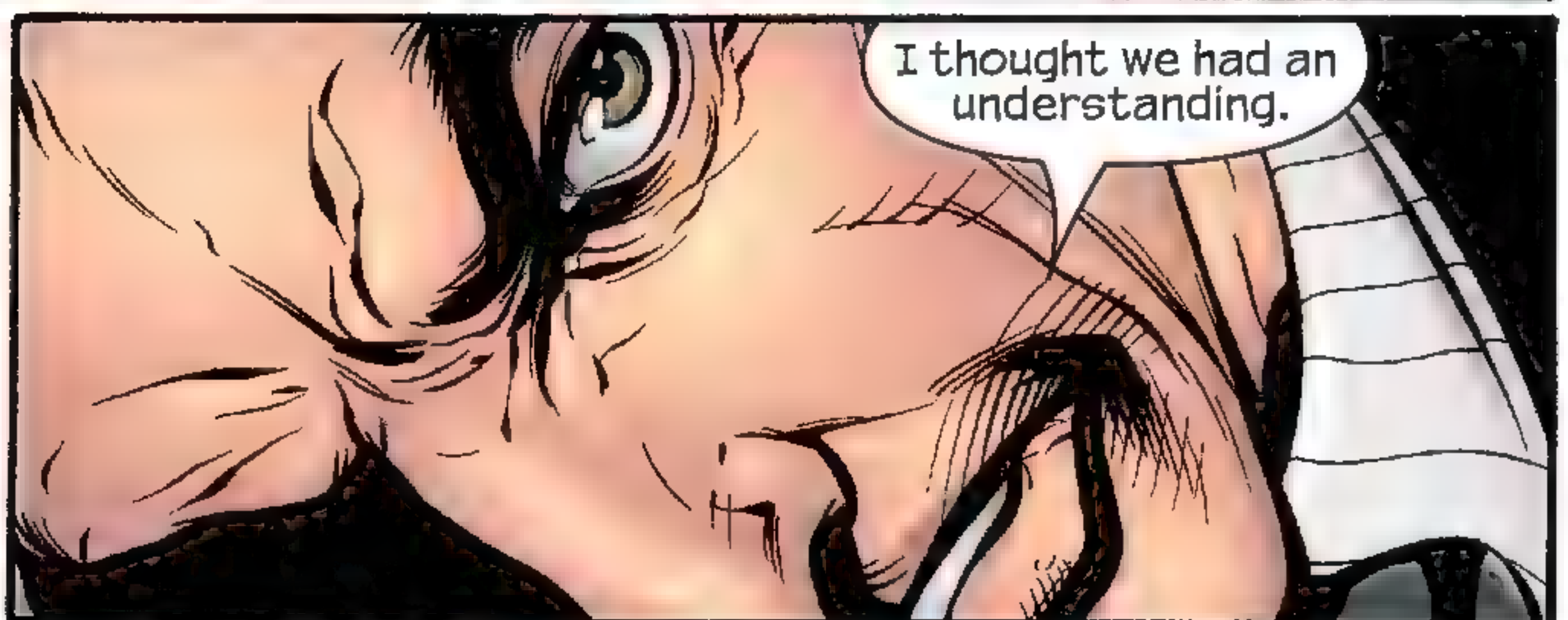
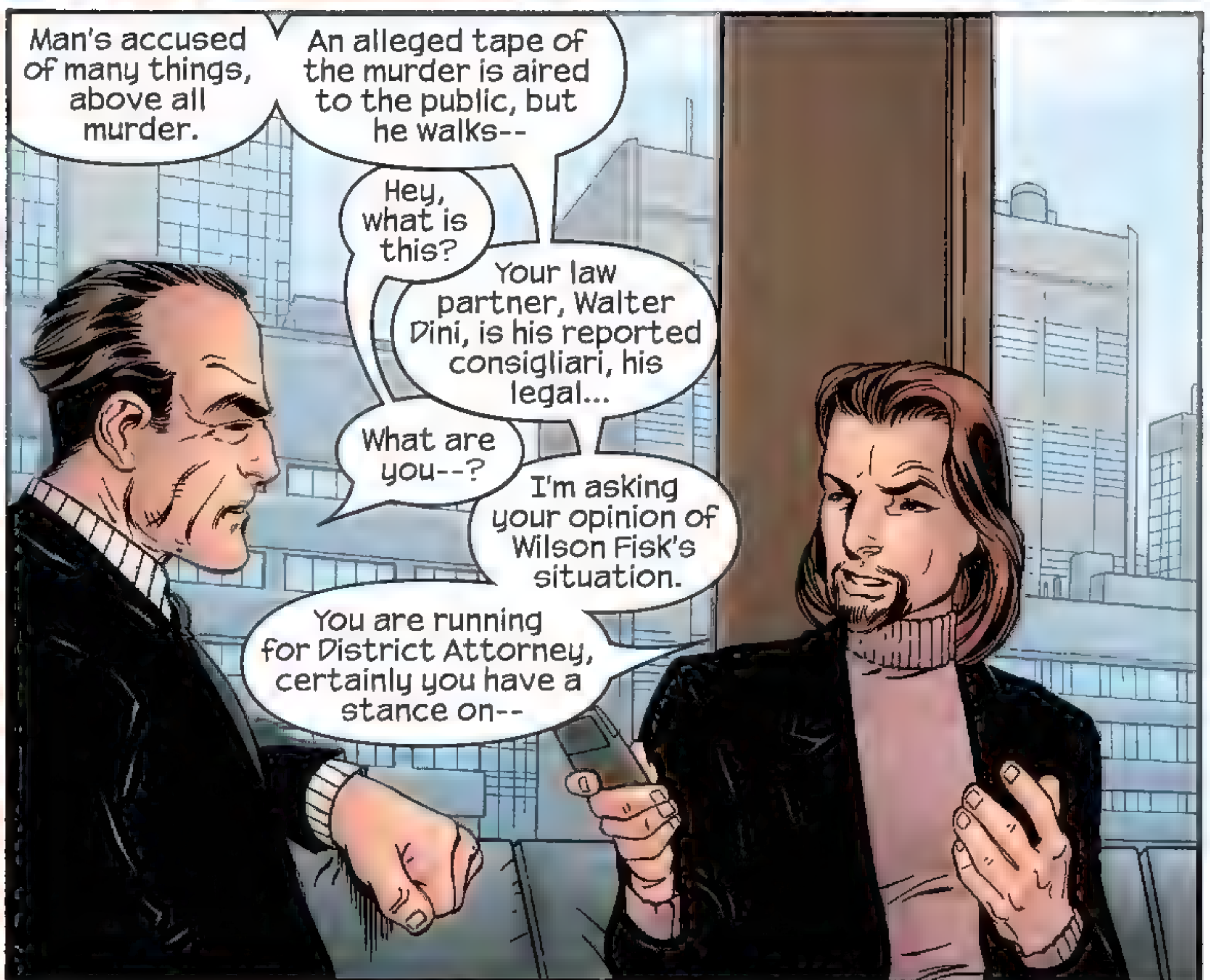
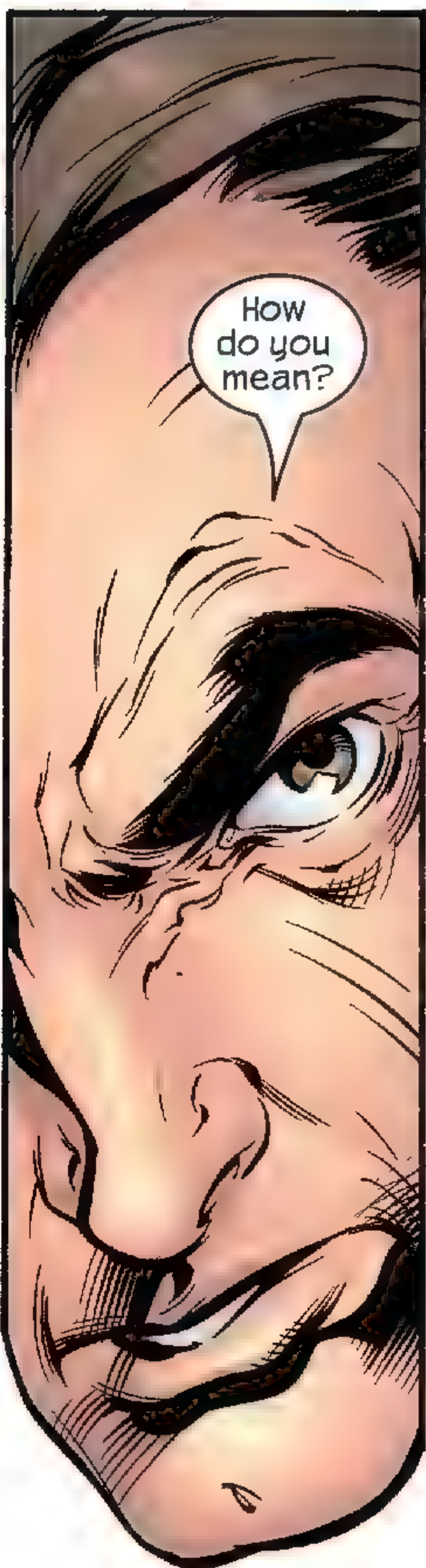
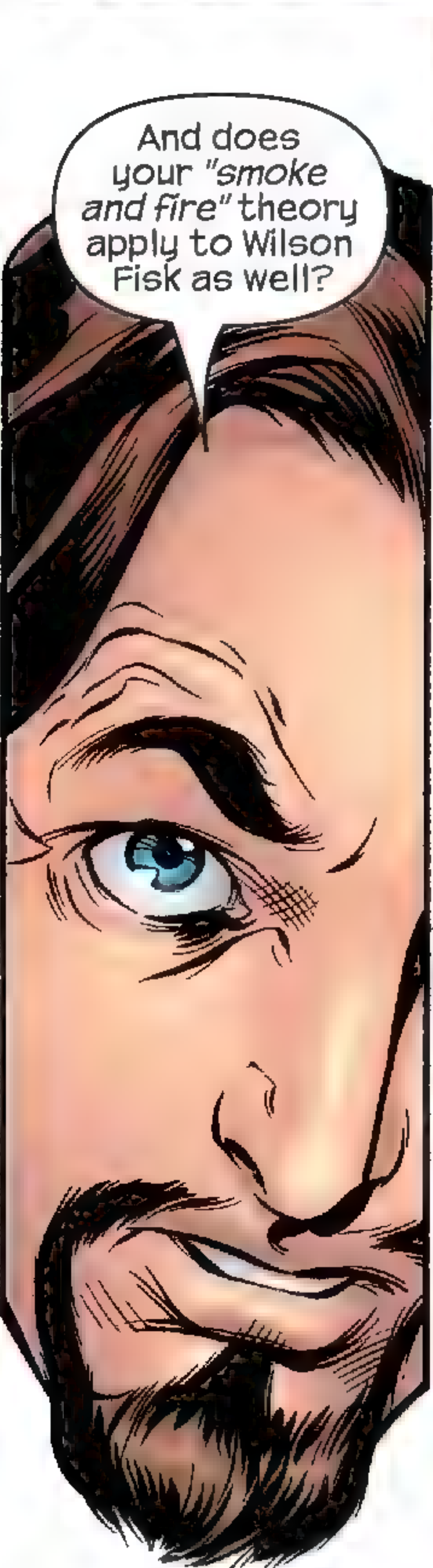
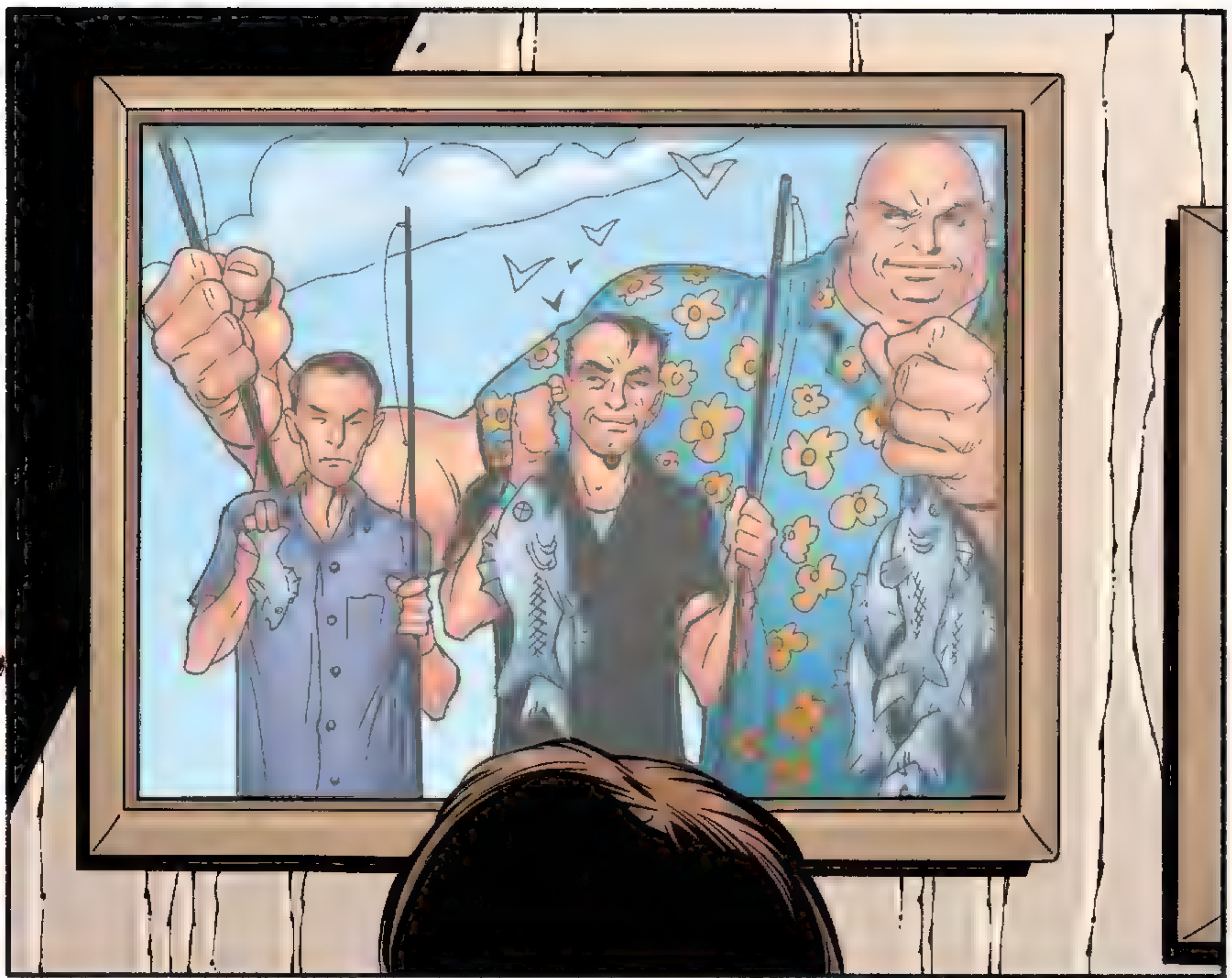


Uh-huh.



That's a nice picture there.





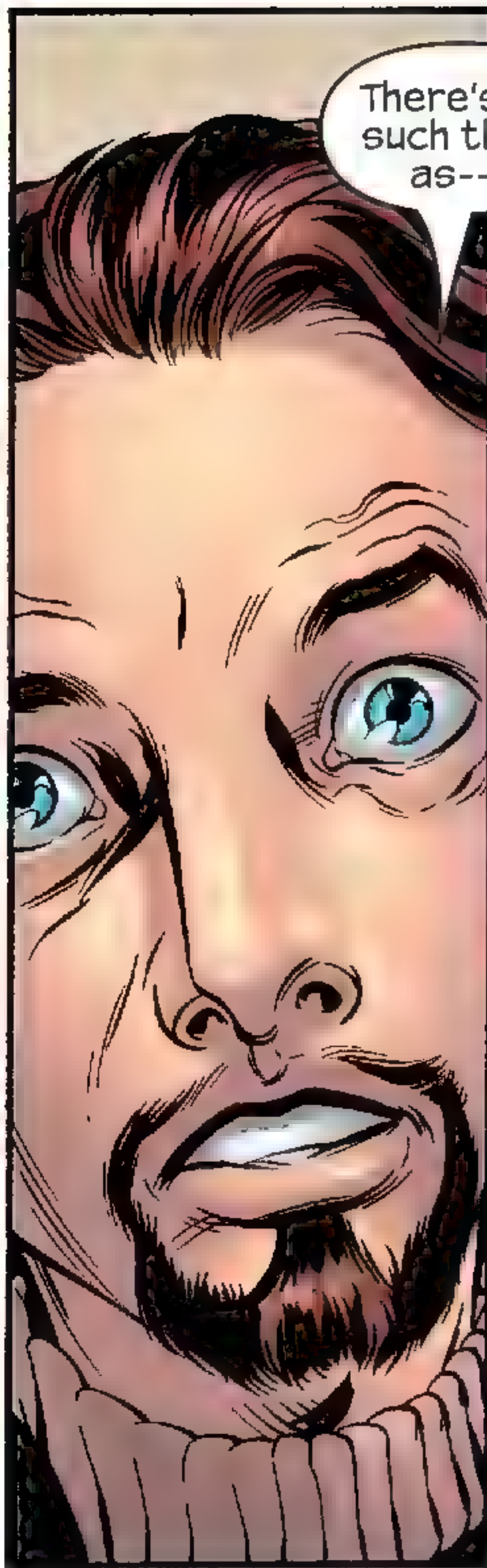




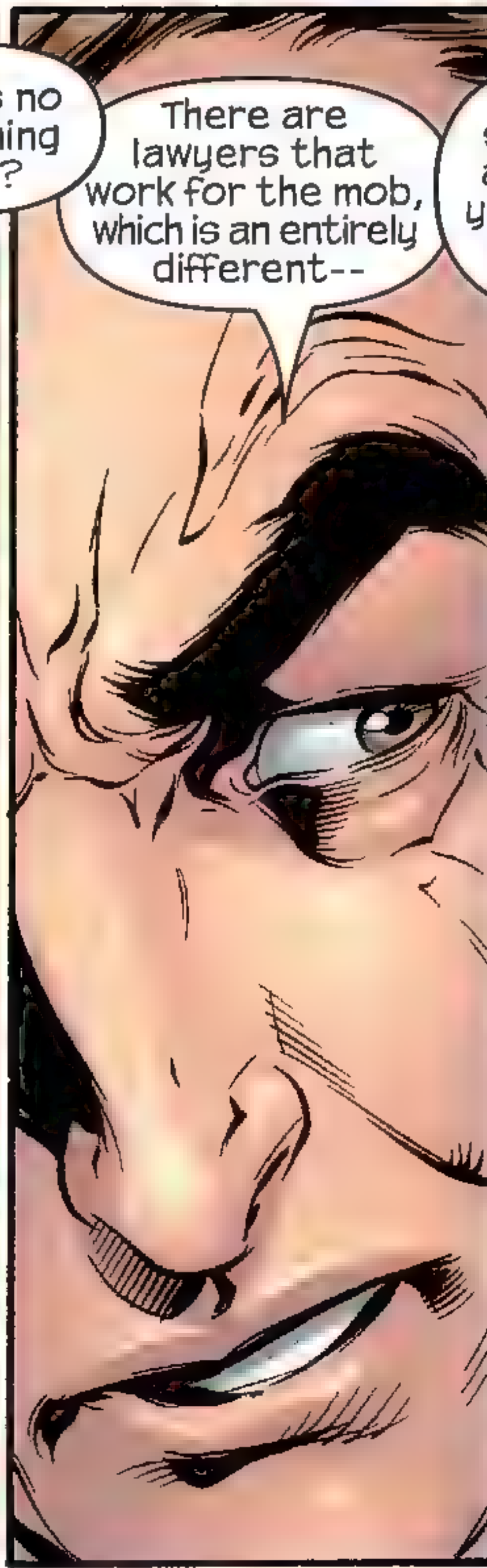
I just wanted to know how your affiliation with mob lawyers would affect your--



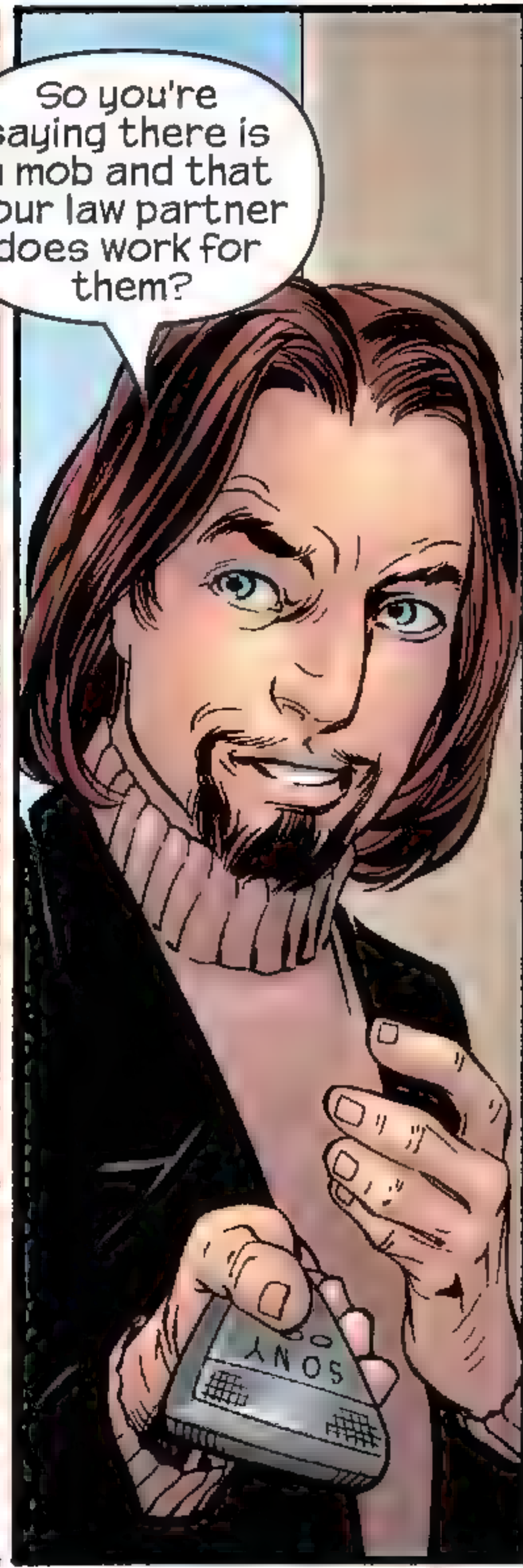
Mob lawyers? There's no such *thing* as mob lawyers.



There's no such thing as--?



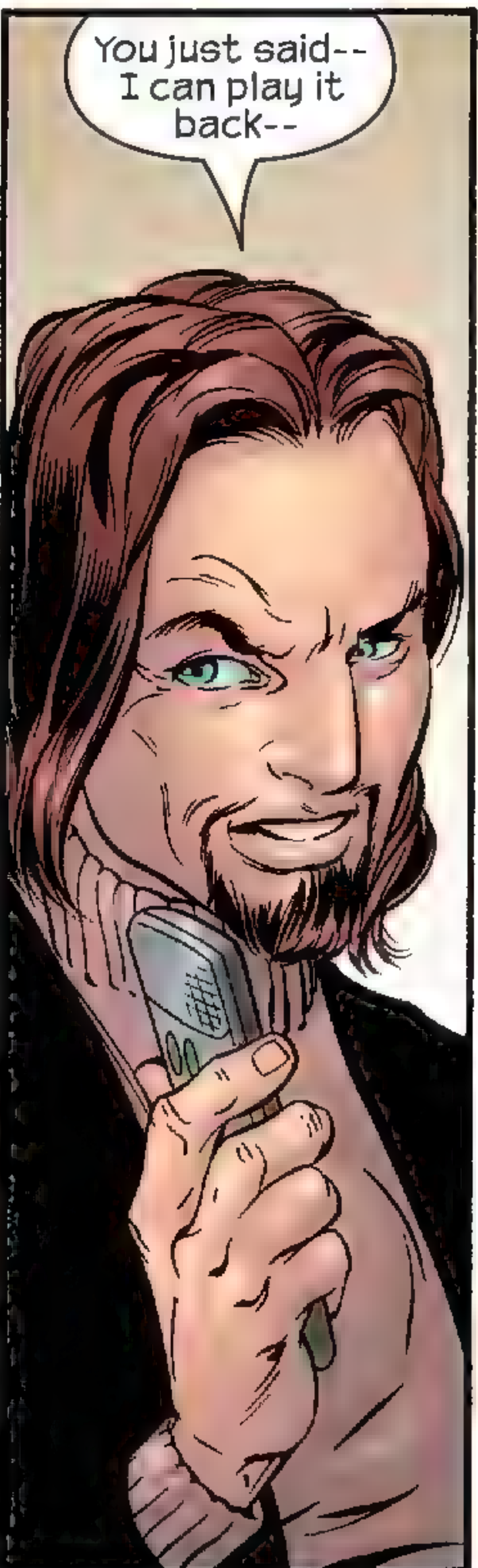
There are lawyers that work for the mob, which is an entirely different--



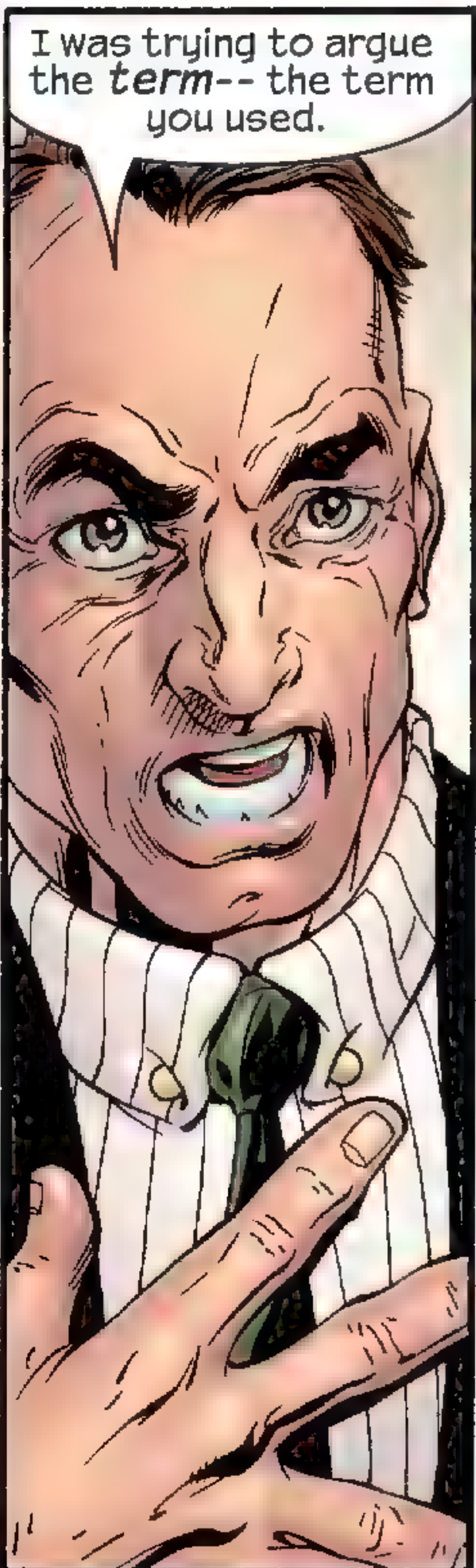
So you're saying there is a mob and that your law partner does work for them?



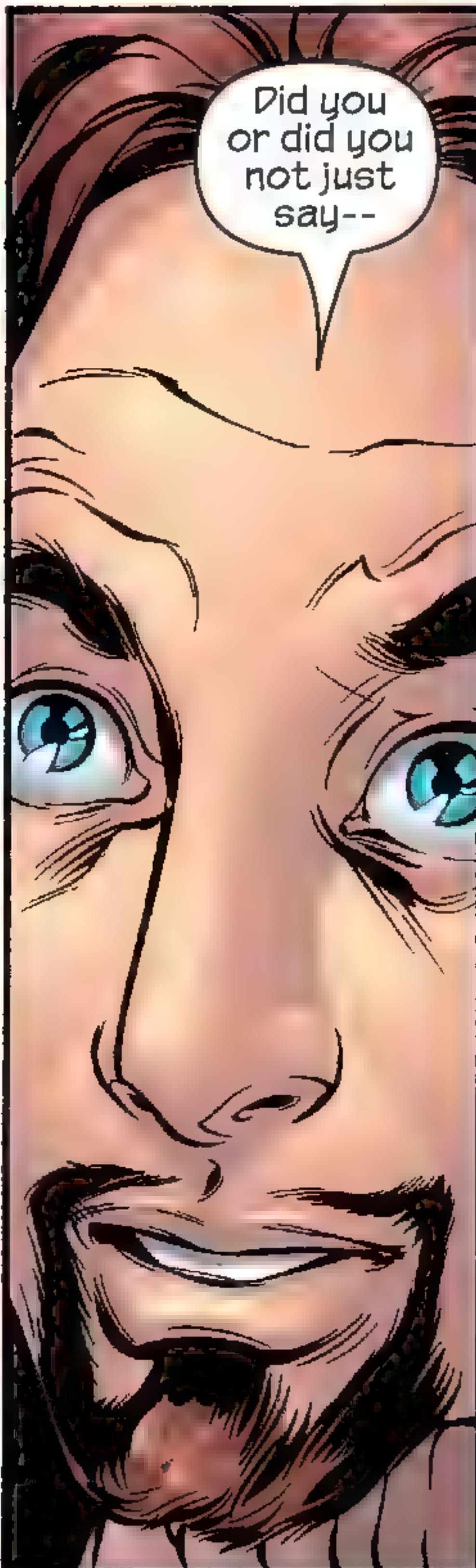
No, you're putting words in my--!!



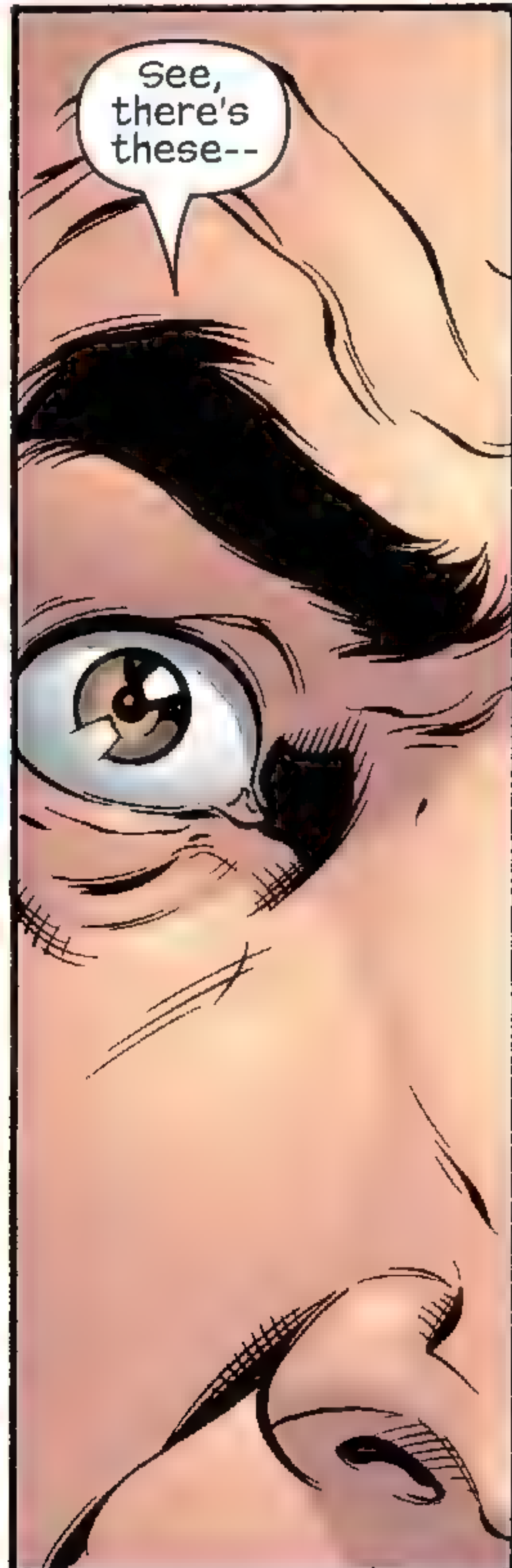
You just said-- I can play it back--



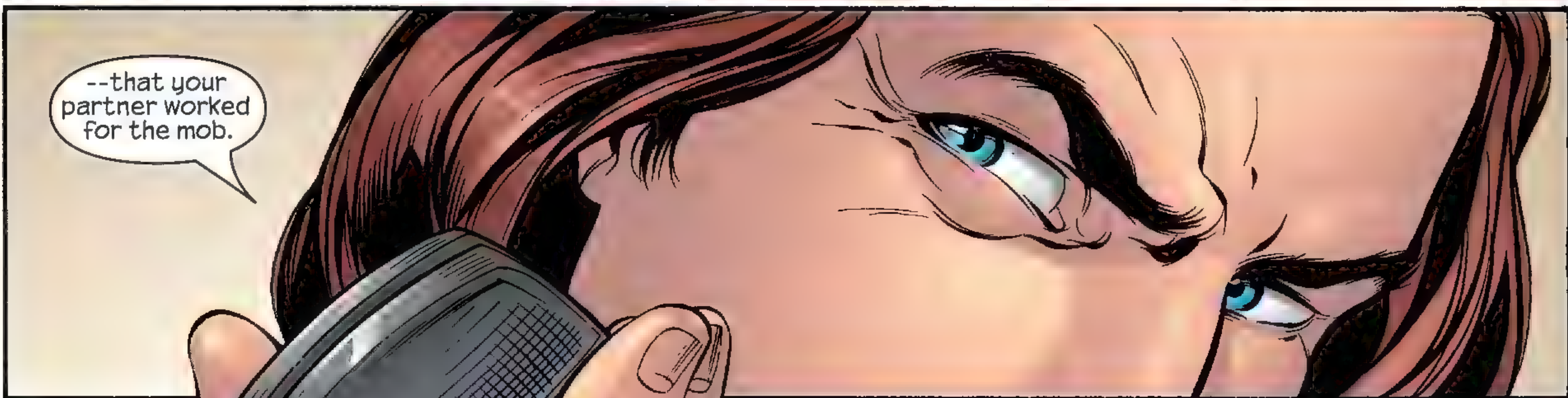
I was trying to argue the *term*-- the term you used.



Did you or did you not just say--

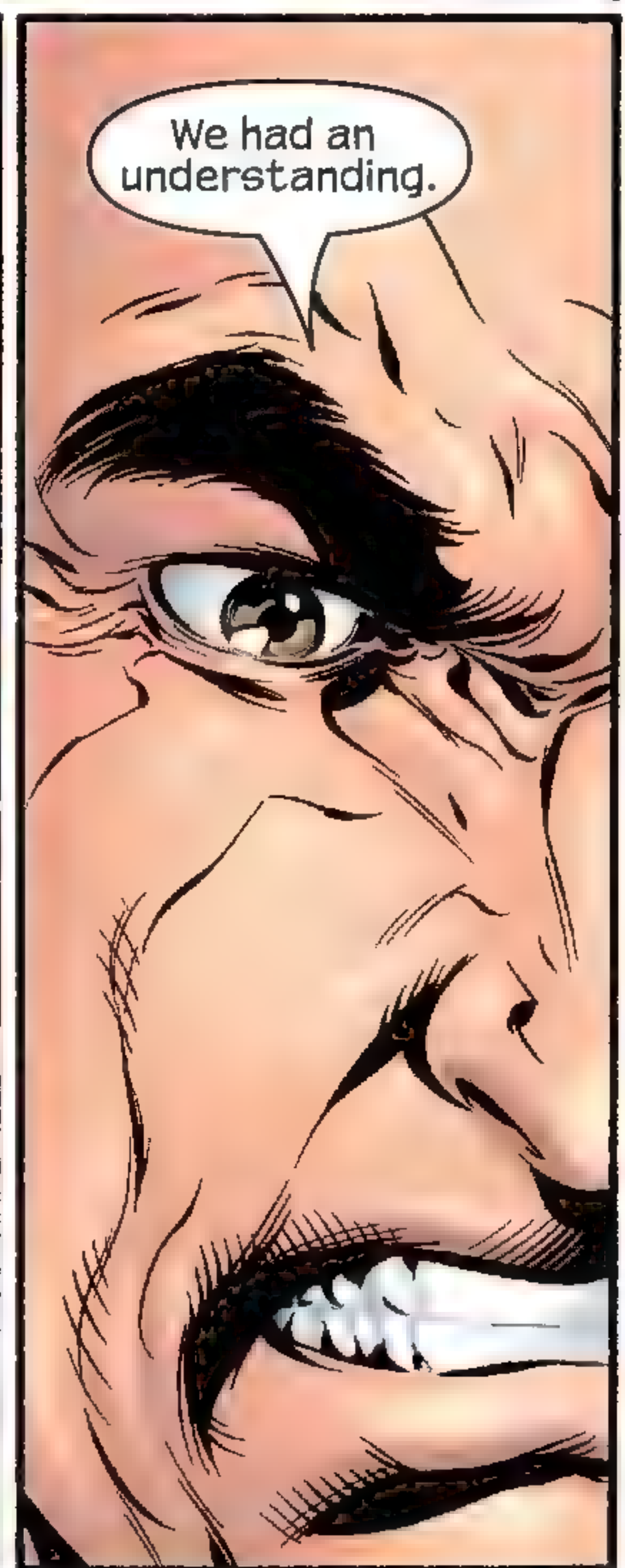
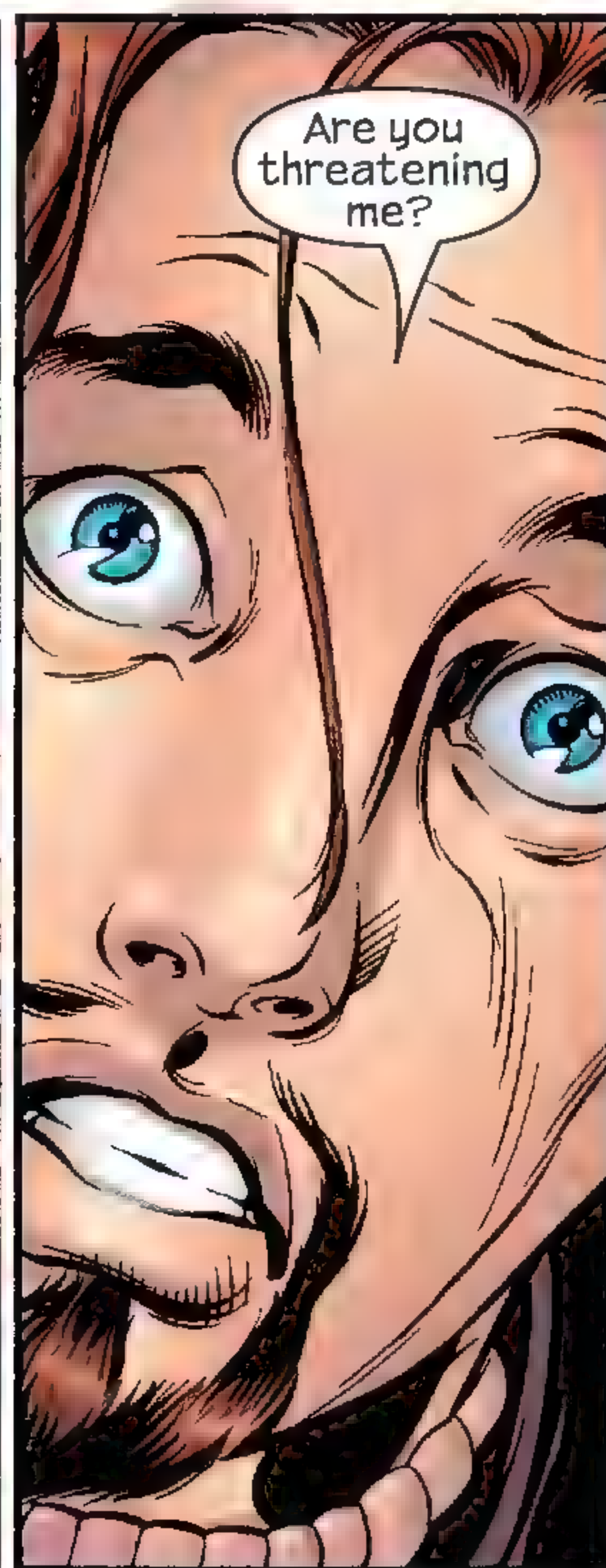
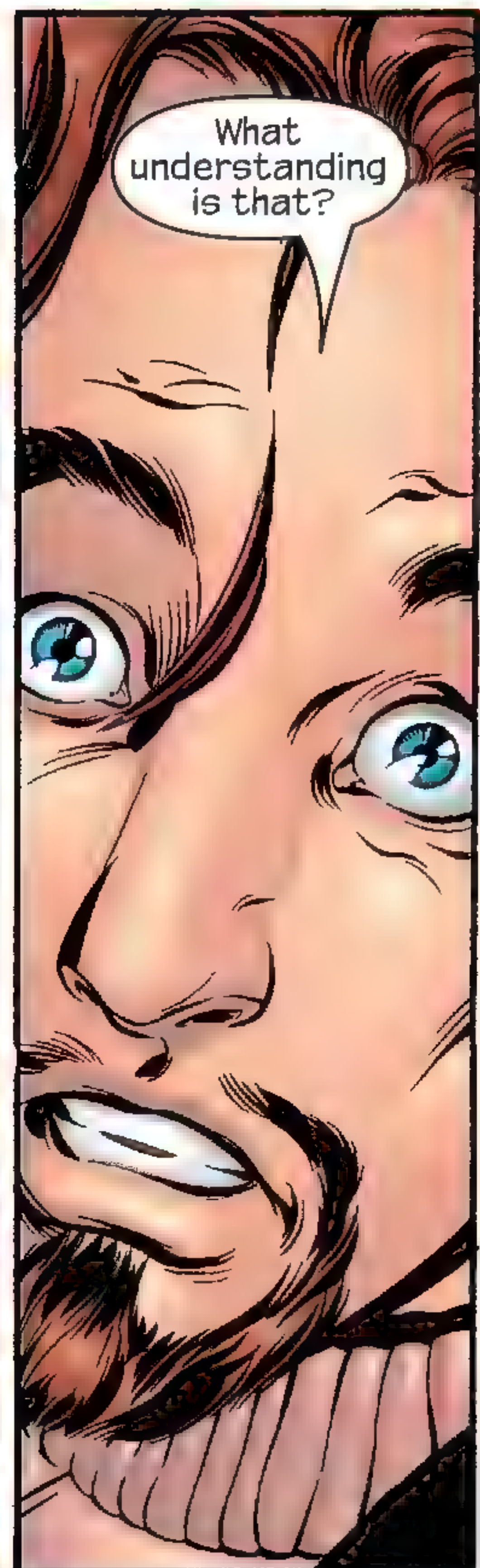
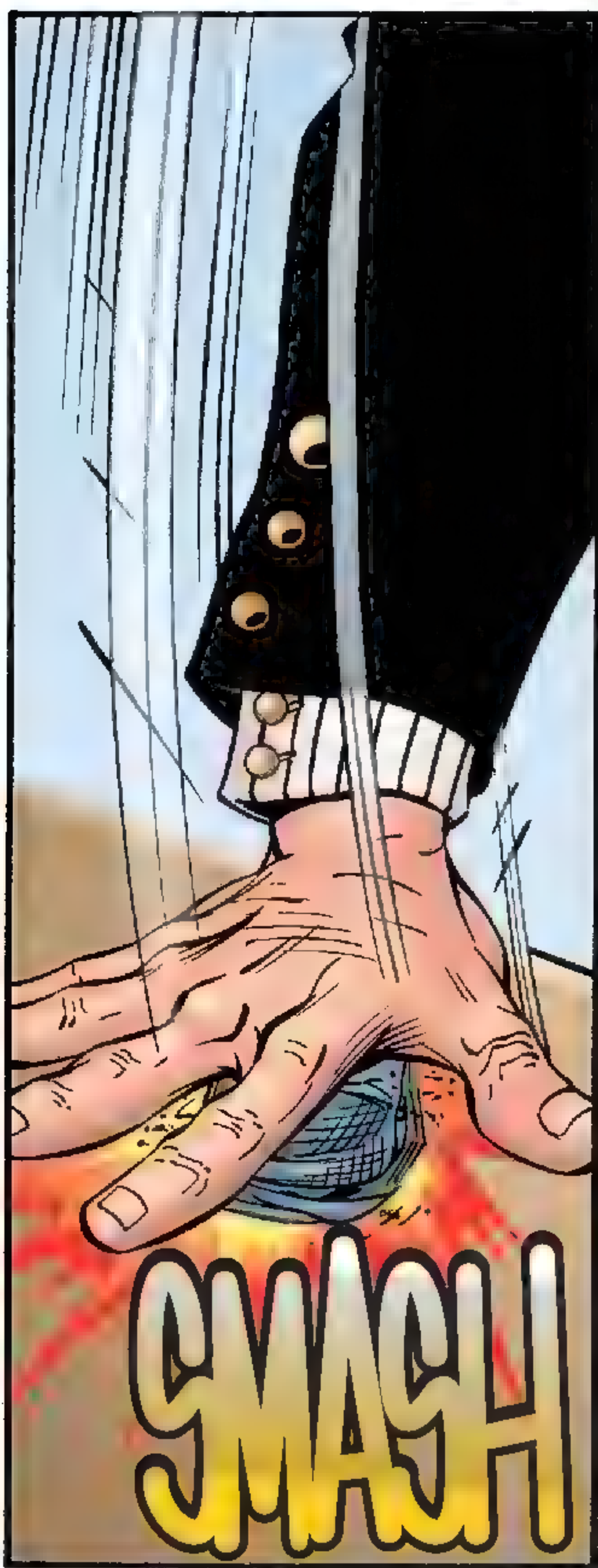


See, there's these--

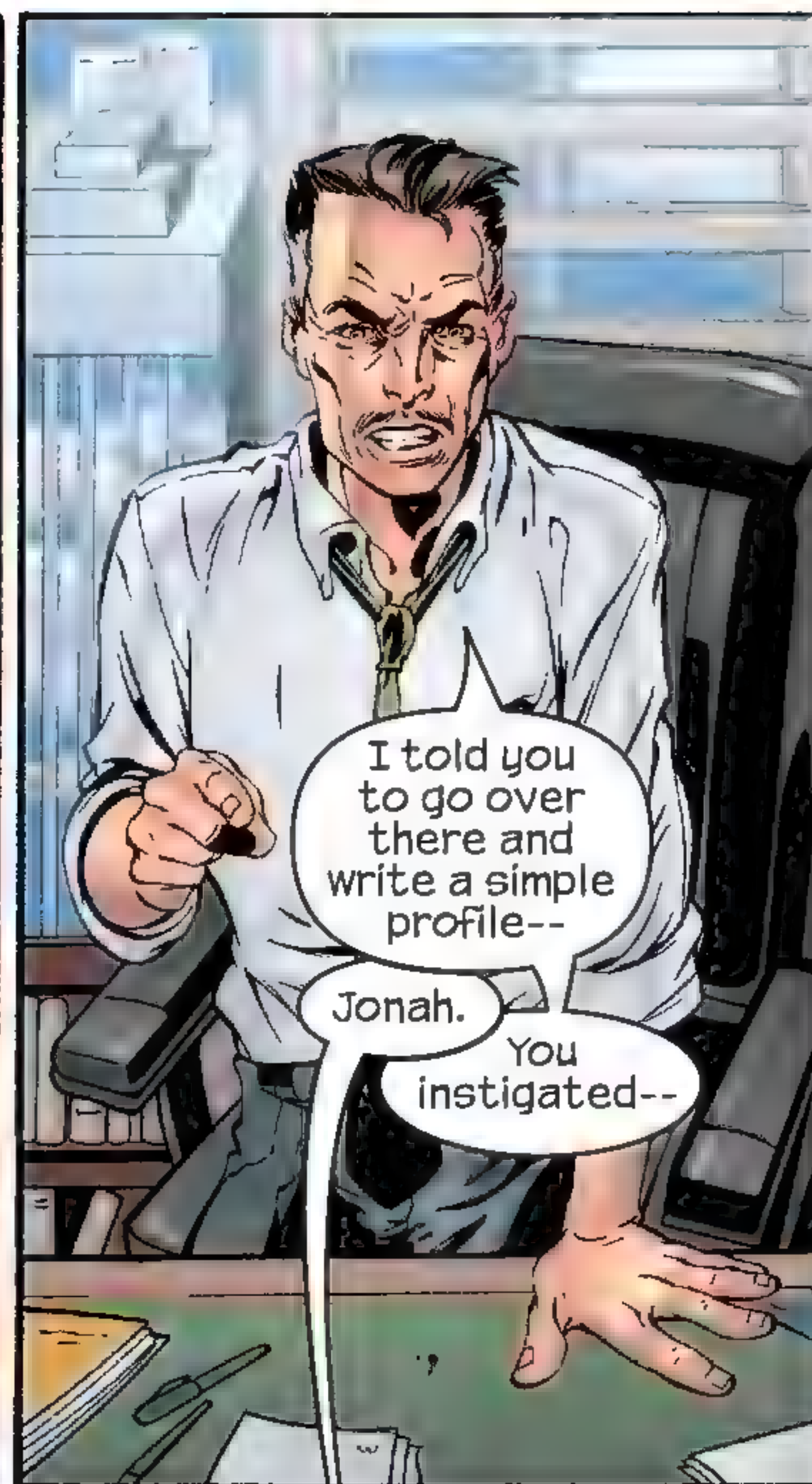
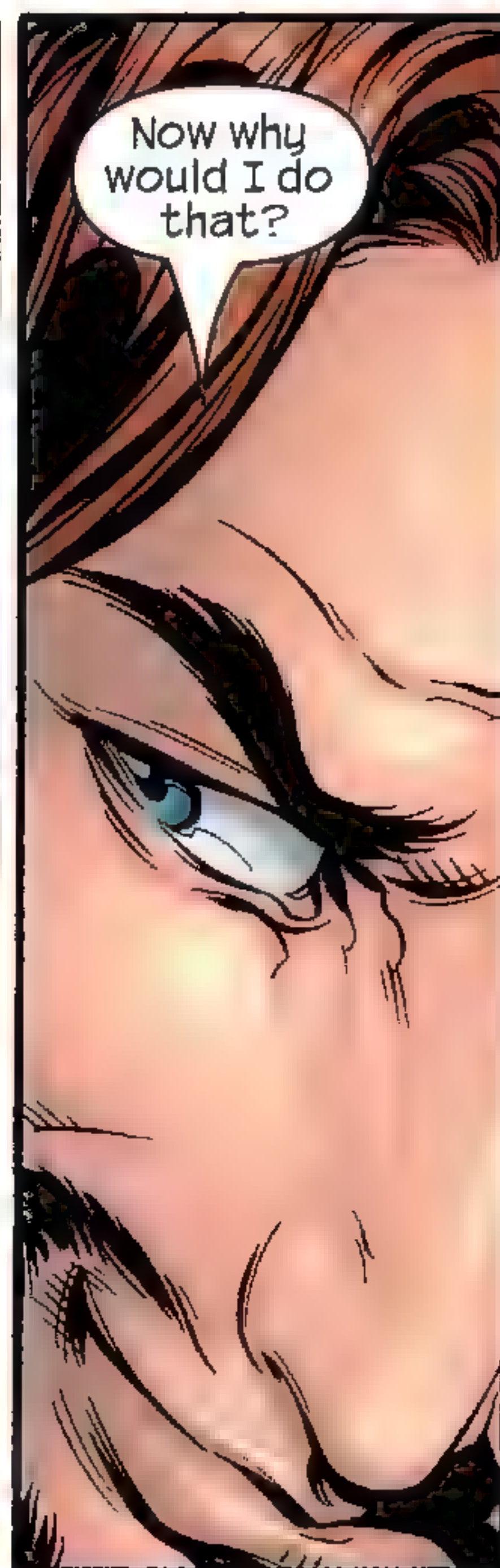
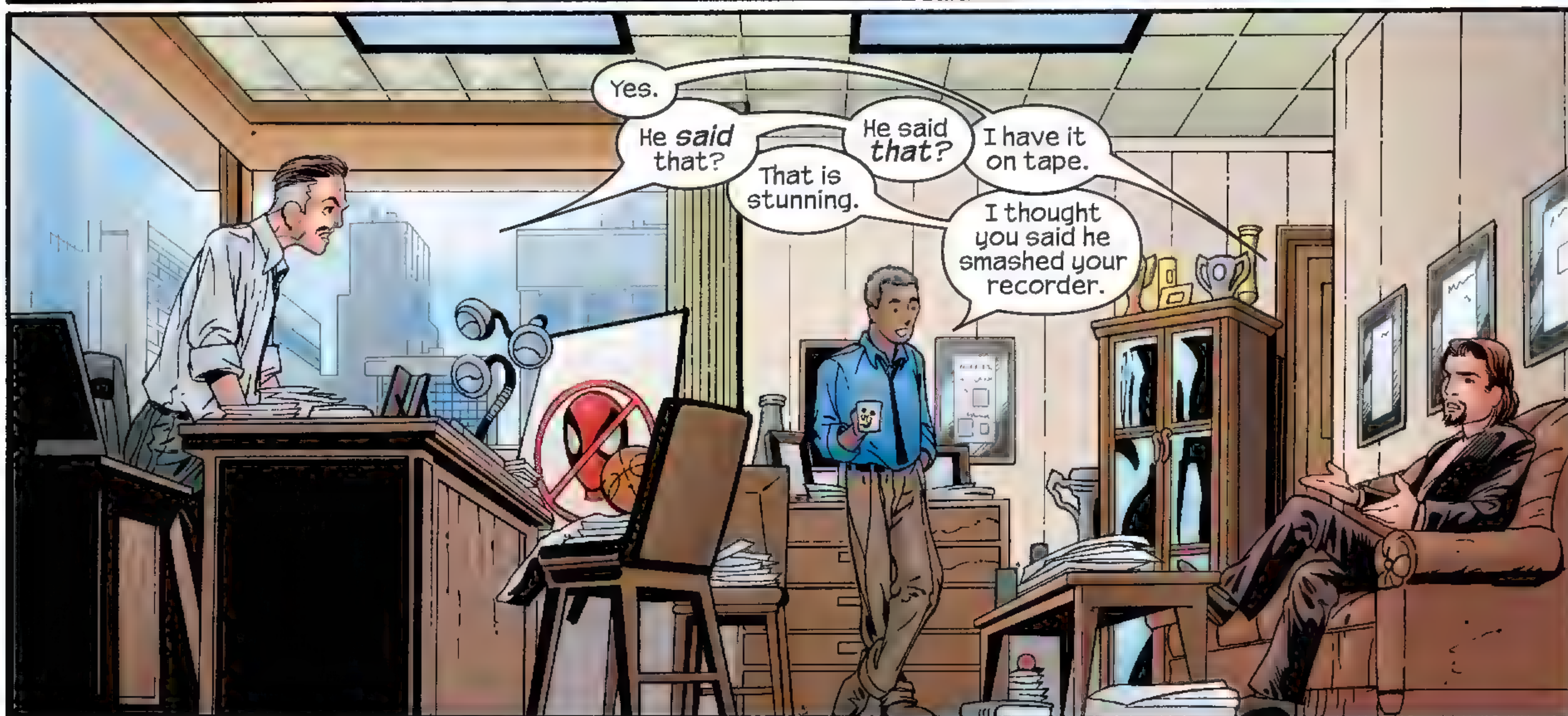
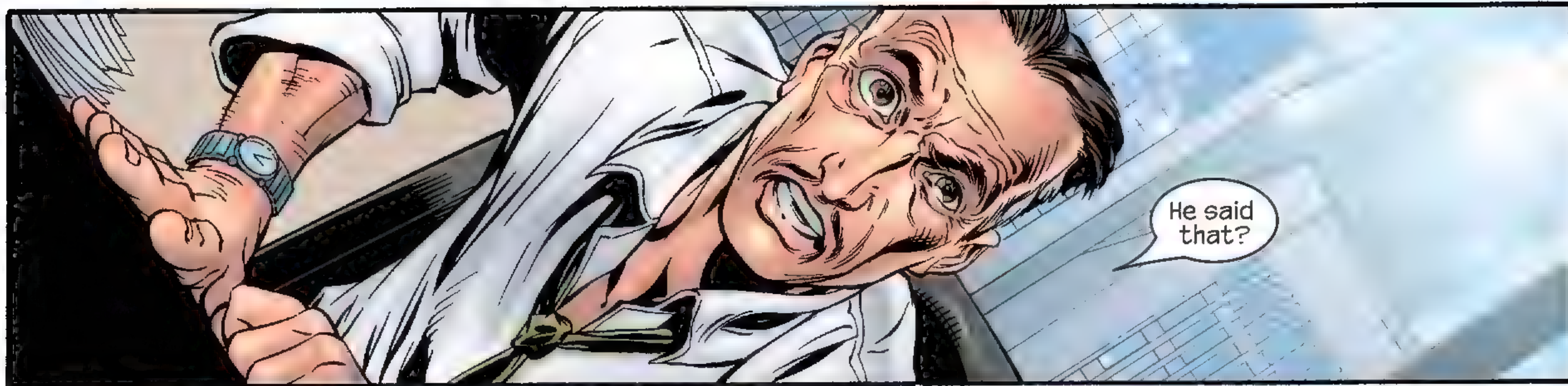


--that your partner worked for the mob.

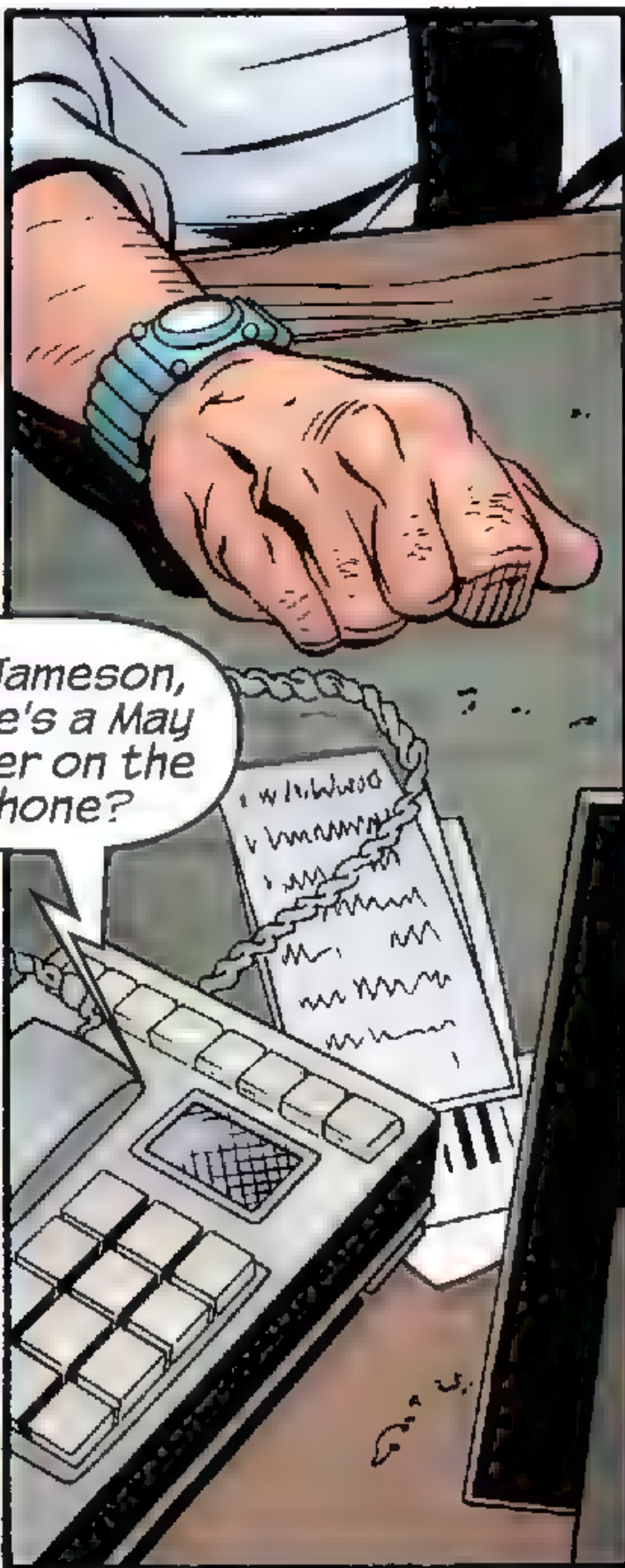
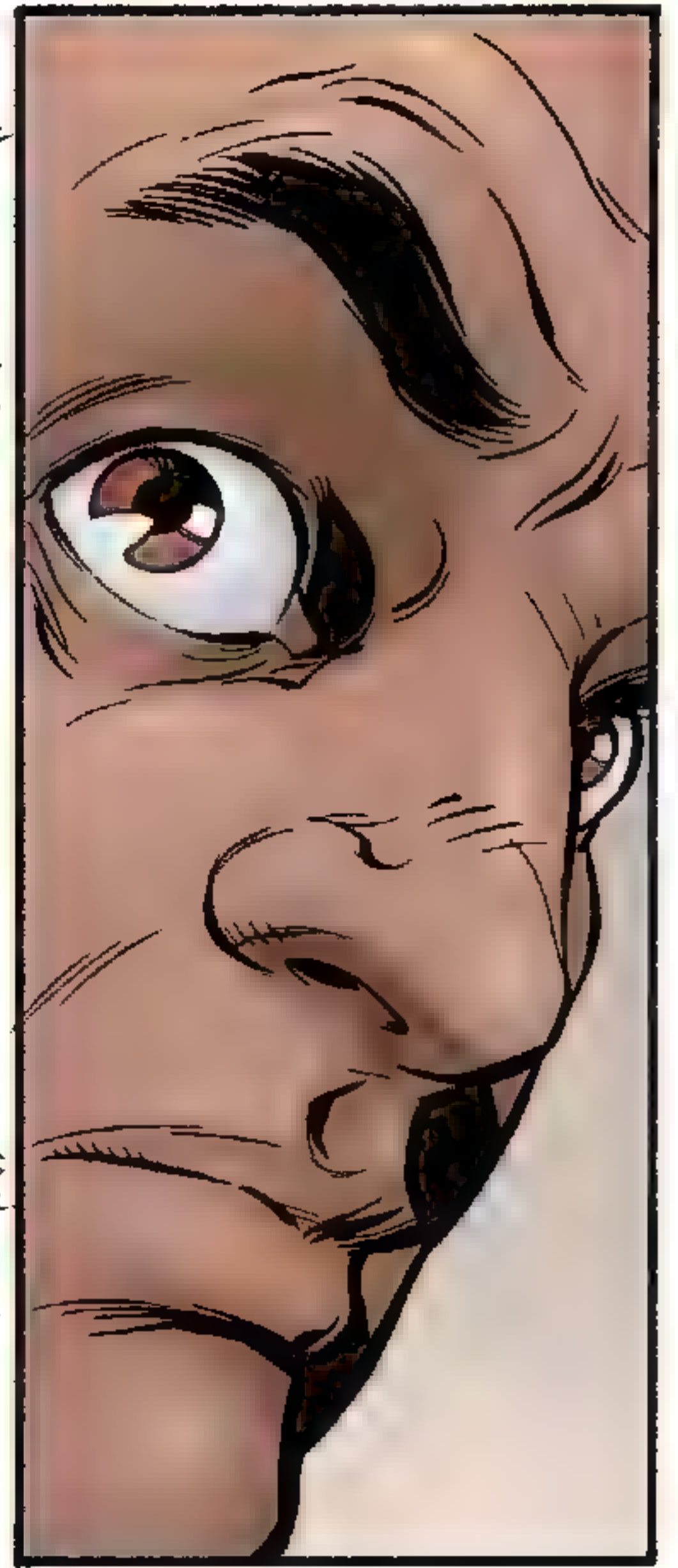
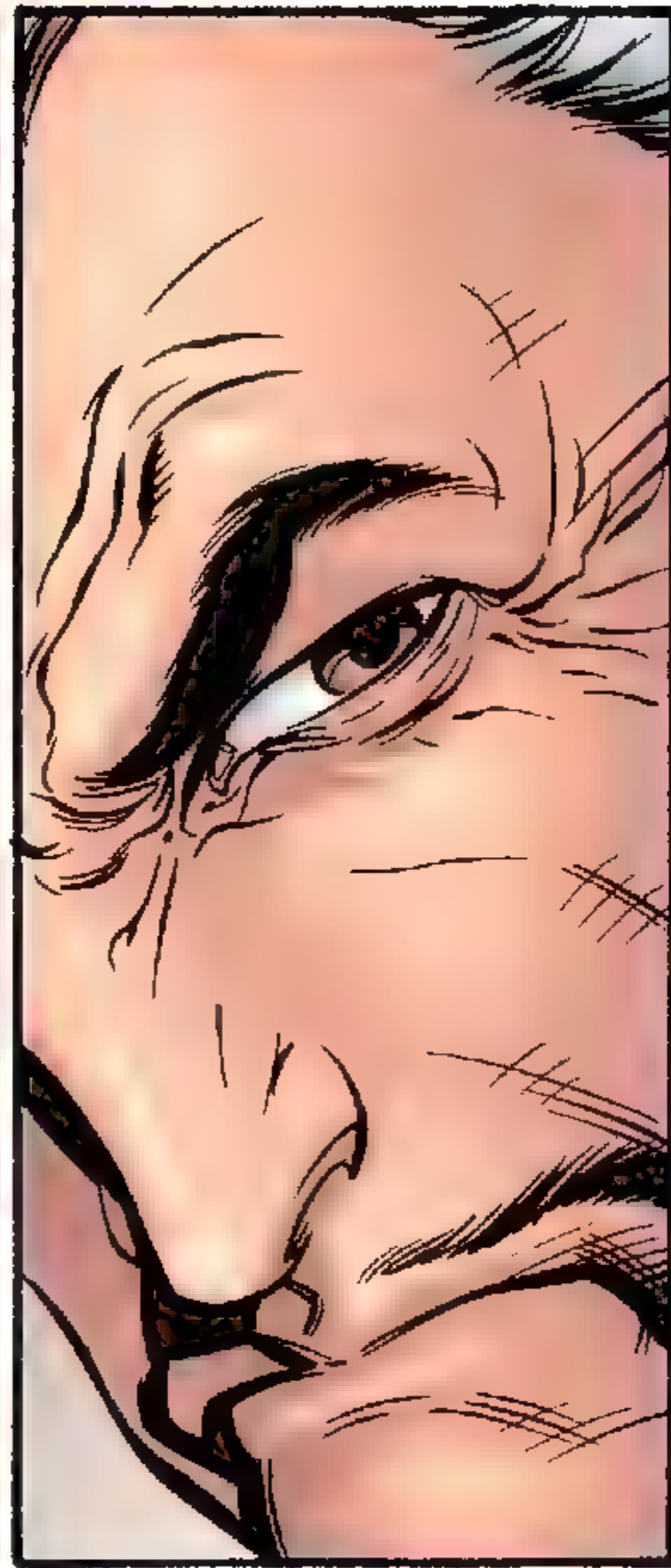
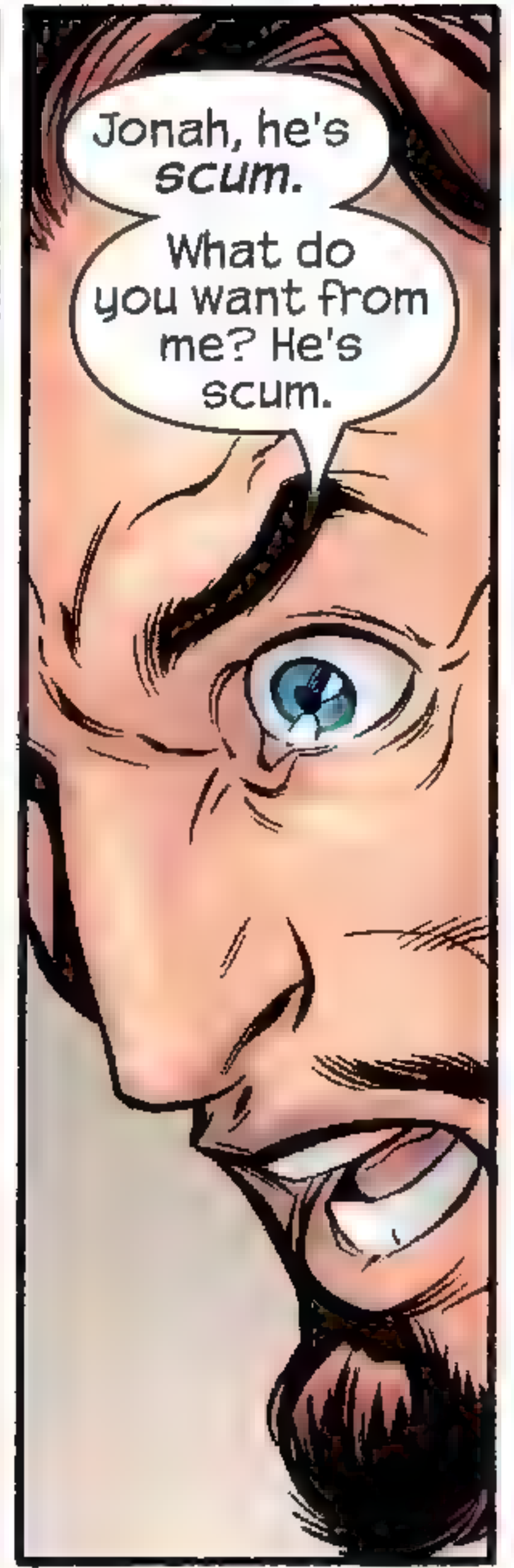
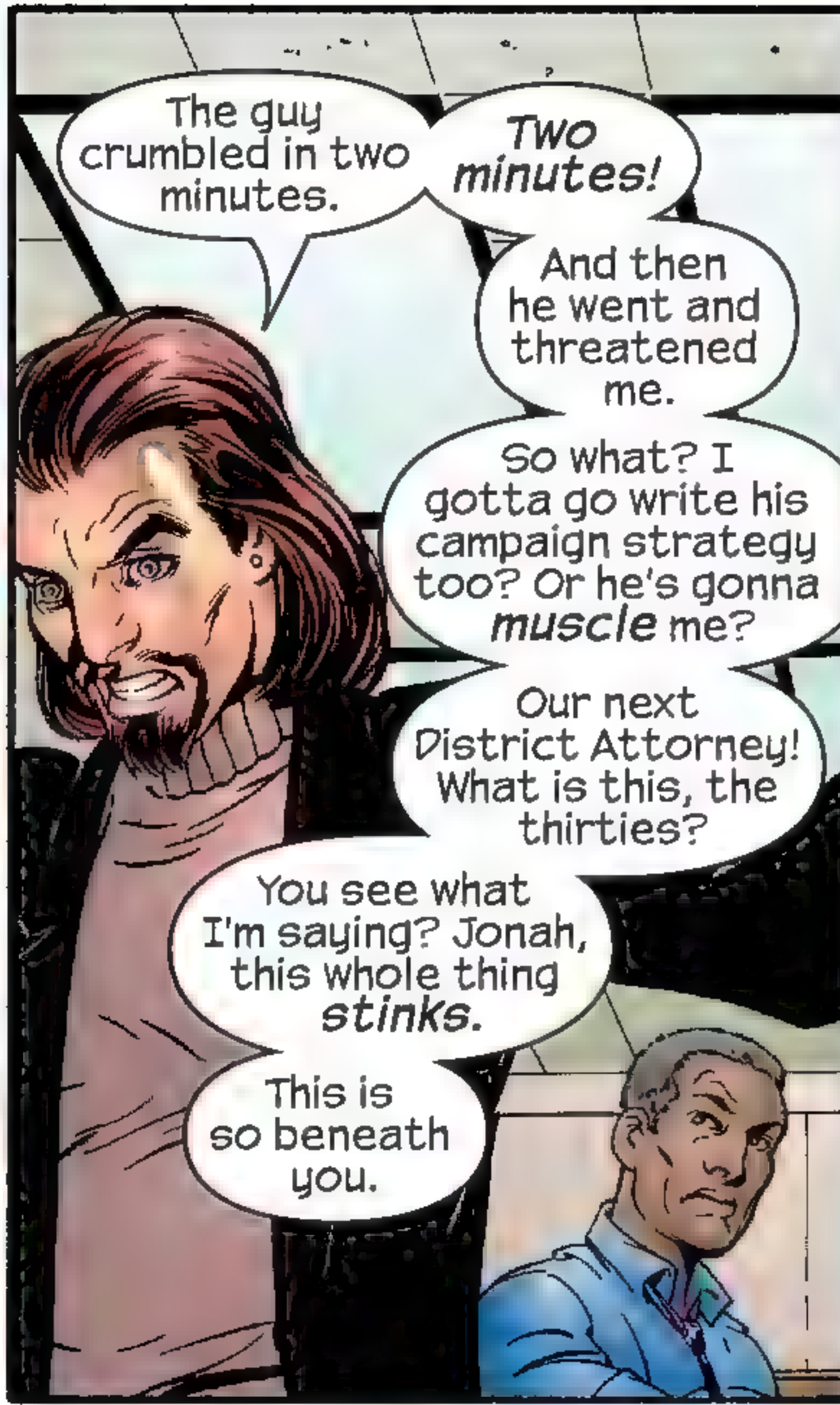
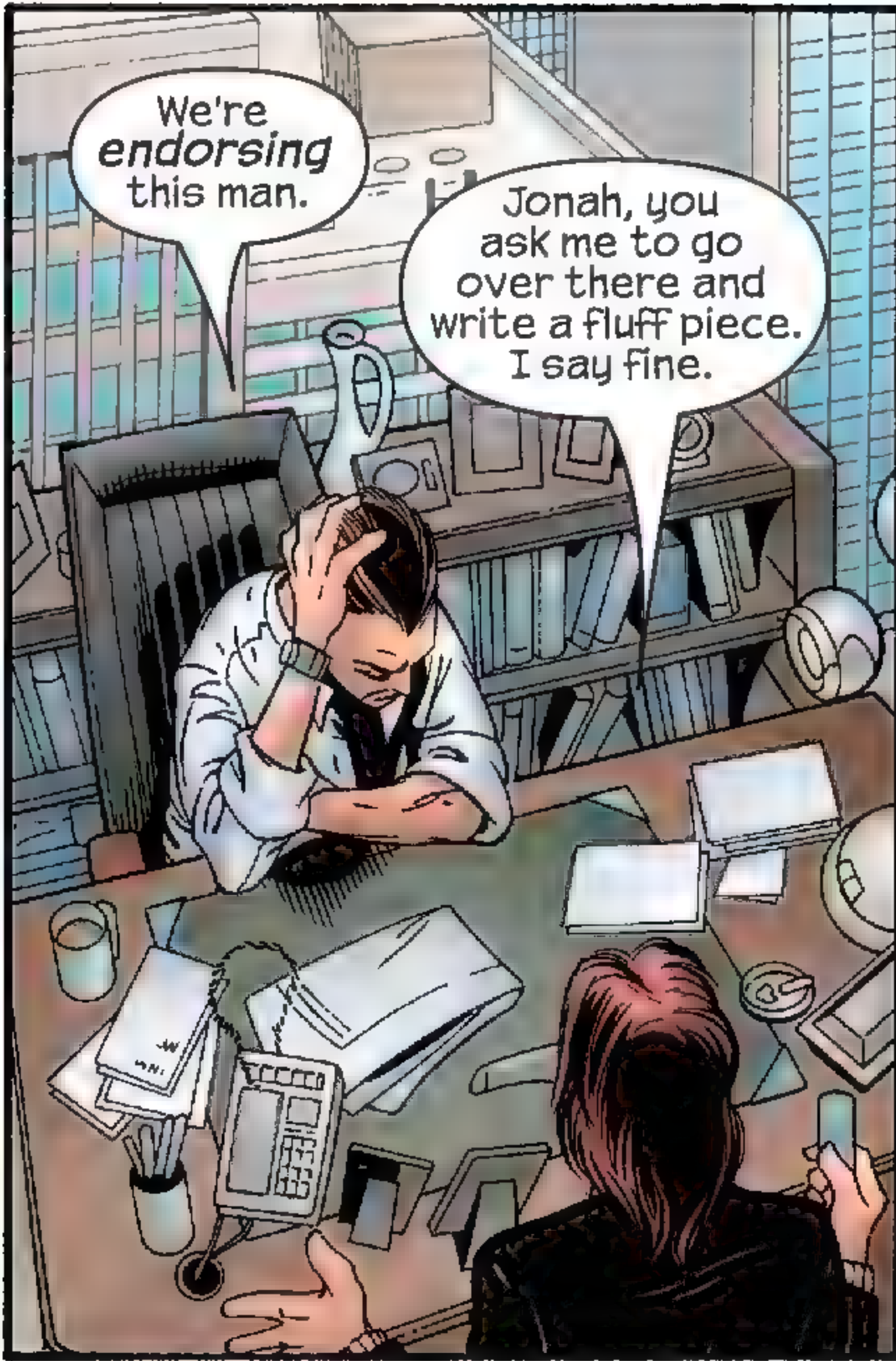




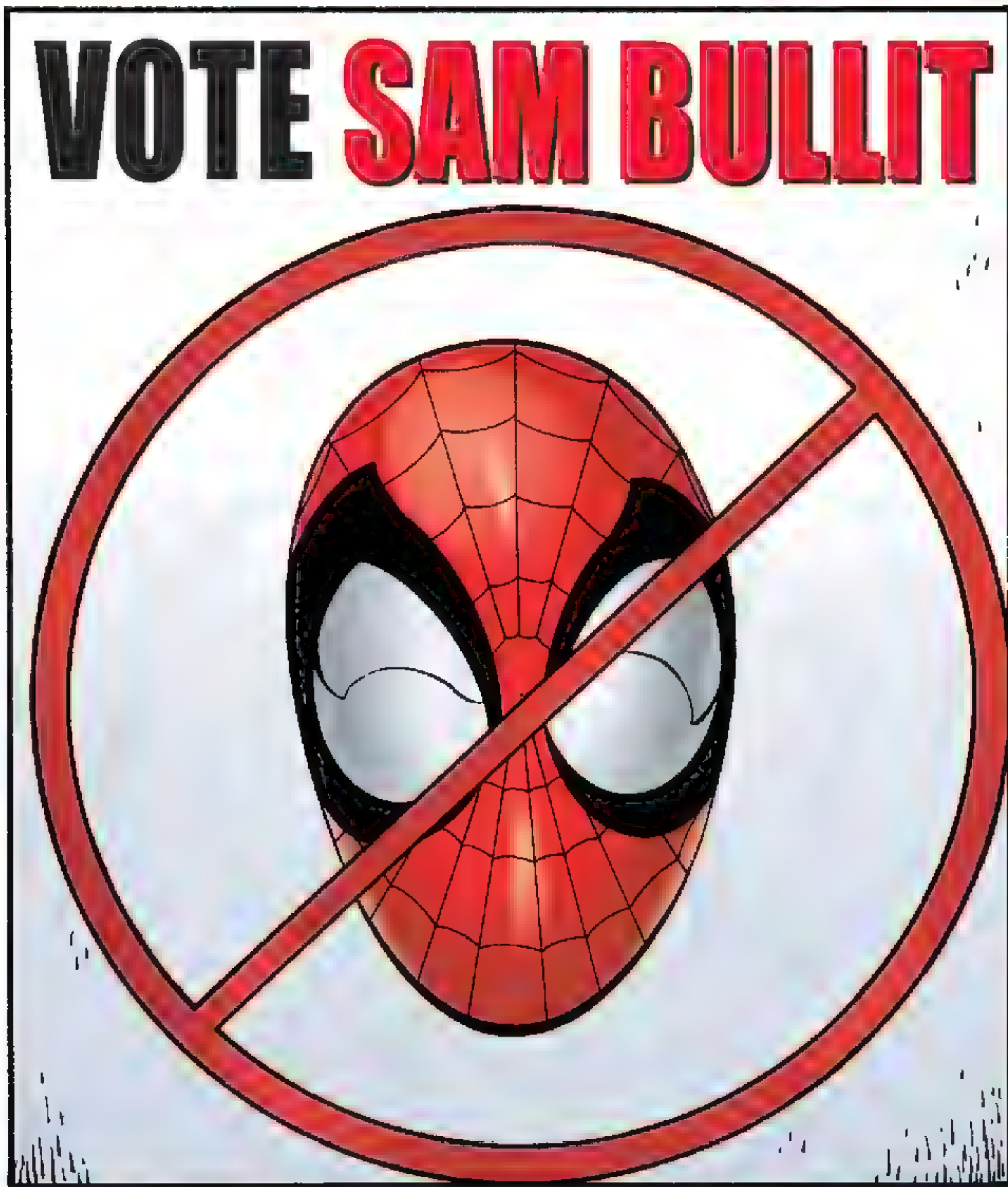
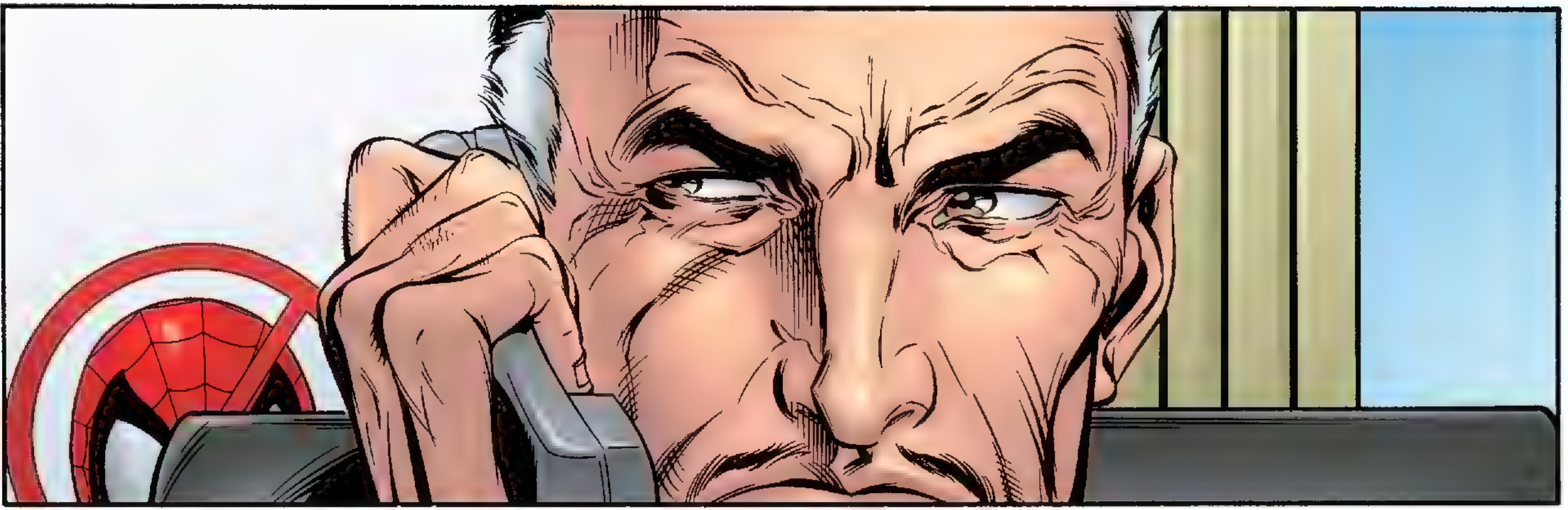
























I think he's speechless.

You know, I've *never* seen that before.

What?

Someone *actually* struck speechless.

You *hear* about it, I mean, *sure*, but I've never actually ever seen it.



Well, *there* it is.

What do you think he's thinking?

Wouldn't know.

'Cause he's speechless.



Exactly.

I think it might be something along the lines of: "*Pleeeeeaaaaase!!!*"

"Please don't kill me!"

"Please, I-I-I made a huge mistake going back on my word that the Daily Bugle would endorse the Sam Bullit candidacy.

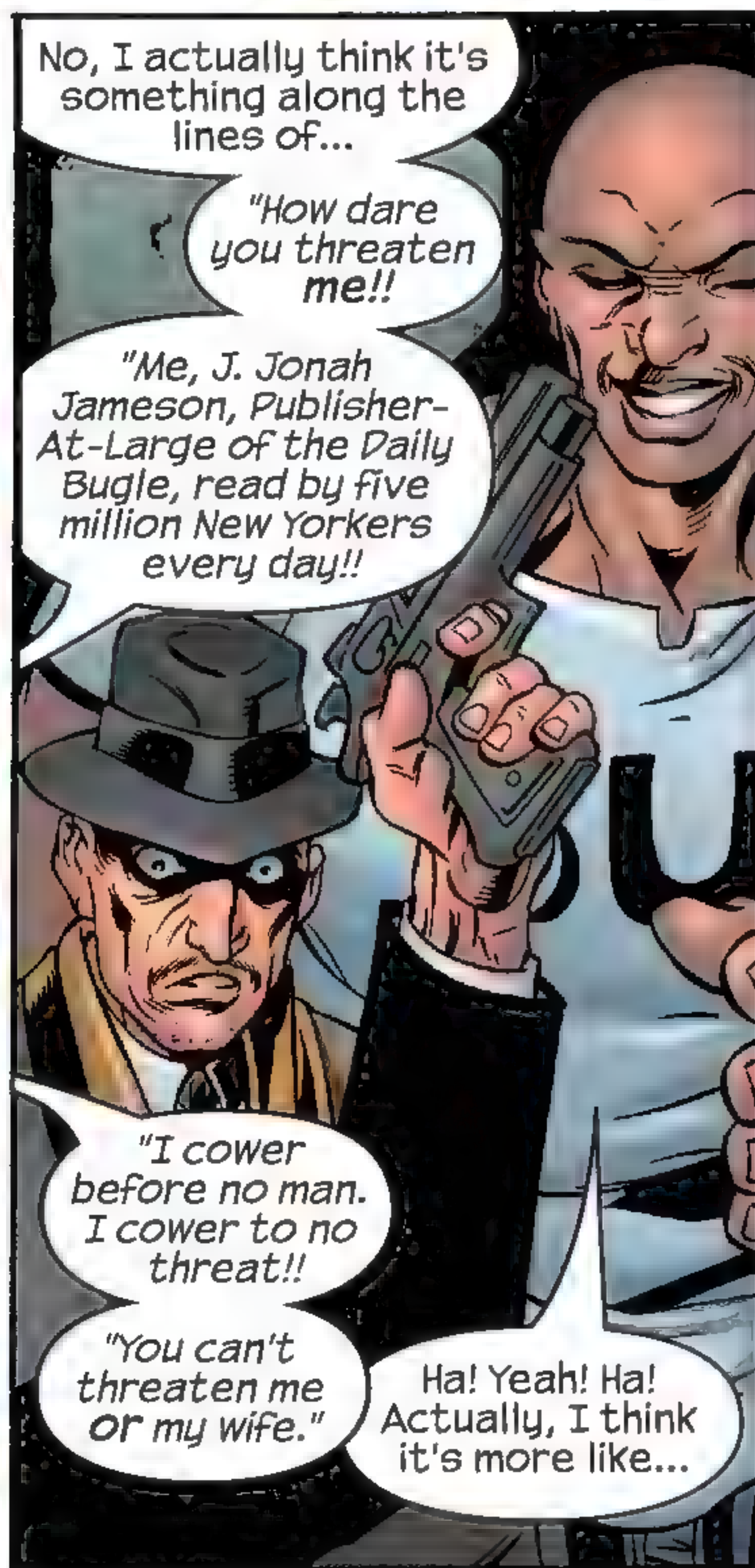
"I made a promise and then I broke it!!



"And that scathing editorial in this morning's paper connecting Bullit to so-called organized crime figures in the city, even though I didn't name Wilson Fisk, by name, was a huge mistake.



"I mean if I knew for sure just how powerful Sam Bullit's friends were, or how important he was to the Kingpin, I would never, ever, ever have done that."



No, I actually think it's something along the lines of...

"How dare you threaten me!!

"Me, J. Jonah Jameson, Publisher-At-Large of the Daily Bugle, read by five million New Yorkers every day!!

"I cower before no man. I cower to no threat!!

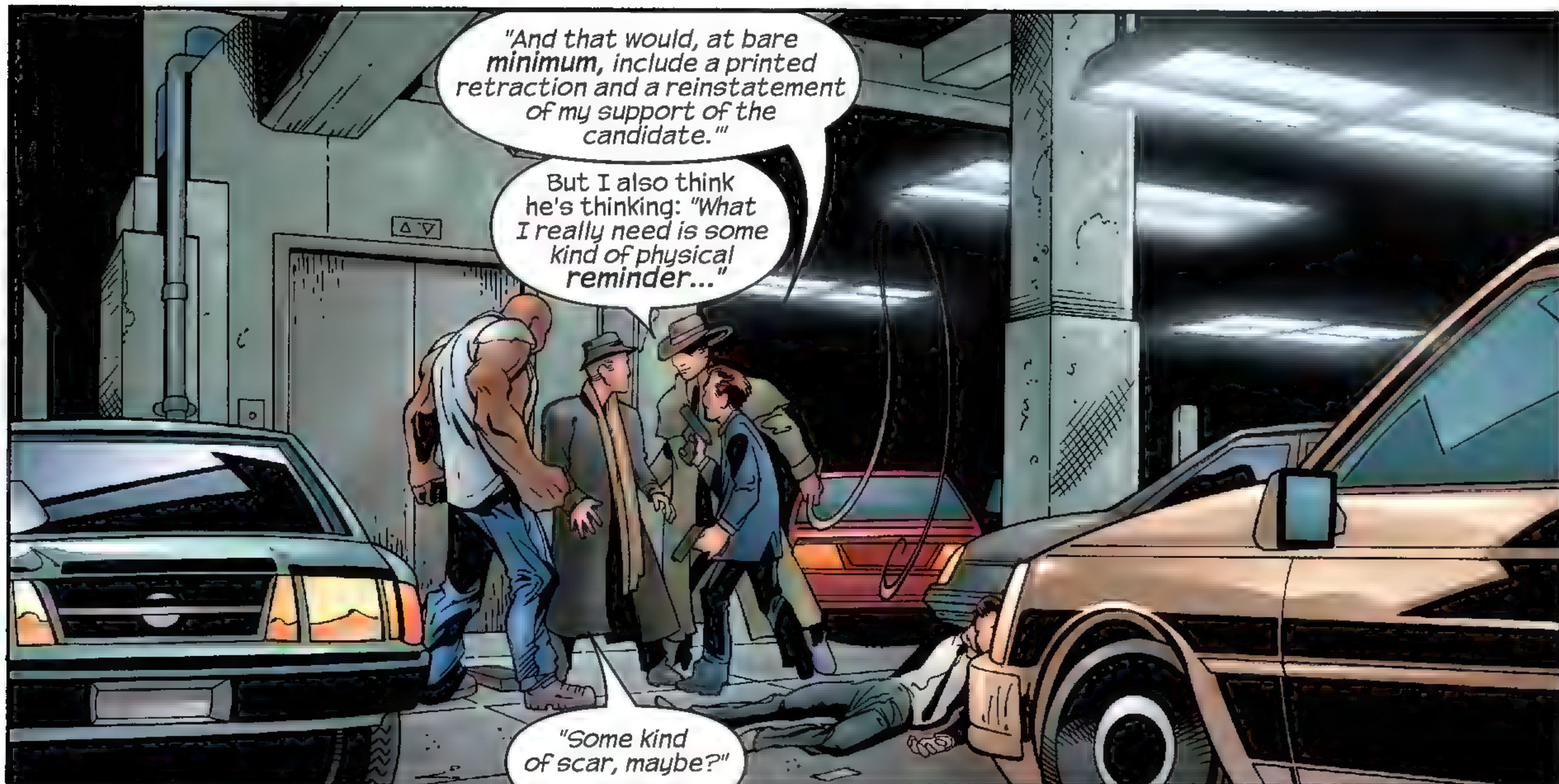
"You can't threaten me or my wife."

Ha! Yeah! Ha! Actually, I think it's more like...



"I made a huge \$%#&ing error in judgement and I am going to do everything in my power to rectify the situation."

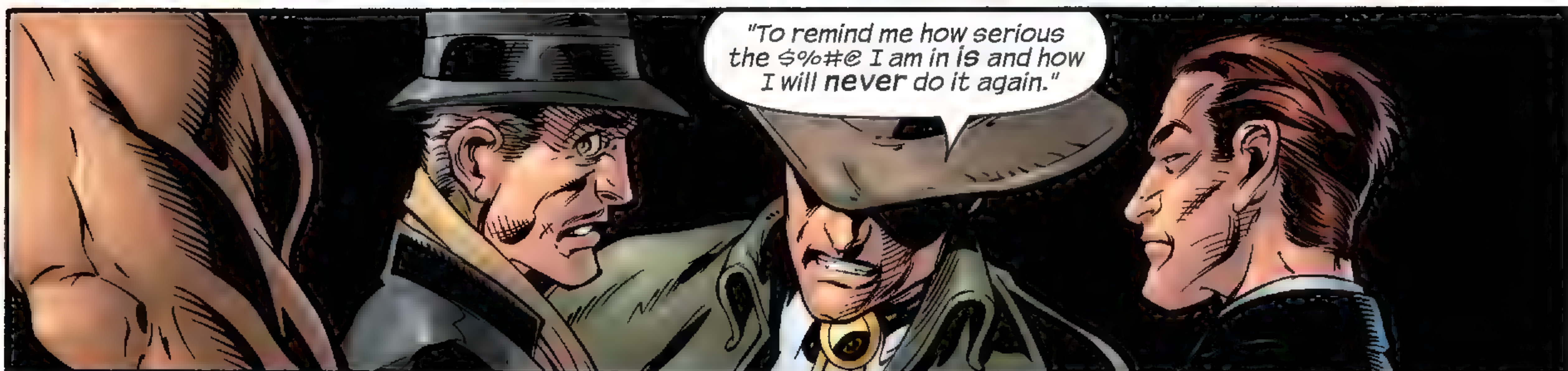




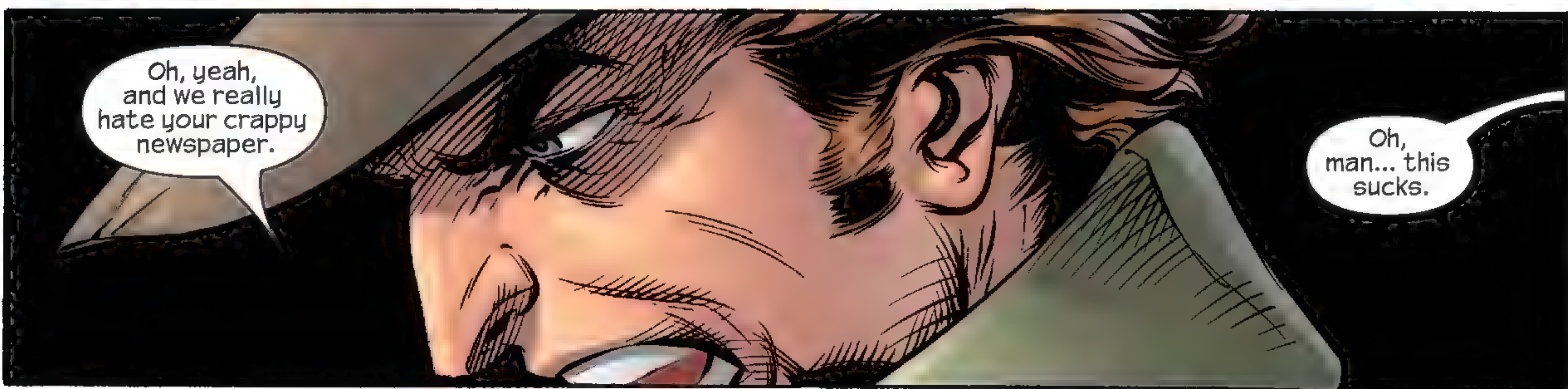
"And that would, at bare minimum, include a printed retraction and a reinstatement of my support of the candidate."

But I also think he's thinking: "What I really need is some kind of physical reminder..."

"Some kind of scar, maybe?"

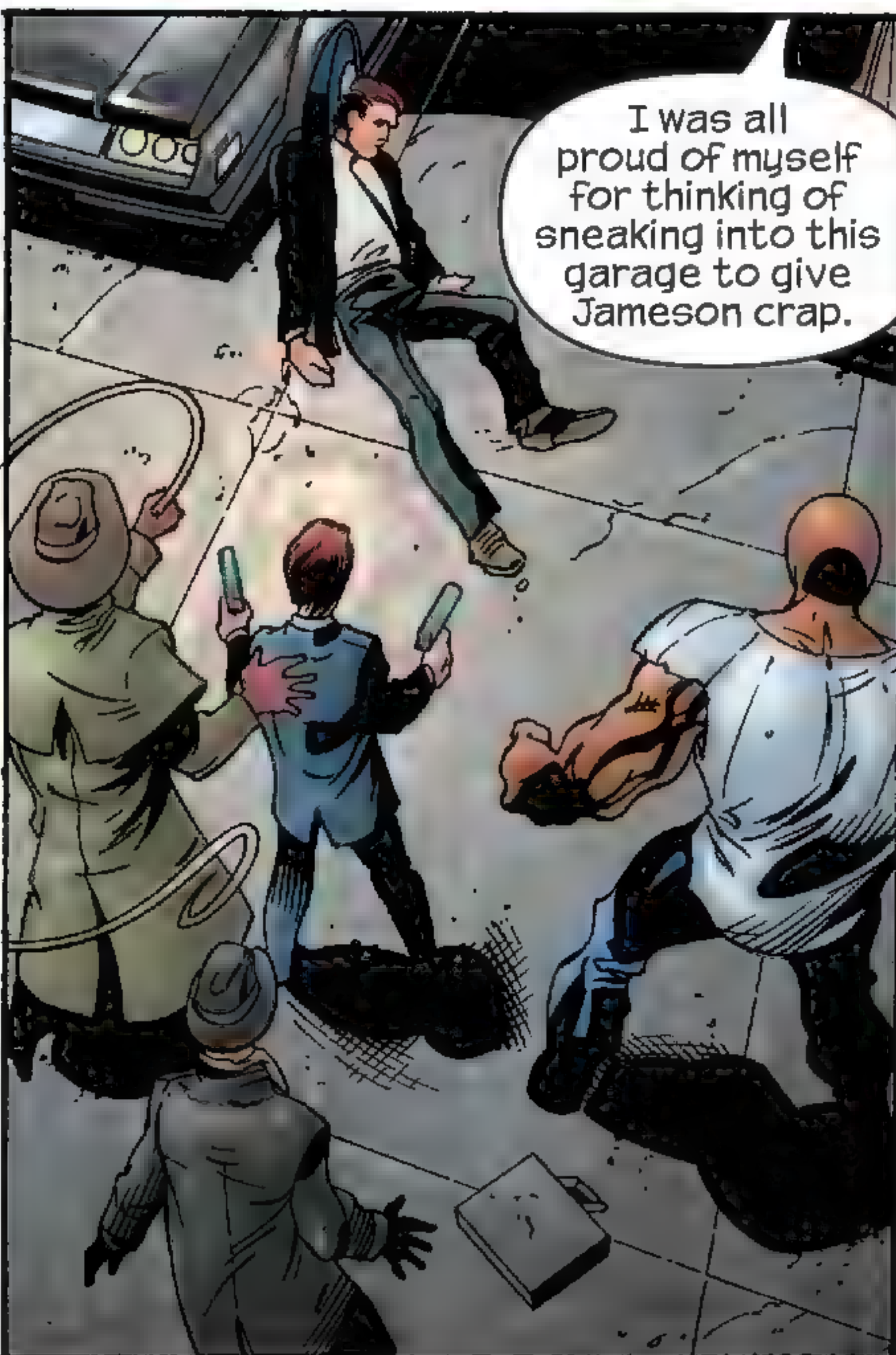


"To remind me how serious the \$%#@ I am in is and how I will never do it again."



Oh, yeah, and we really hate your crappy newspaper.

Oh, man... this sucks.

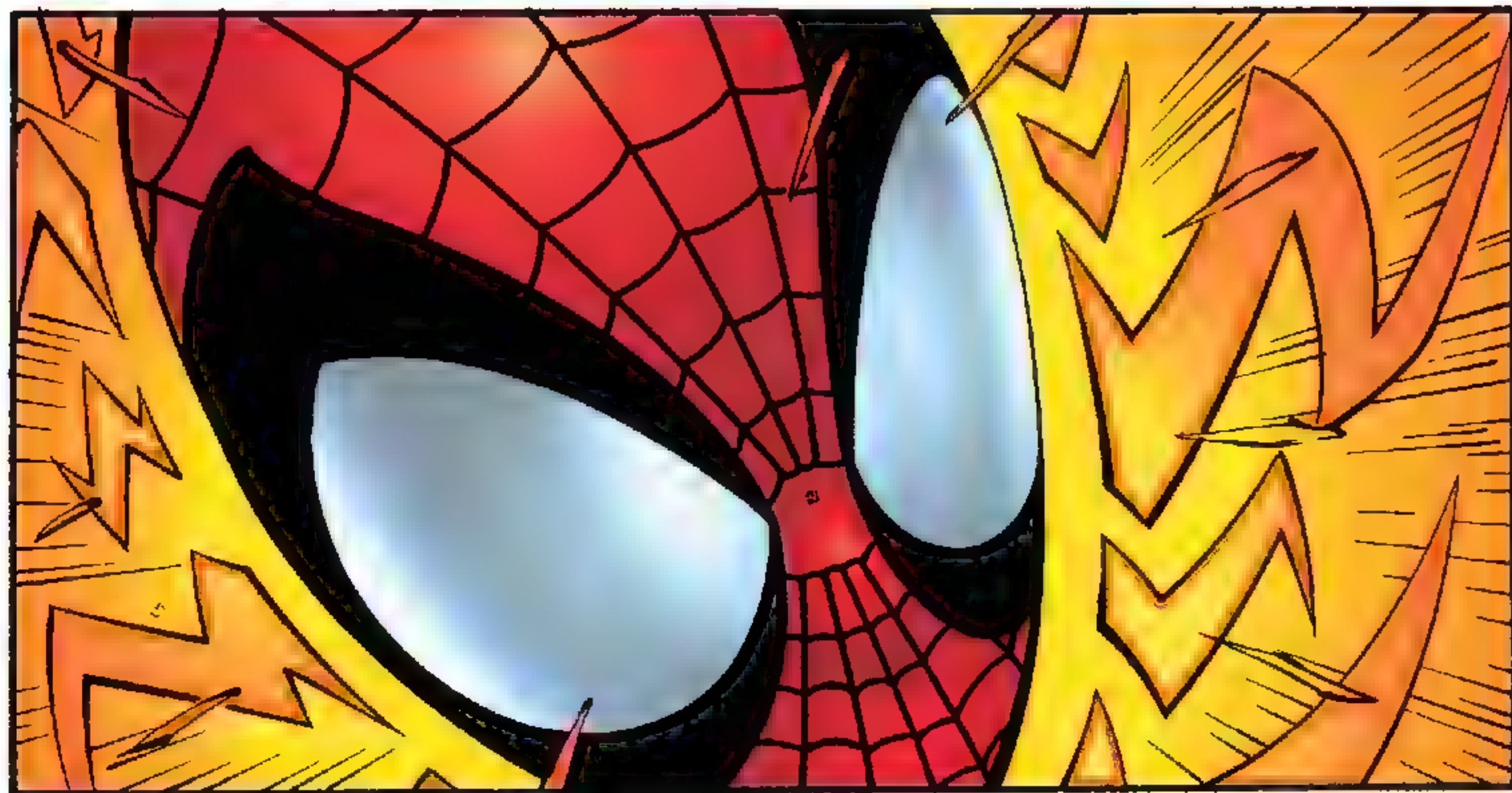
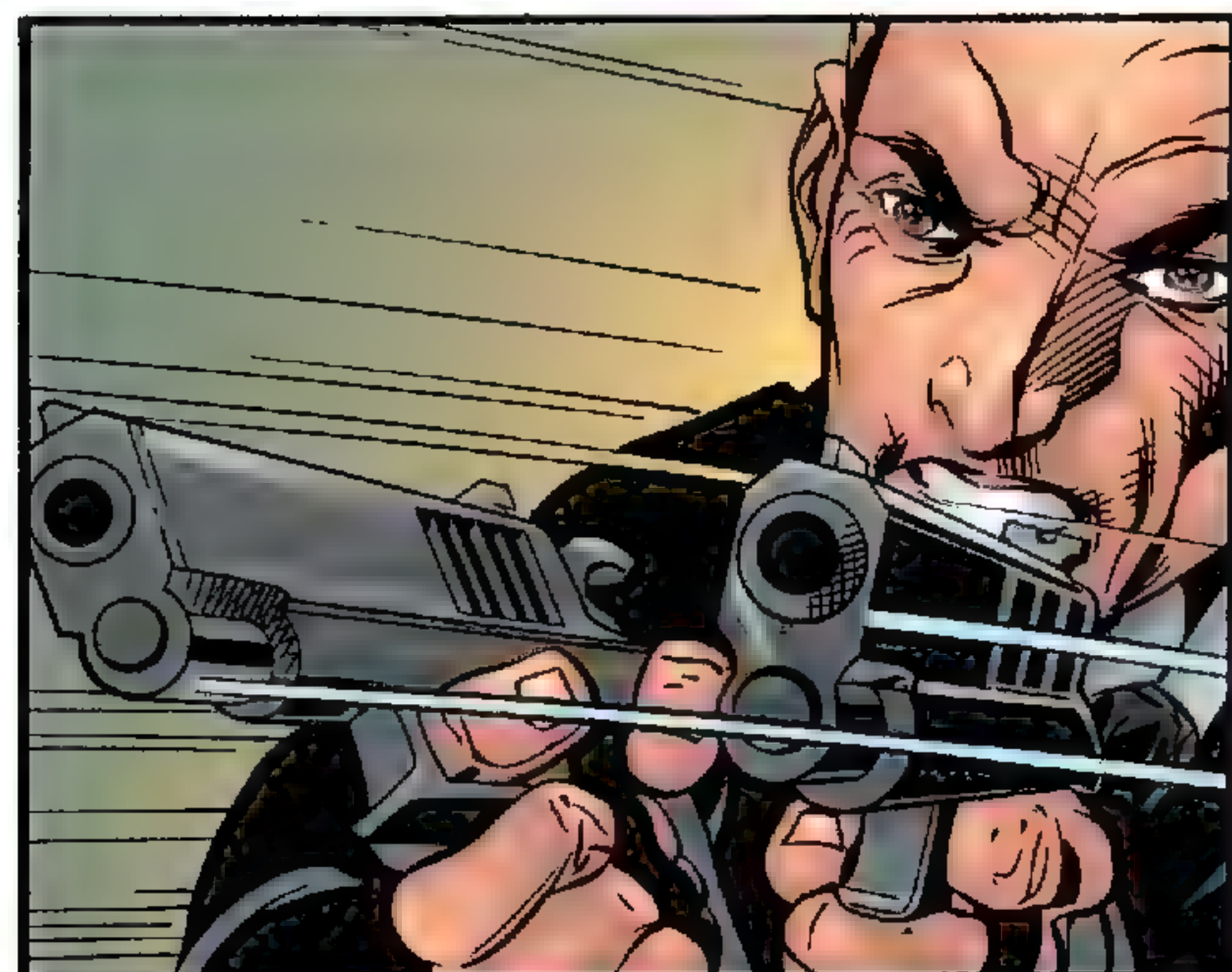
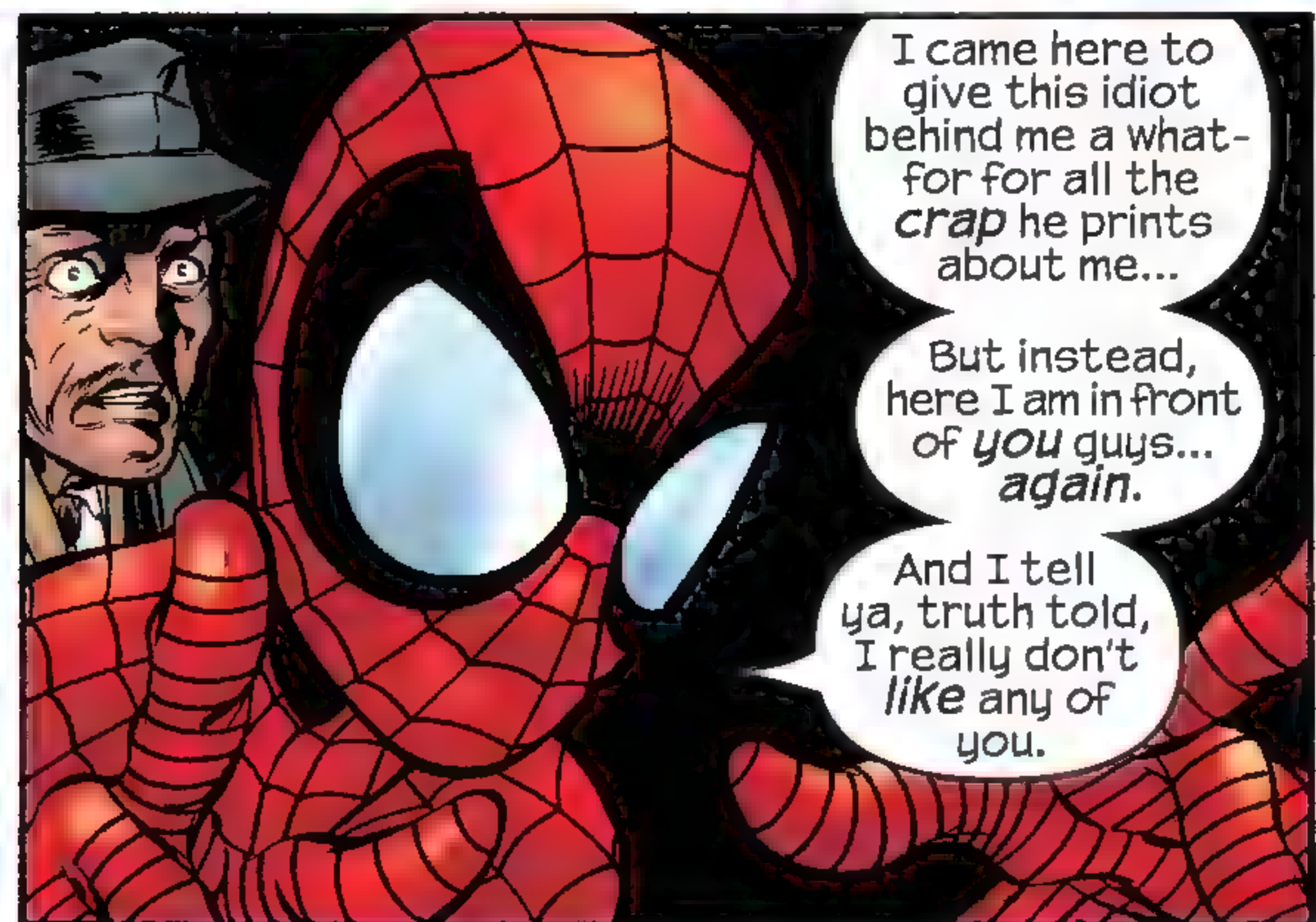


I was all proud of myself for thinking of sneaking into this garage to give Jameson crap.



But seriously, how clever an idea could it have been...

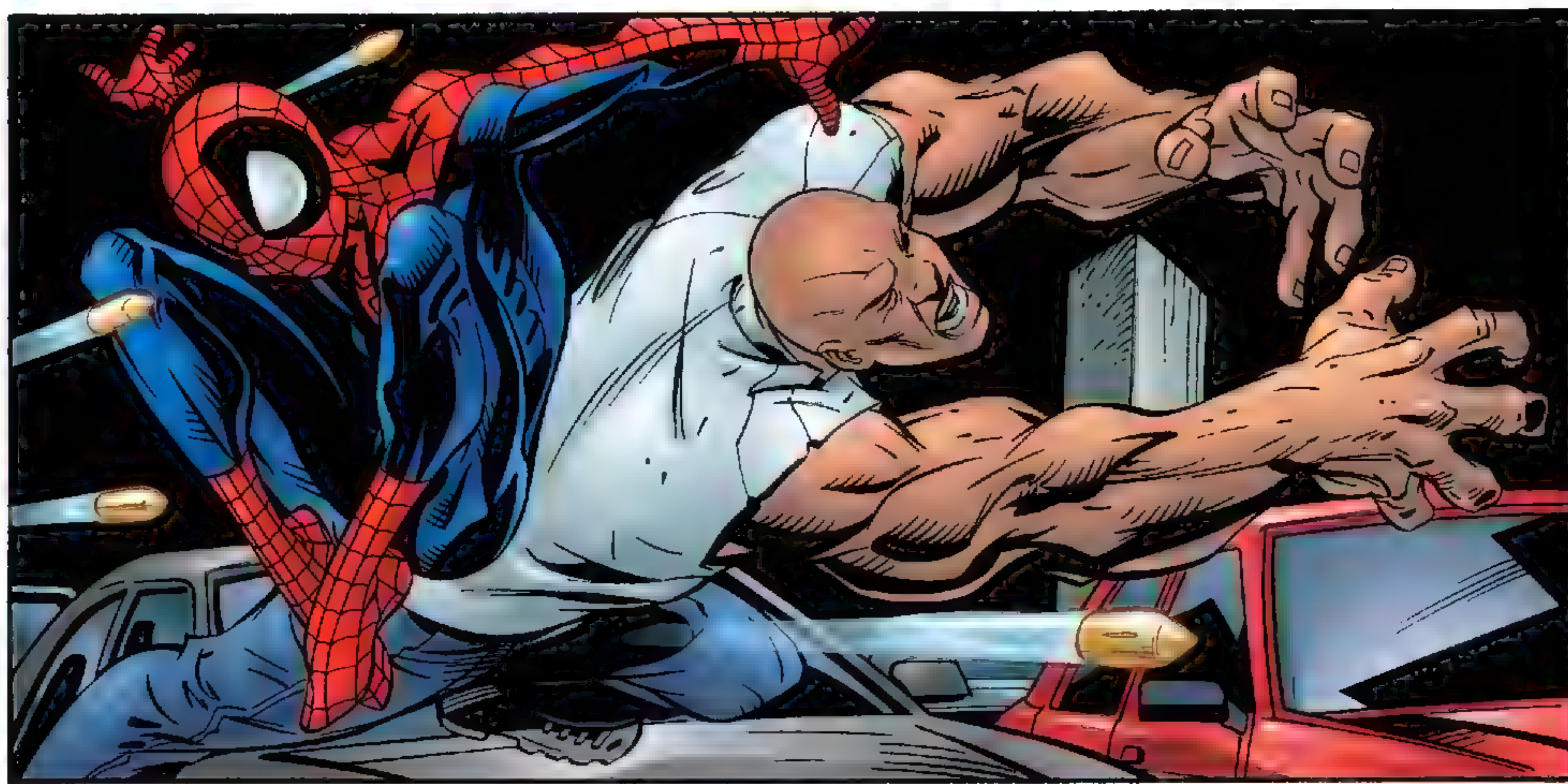
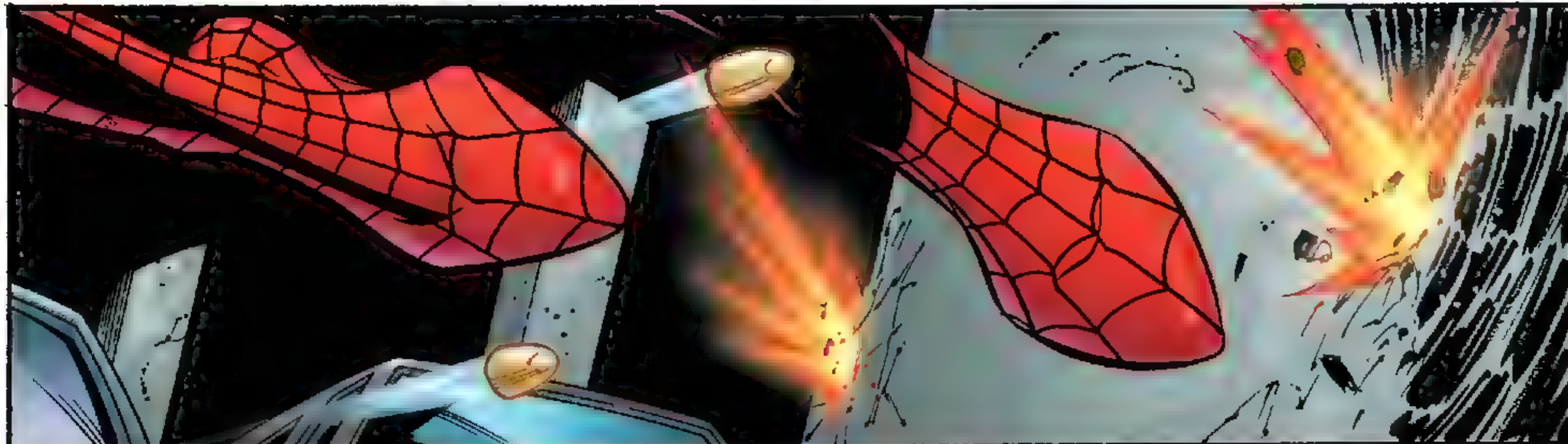
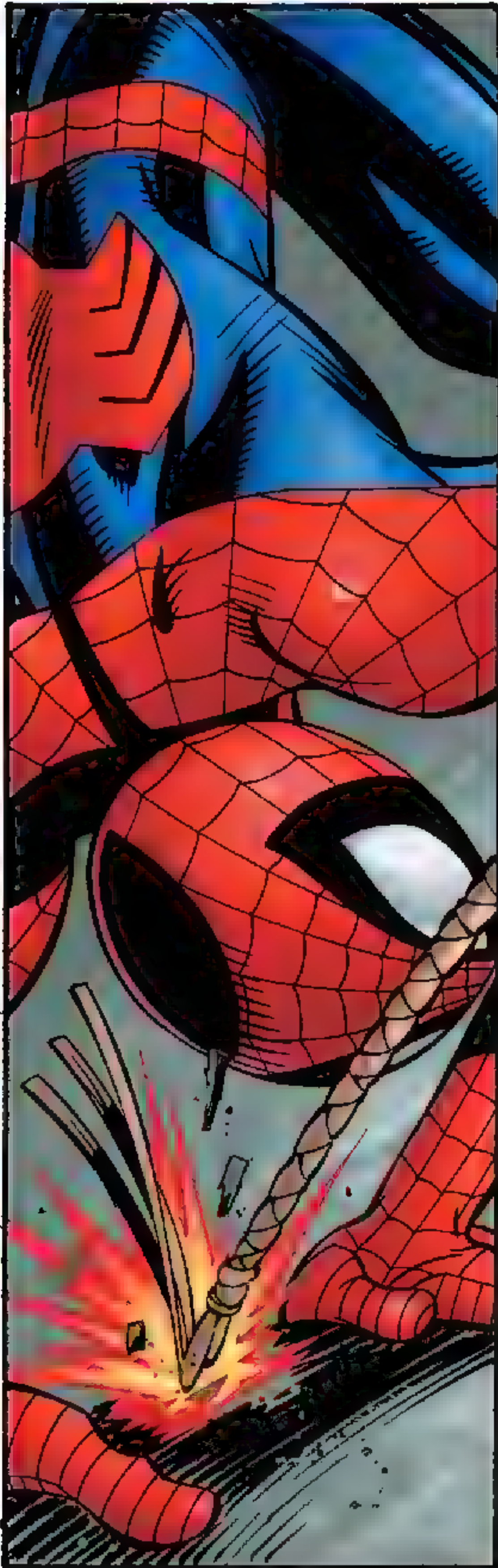




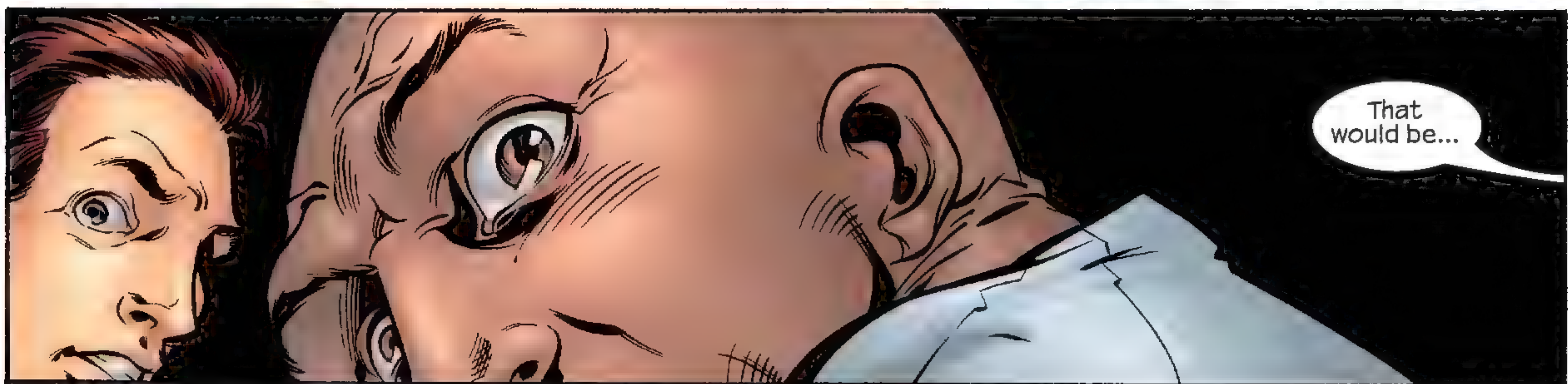
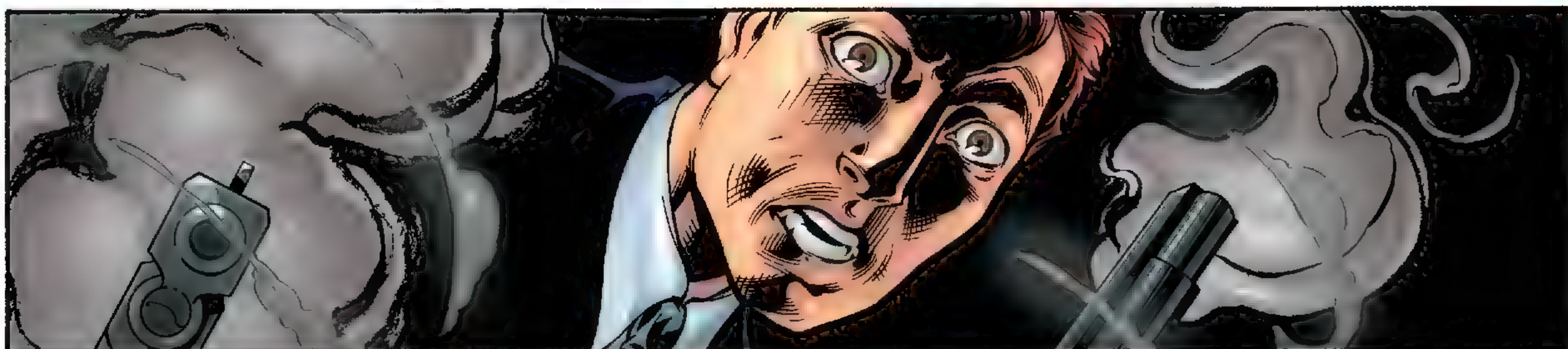




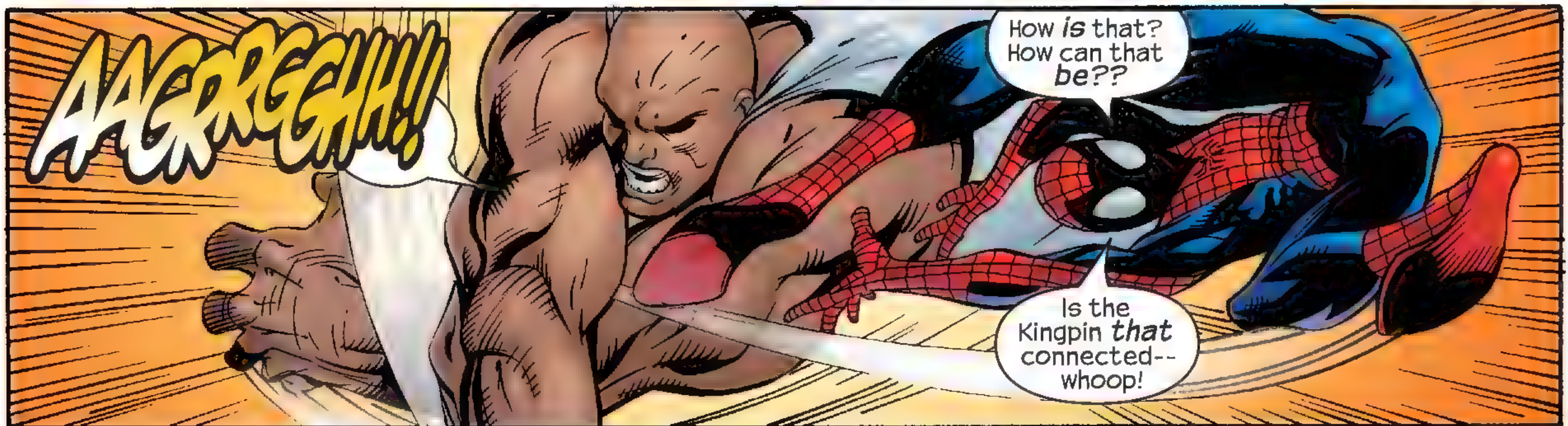




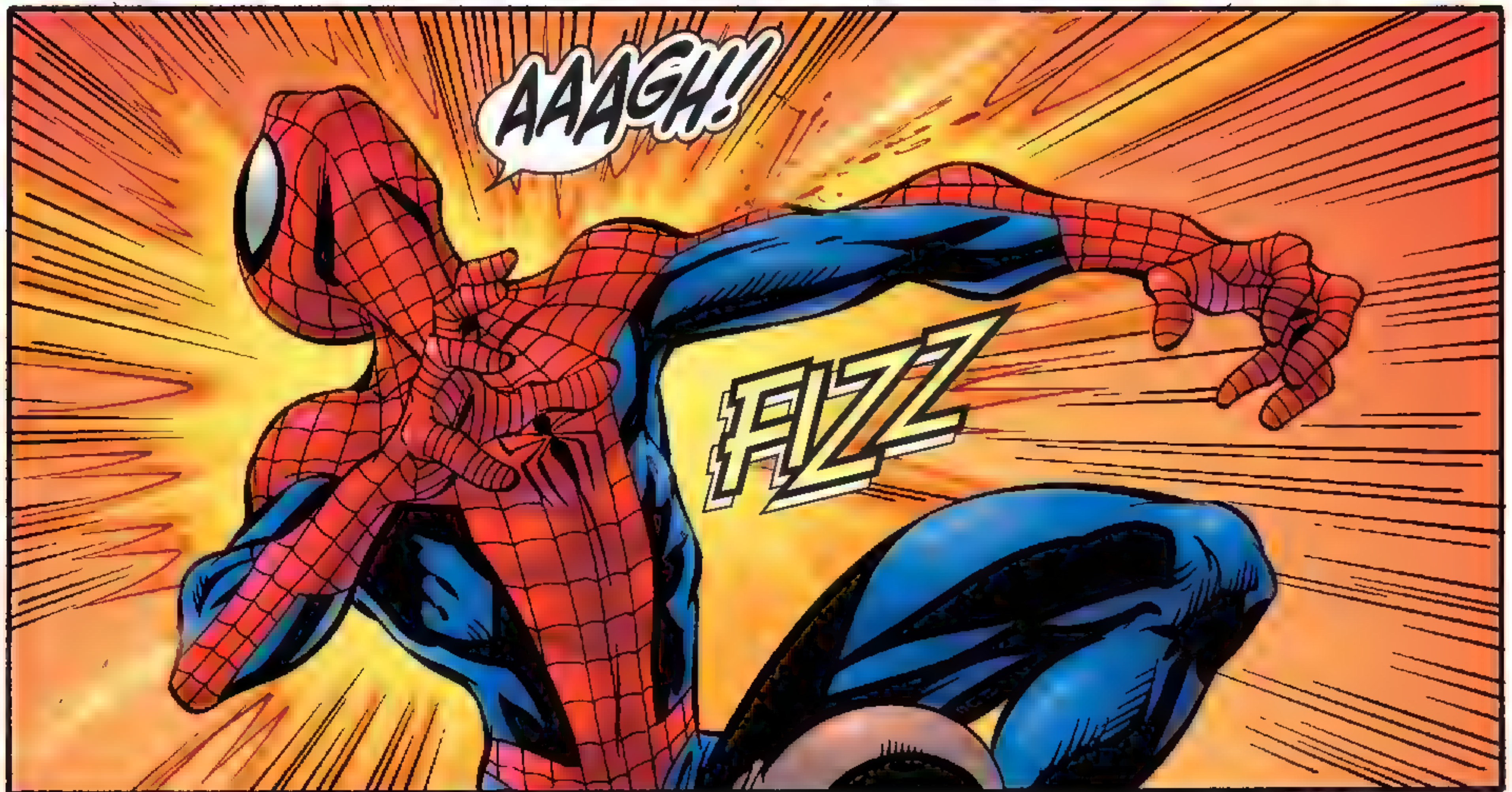
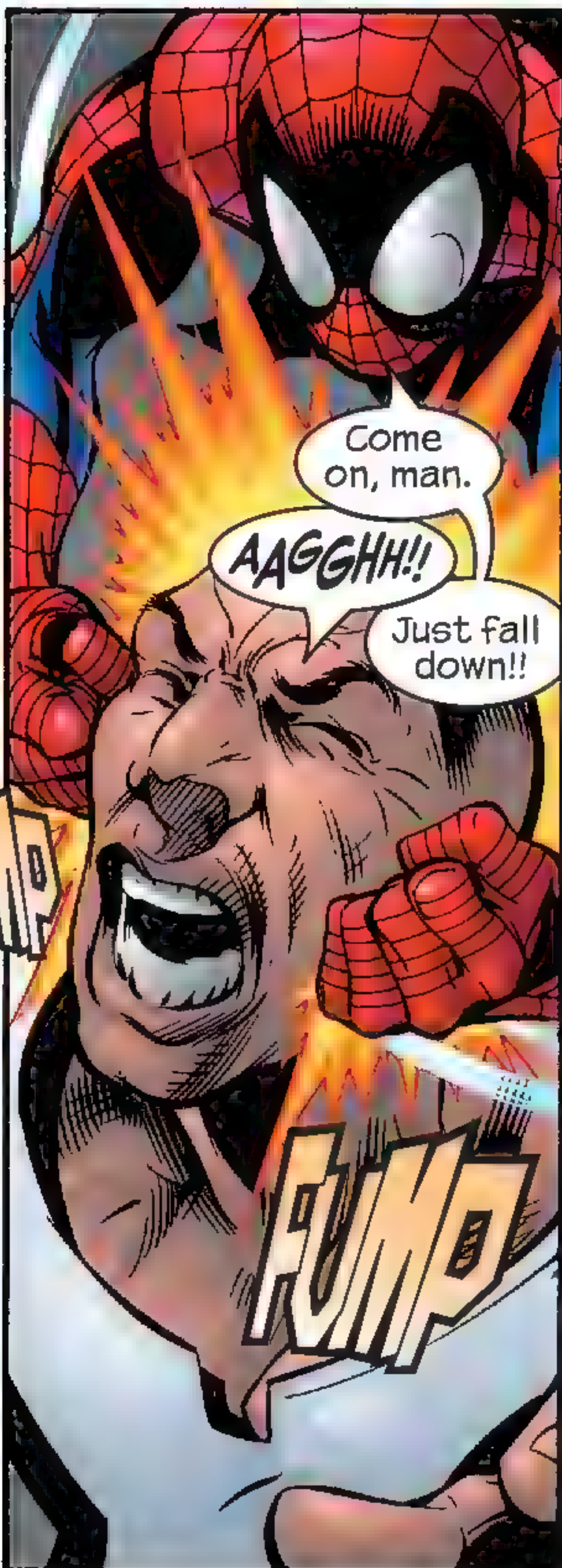
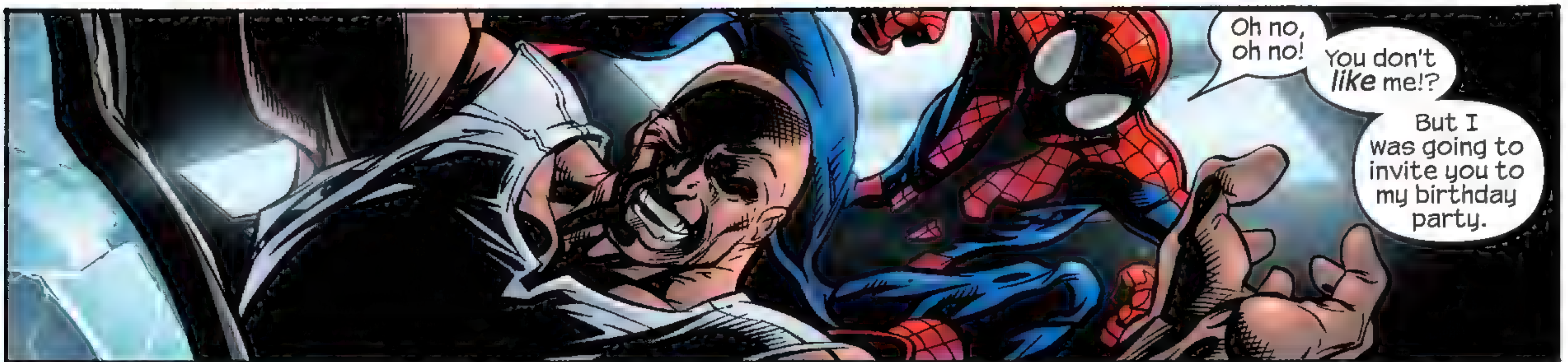
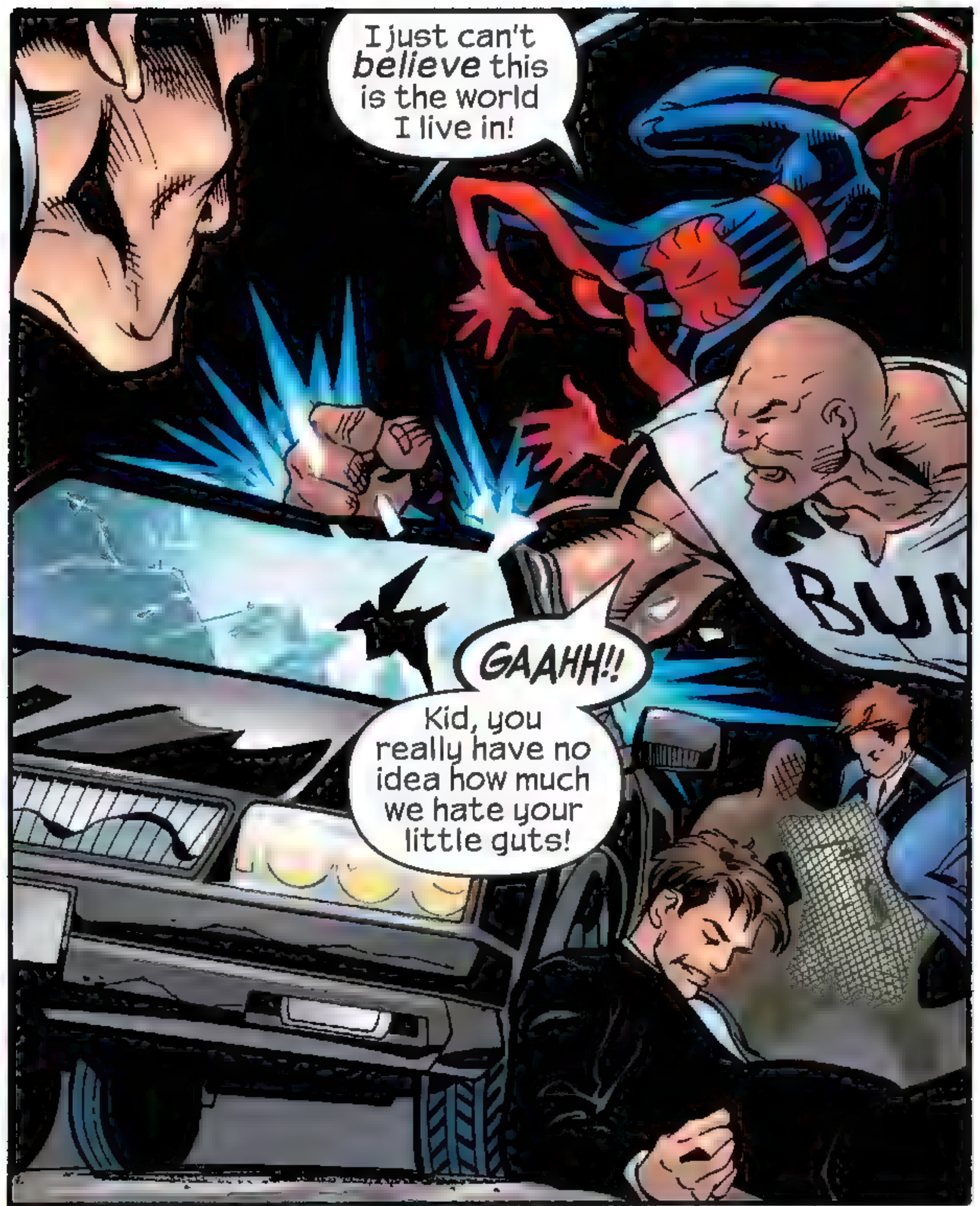




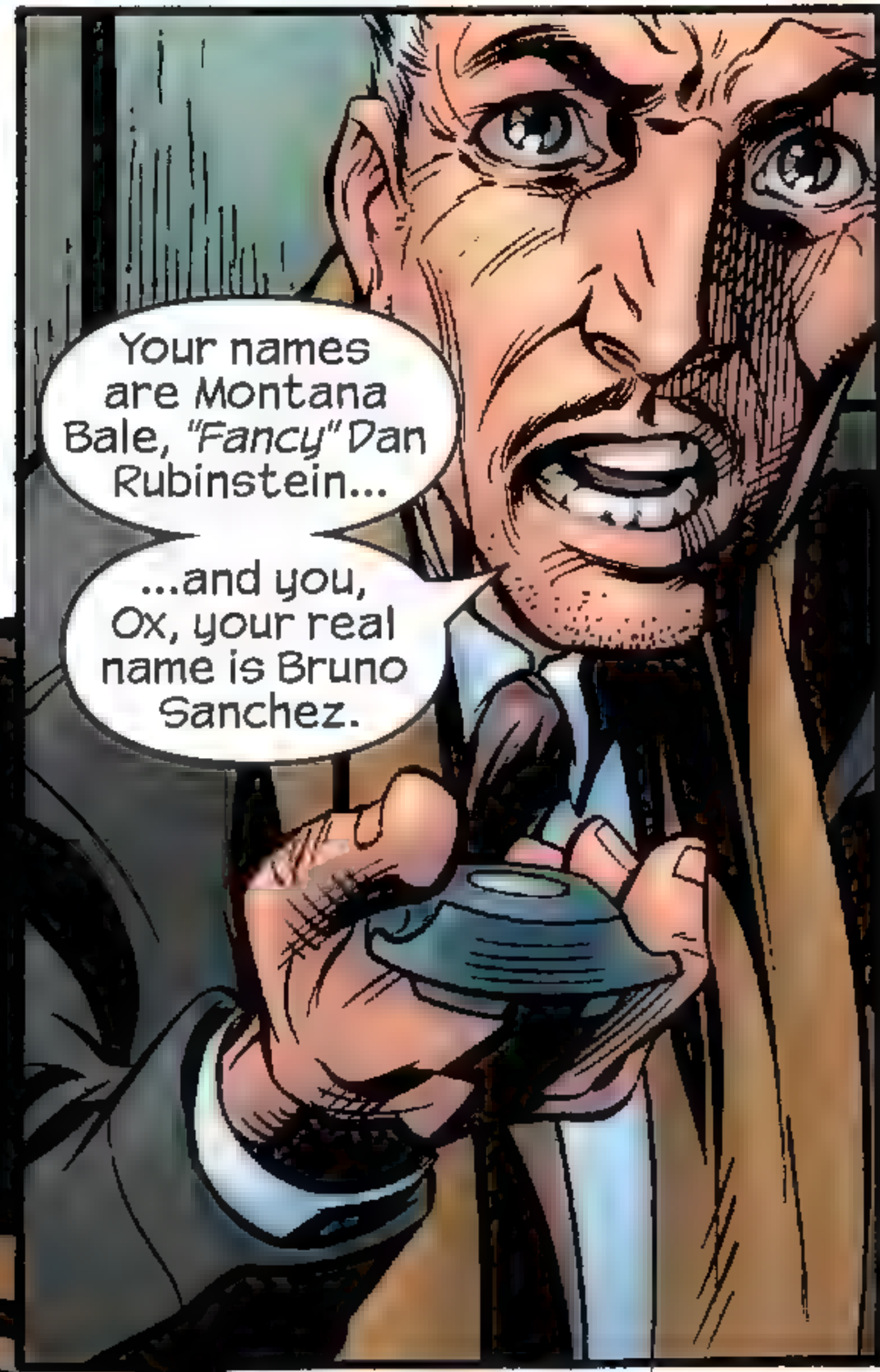
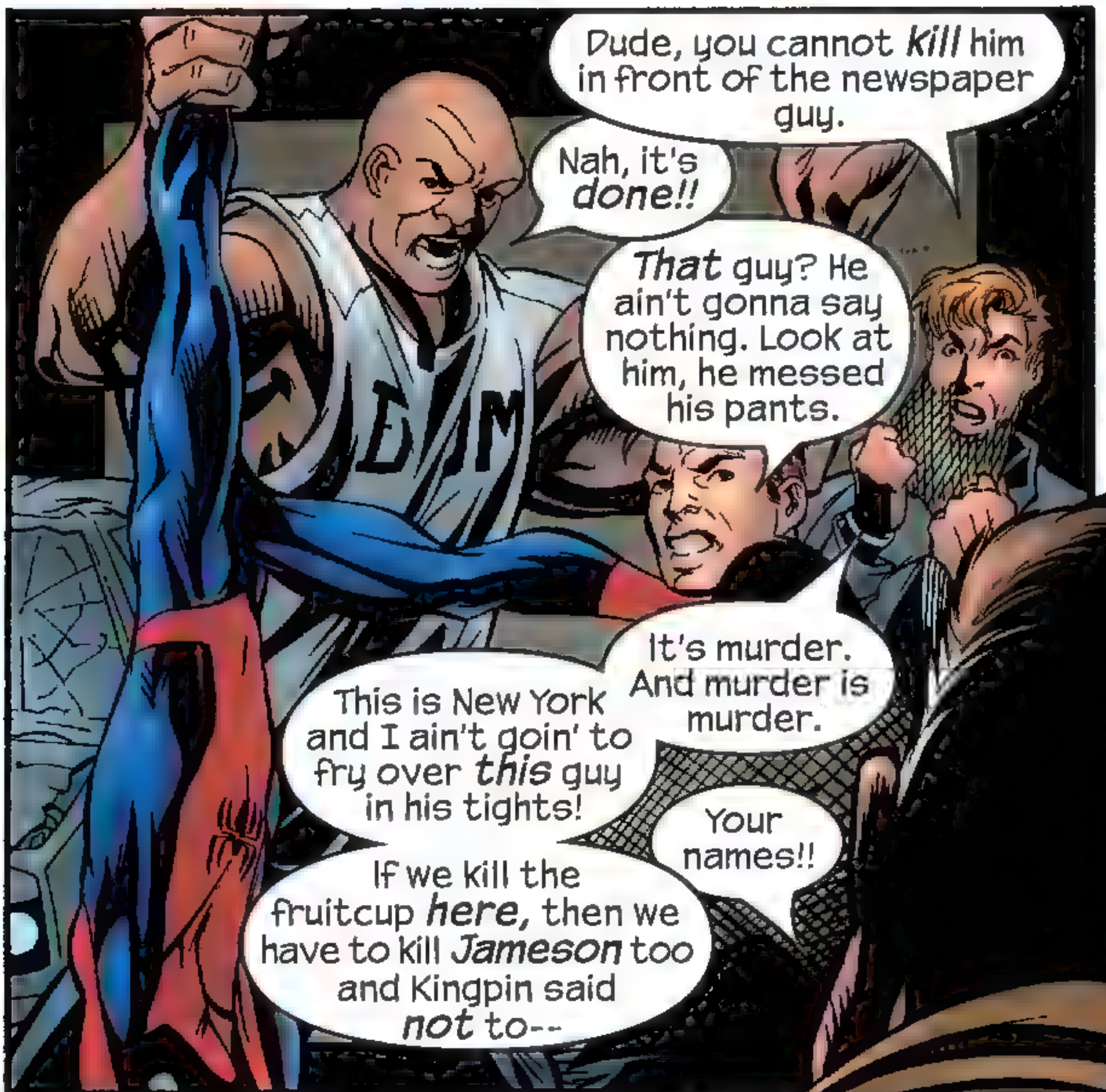
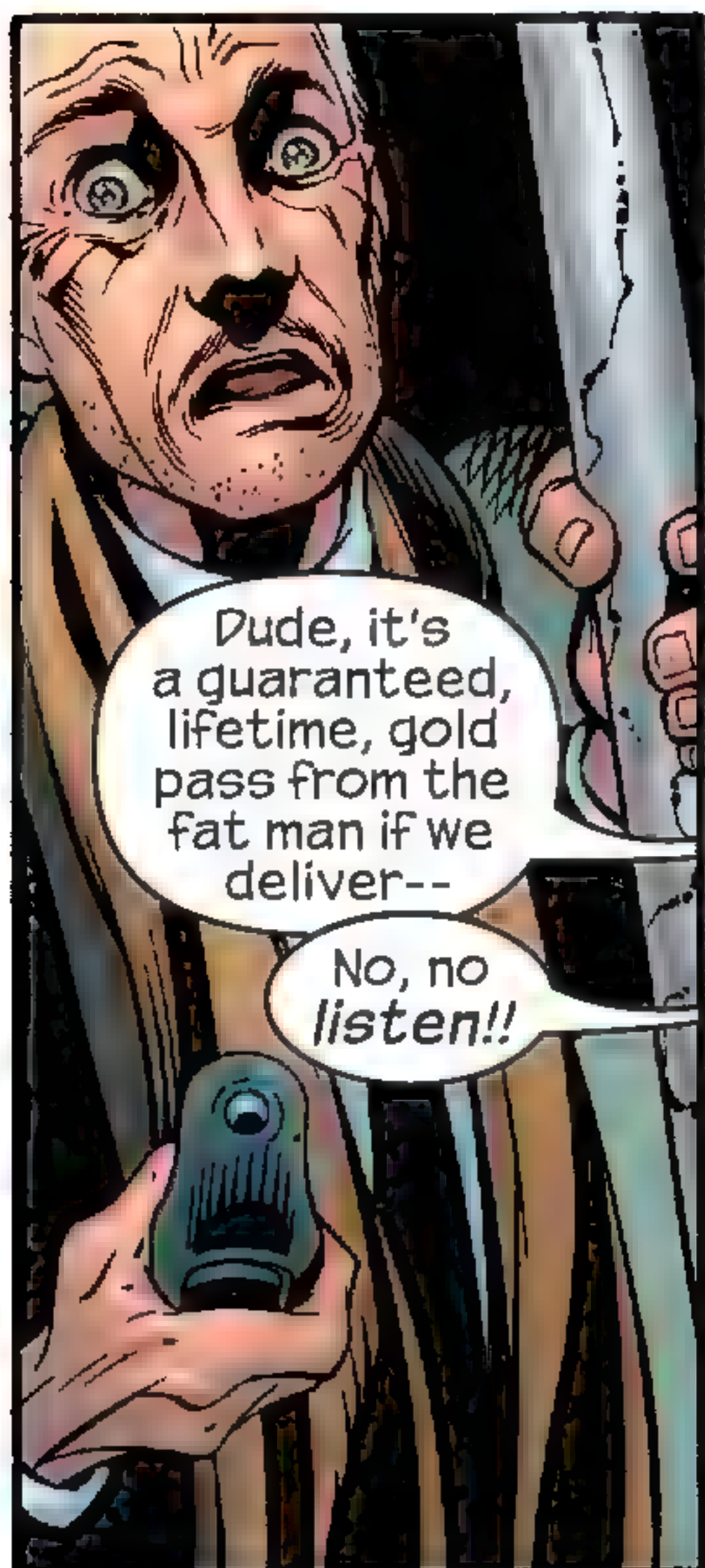
















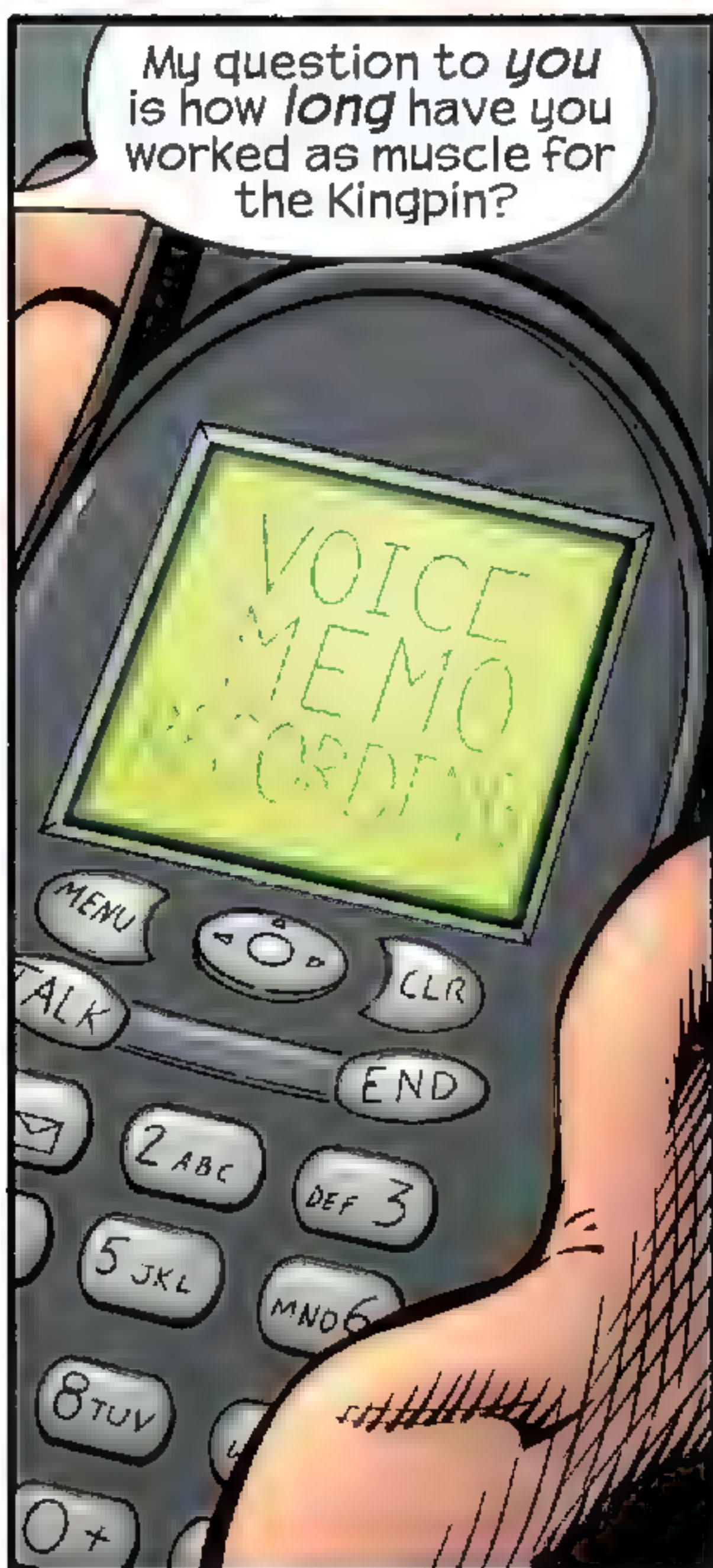
How long have you worked for Wilson Fisk, AKA the Kingpin?



The hell are you doing?



You said earlier that the Kingpin sent you here to rough me up so I would change my endorsement of his candidate Sam Bullit.



My question to *you* is how *long* have you worked as muscle for the Kingpin?



Are you *serious* with this?

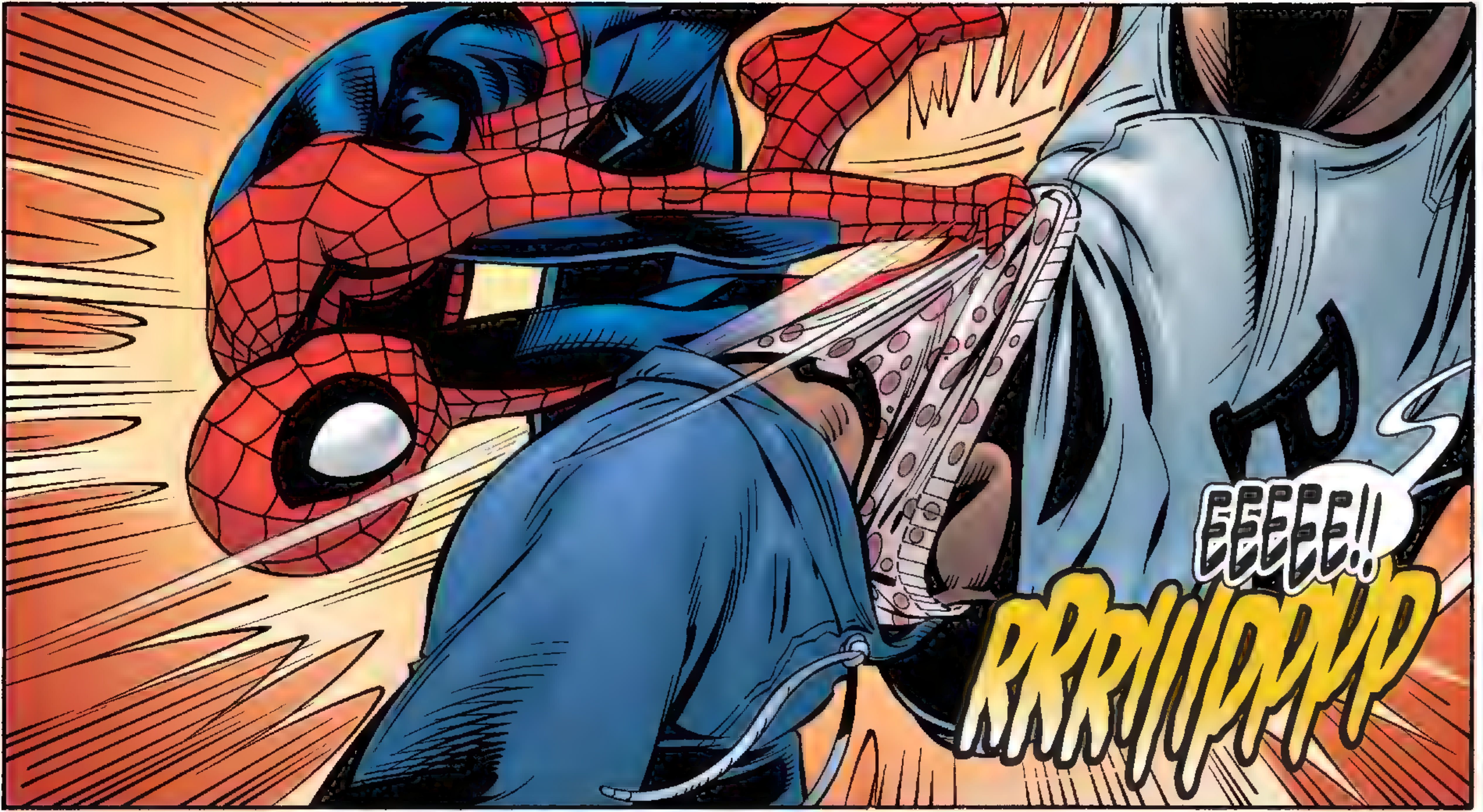
What is Kingpin's interest in Sam Bullit's candidacy?



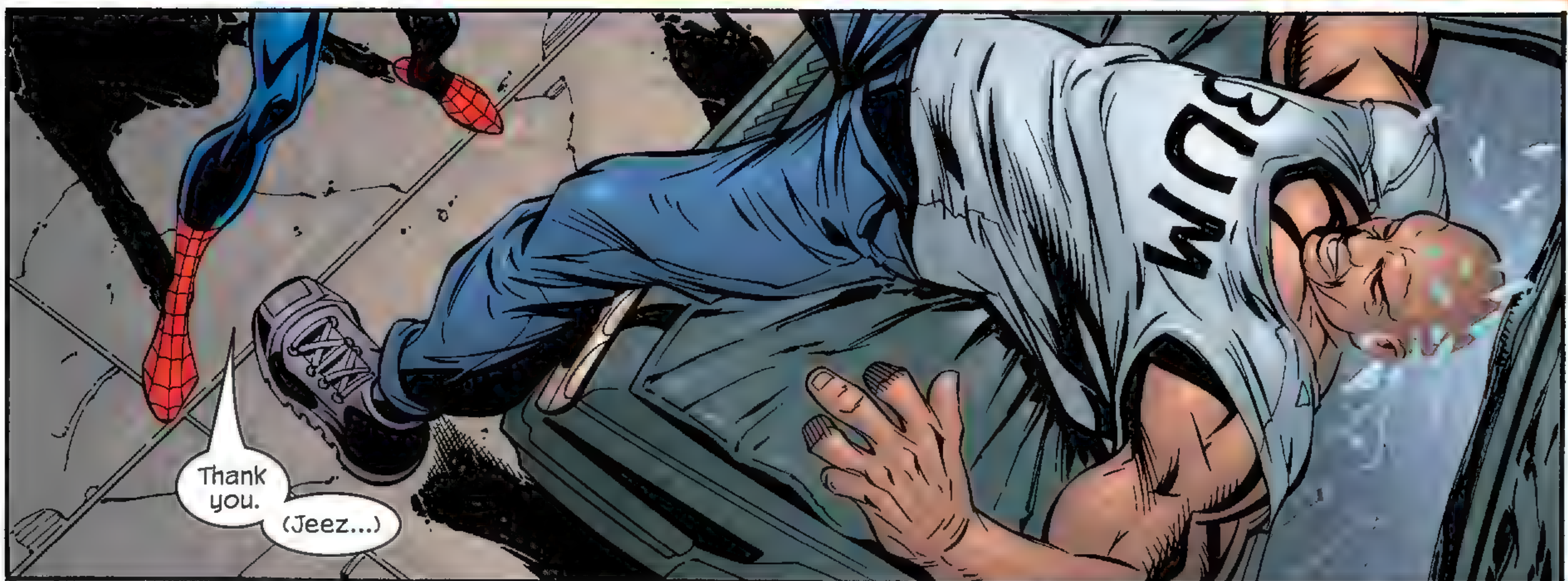
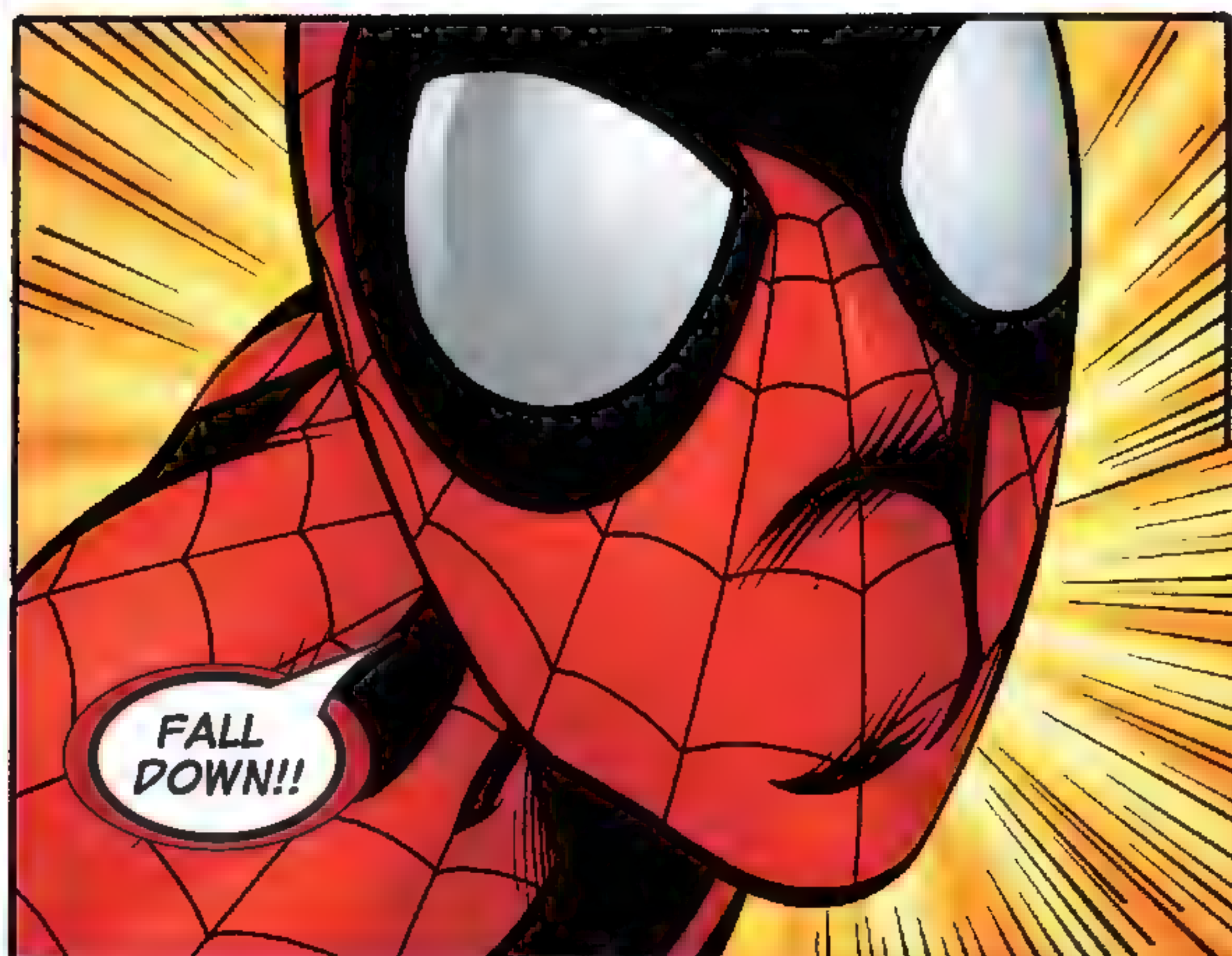
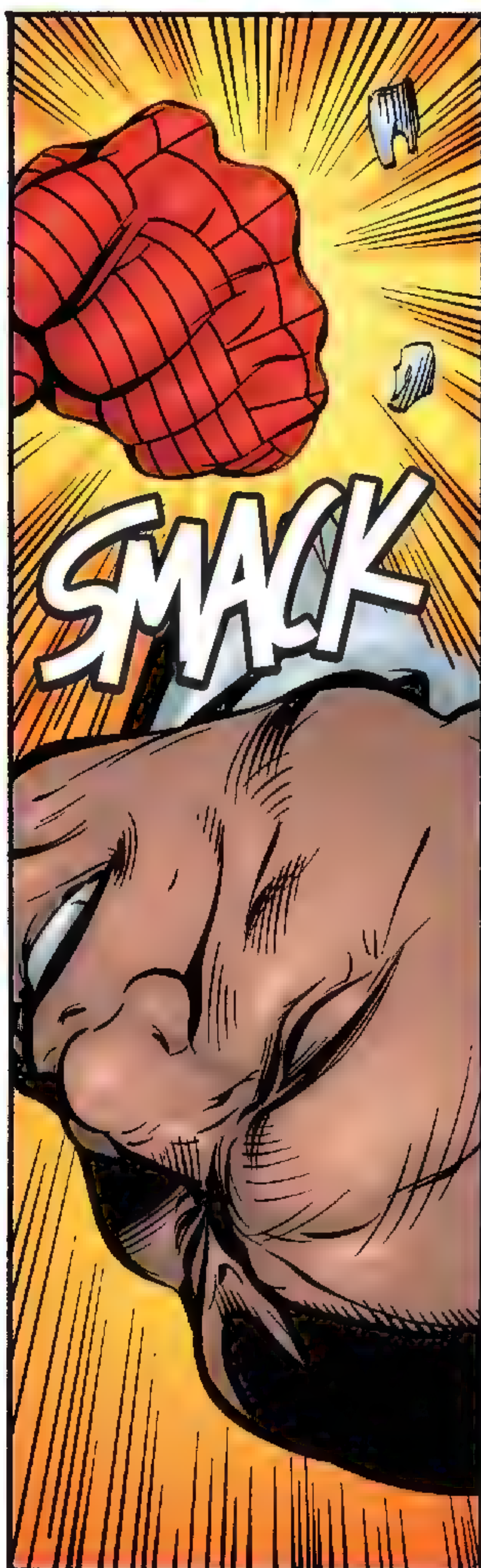
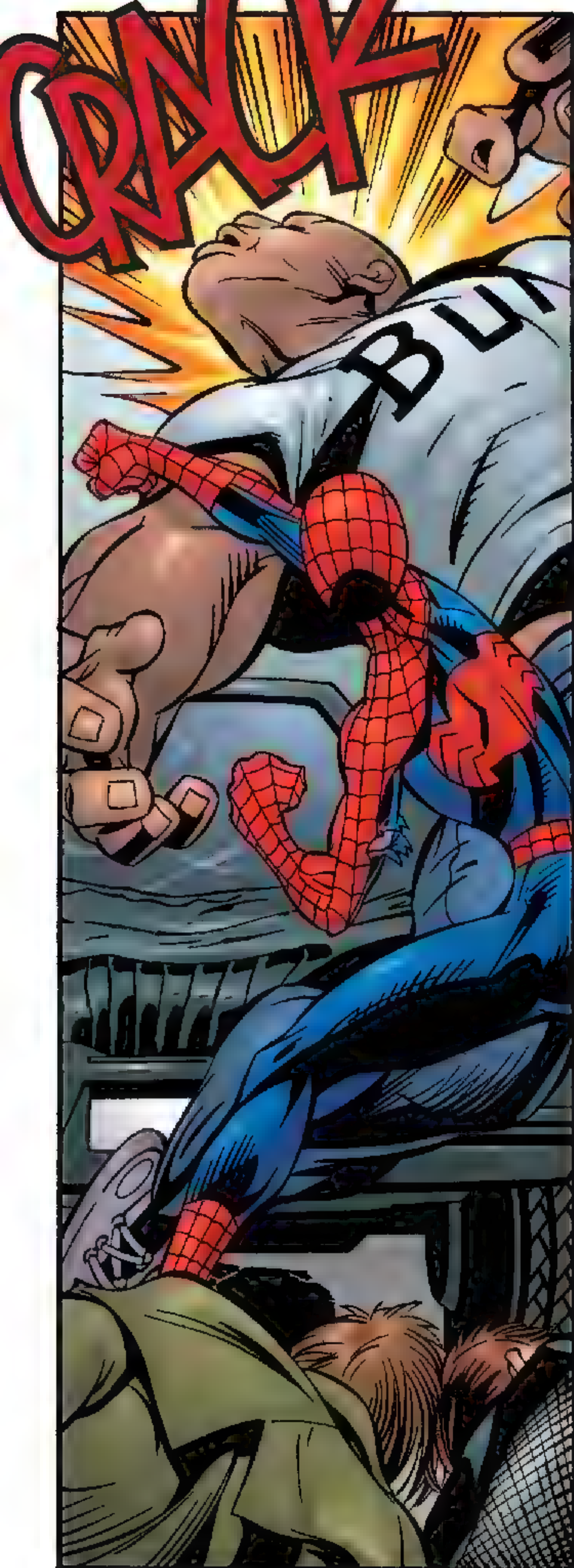
You are out of your gourd, man!

Now you listen and listen good, you're going to retract all your disobedient--

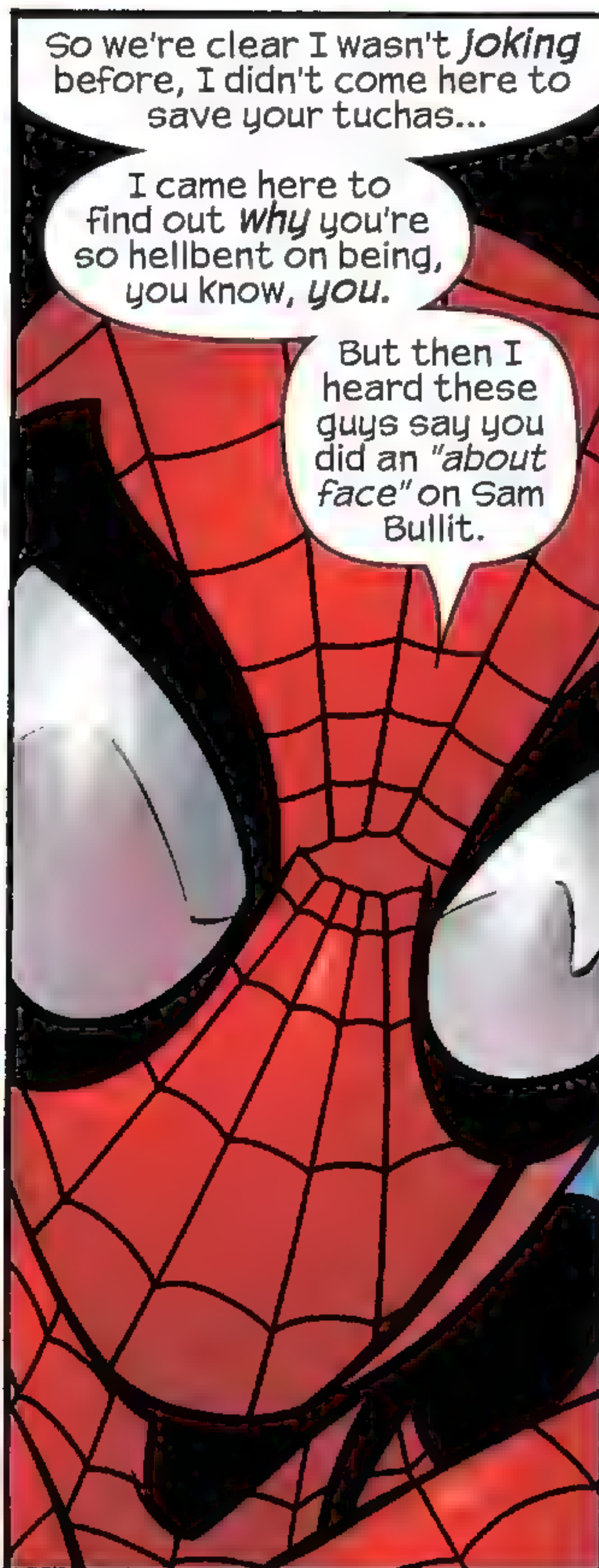
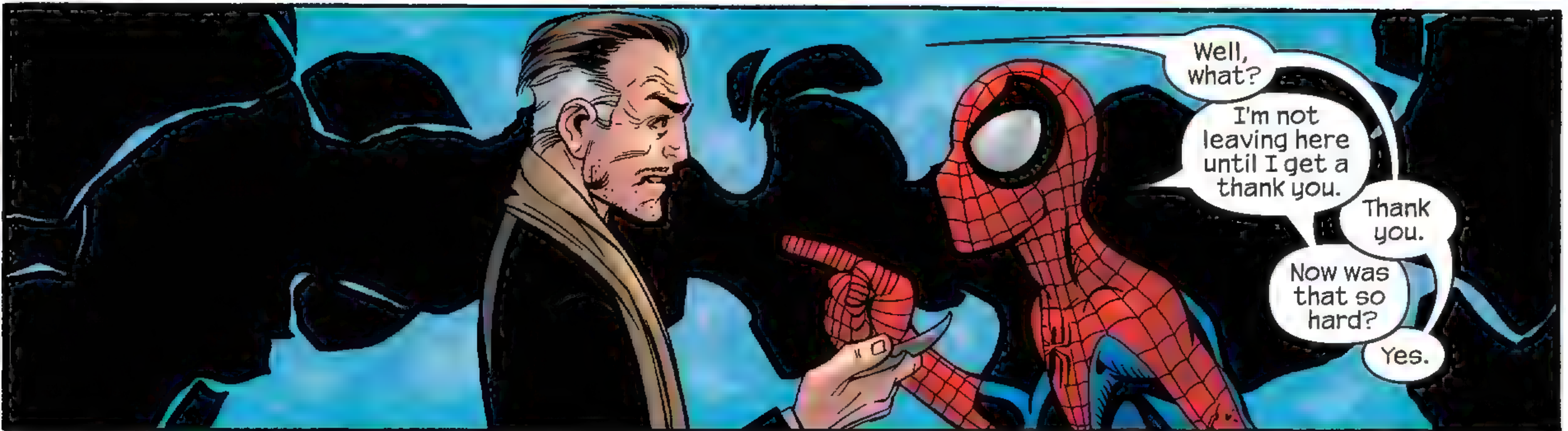




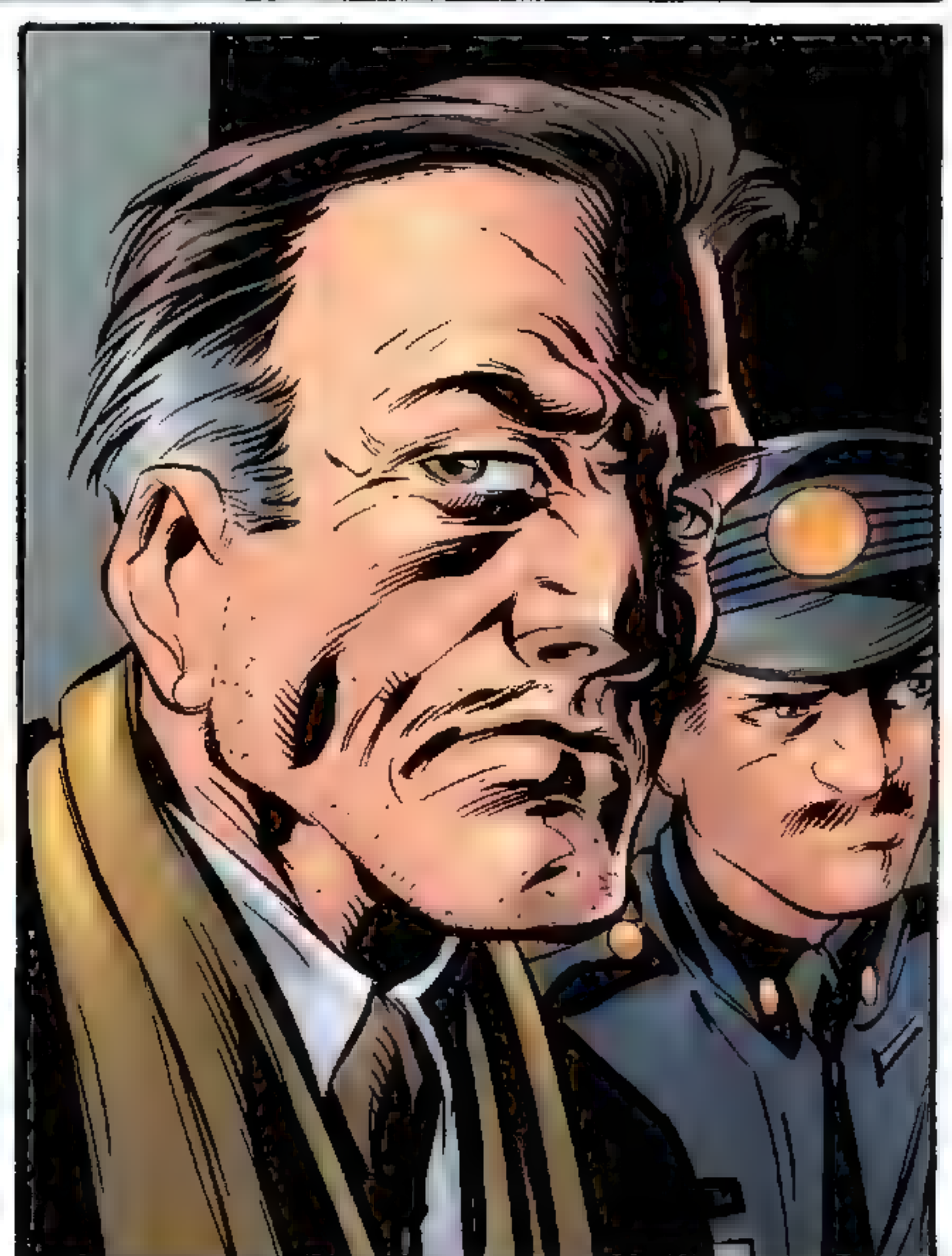
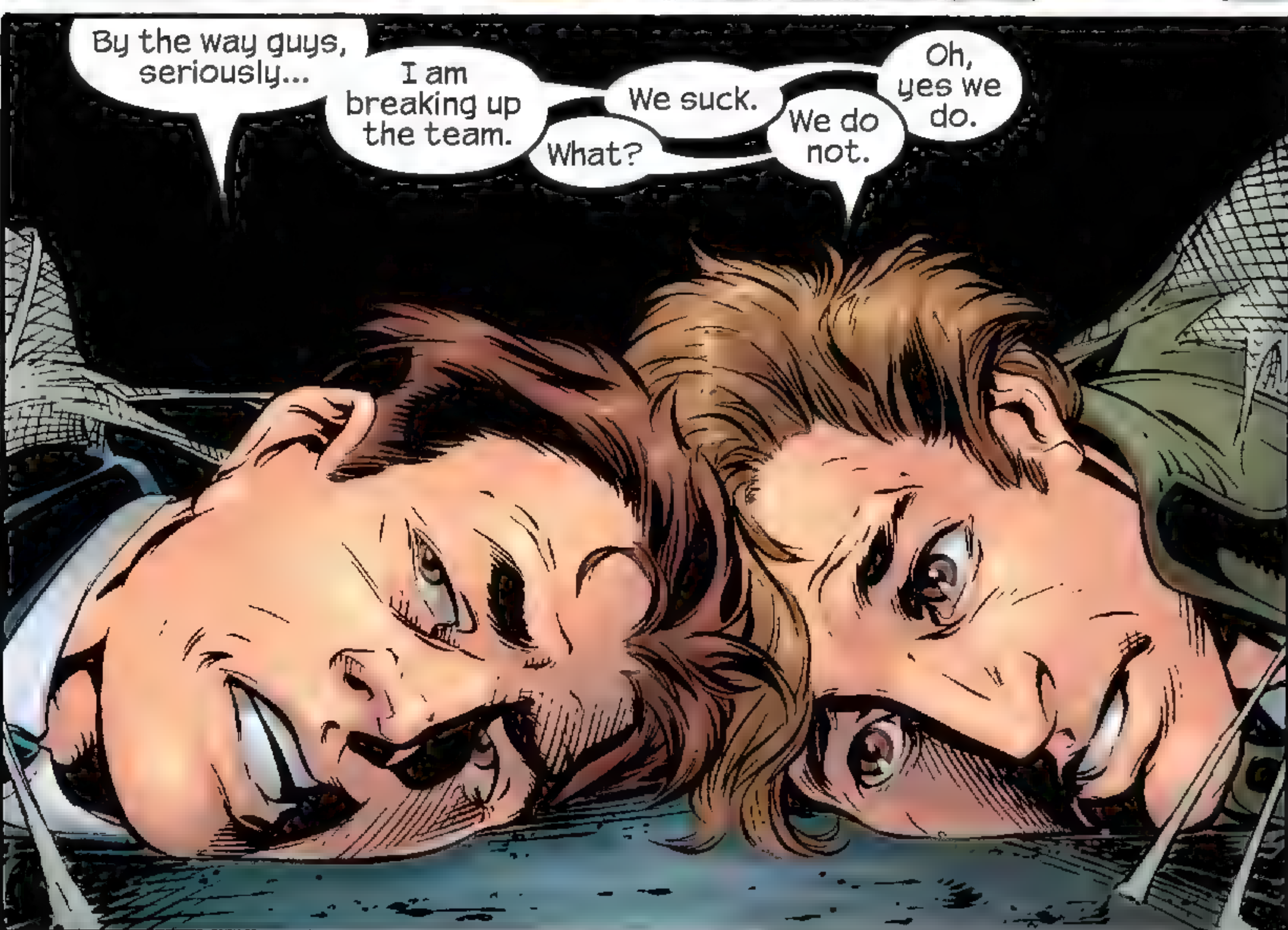
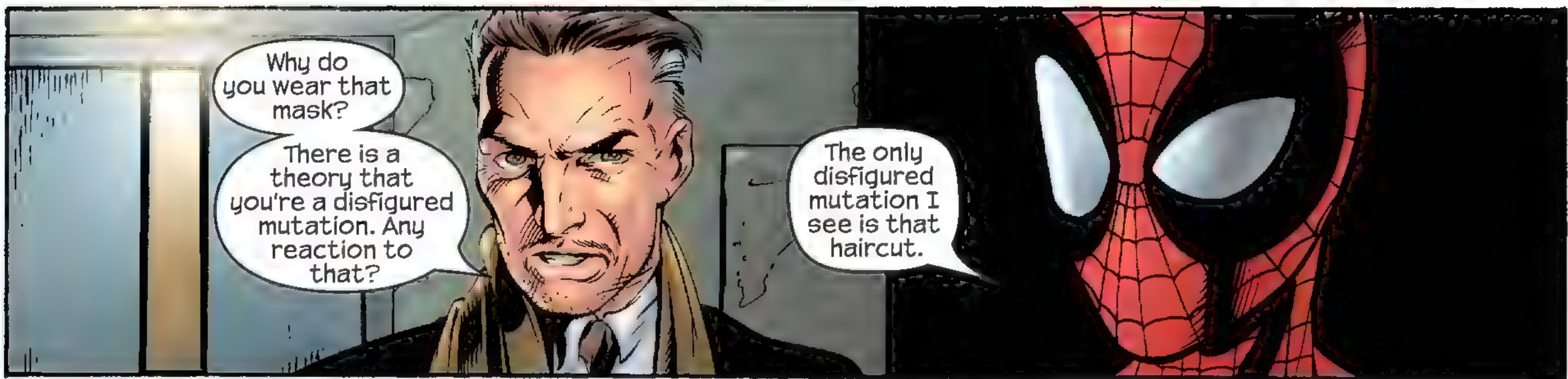
















I can't believe it!

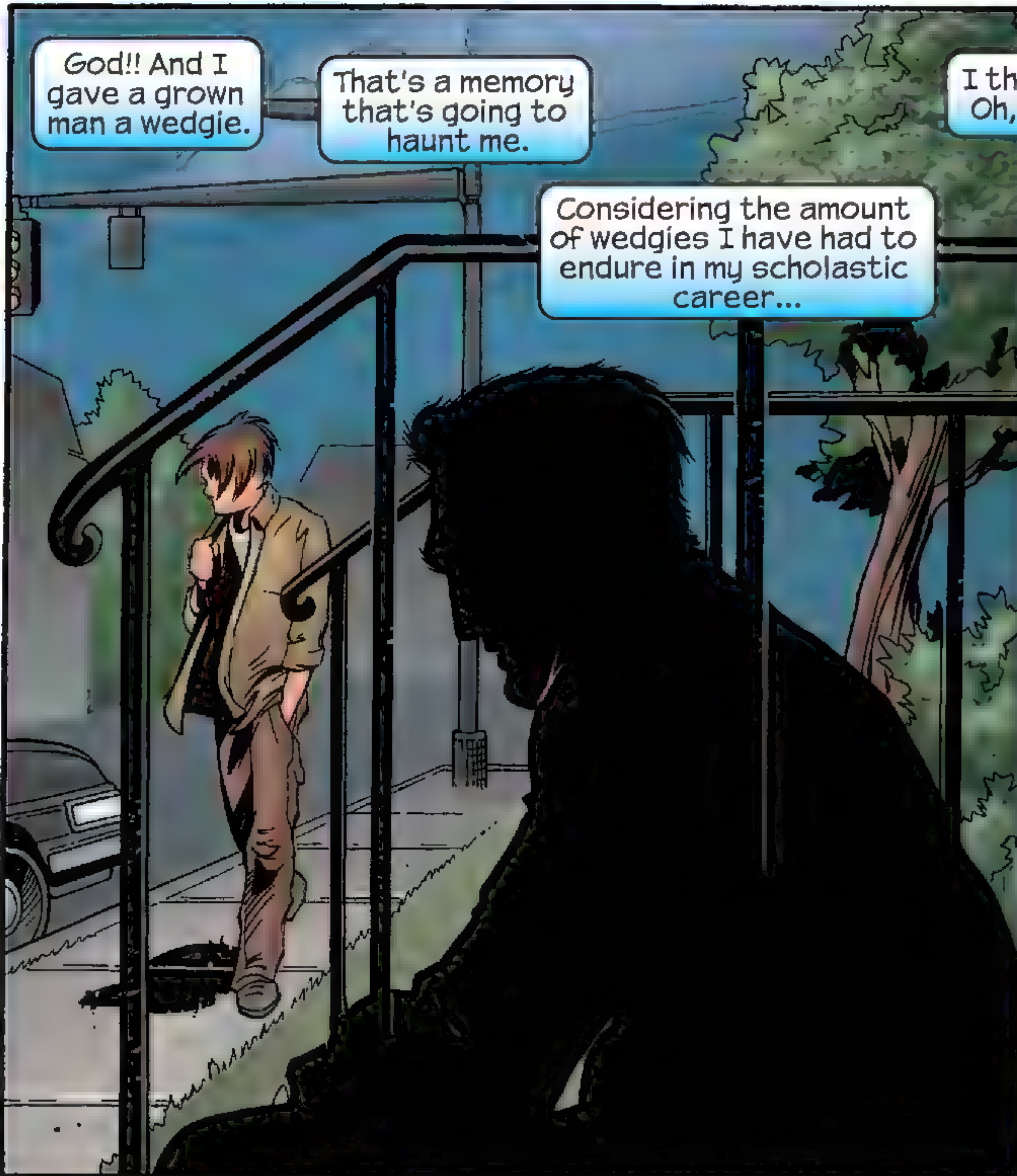
Can't believe it! AGHGH!

I got shot at again!! Again!



Not only did I get *shot* at, but it was over that Jameson jerk!!

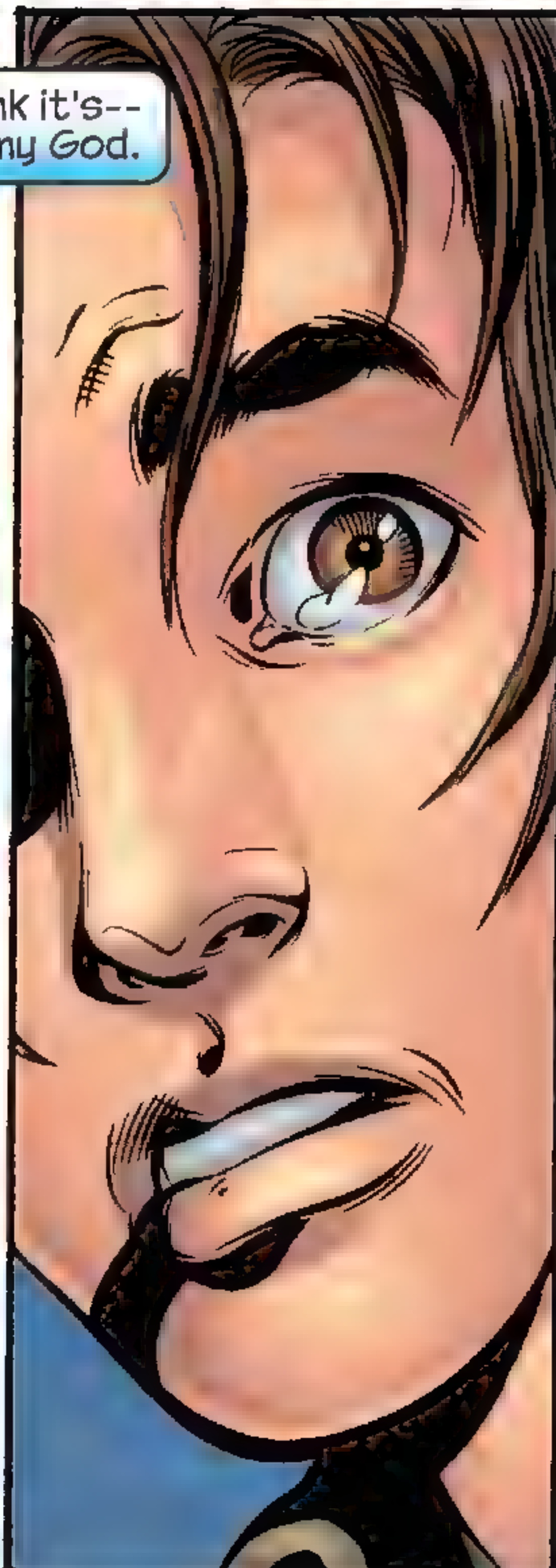
Guy fires me, crucifies my Spider-Man-ness in his paper, and then I spend the day fighting to save *his* life.



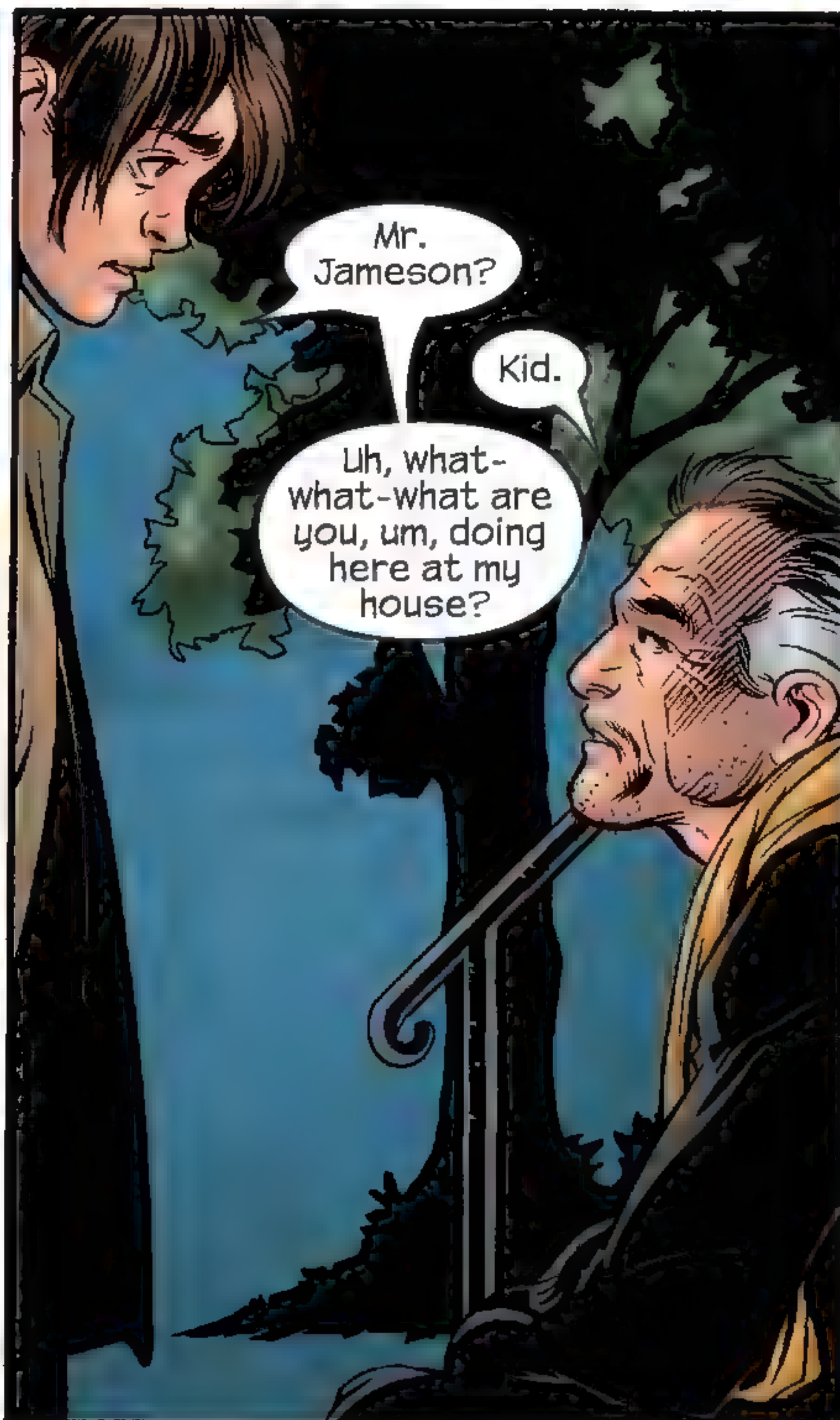
God!! And I gave a grown man a wedgie.

That's a memory that's going to haunt me.

Considering the amount of wedgies I have had to endure in my scholastic career...



I think it's-- Oh, my God.



Mr. Jameson?

Kid.

Uh, what-what-what are you, um, doing here at my house?



I had an *unusually* bad day at work today, but that's-- no--

That's not why I dragged myself all the way out here to the *nightmare* world that is Queens...

Well, it's *part* of the reason, but it's not the *whole* reason.





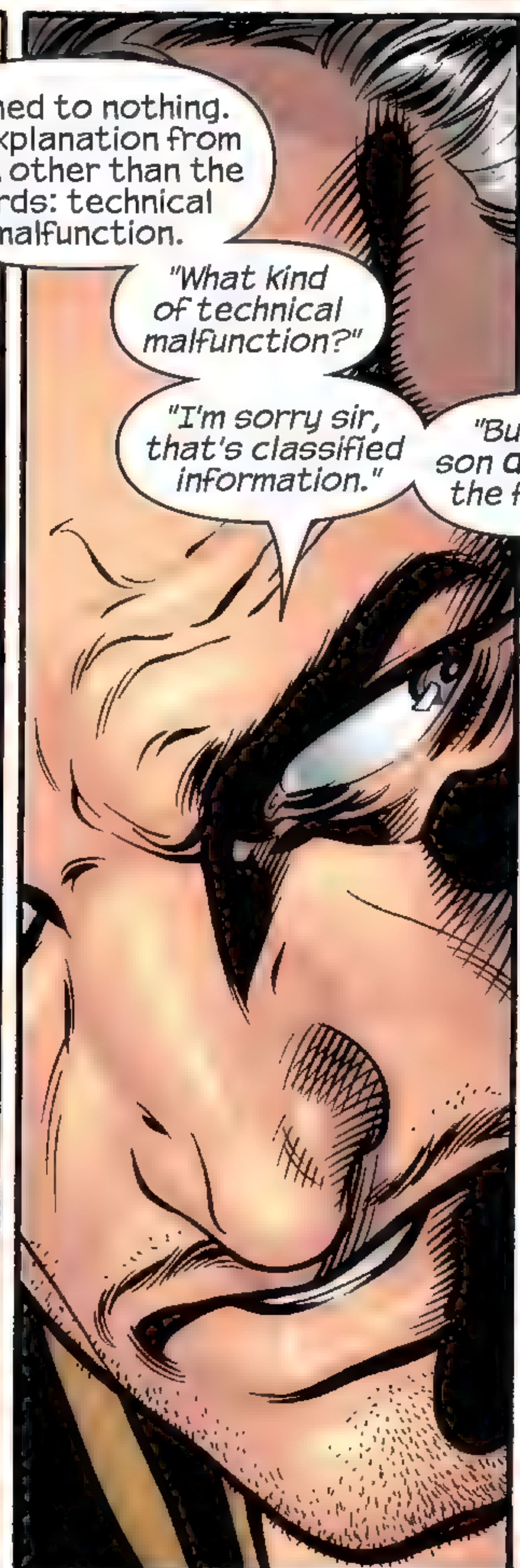
My son was on the space shuttle Orion.



As you probably know, the Orion burned up in orbit.

This was what? About a year ago.

Burned to nothing. No explanation from NASA other than the words: technical malfunction.



"What kind of technical malfunction?"

"I'm sorry sir, that's classified information."

"But my son died on the flight."



"I'm sorry sir, that's classified information."





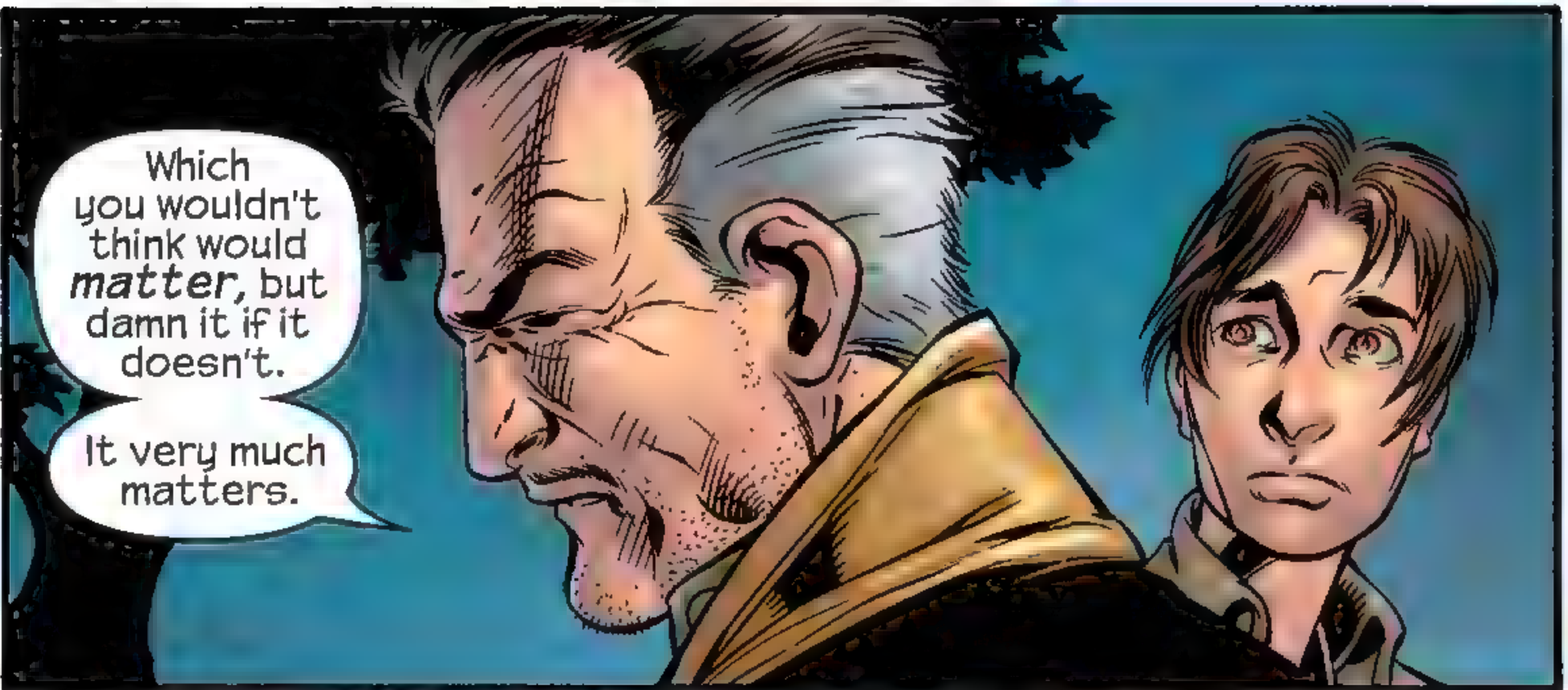
My boy was an astronaut.

A hero.

A hero!!

And he's gone and that's--

I didn't get a body to bury.



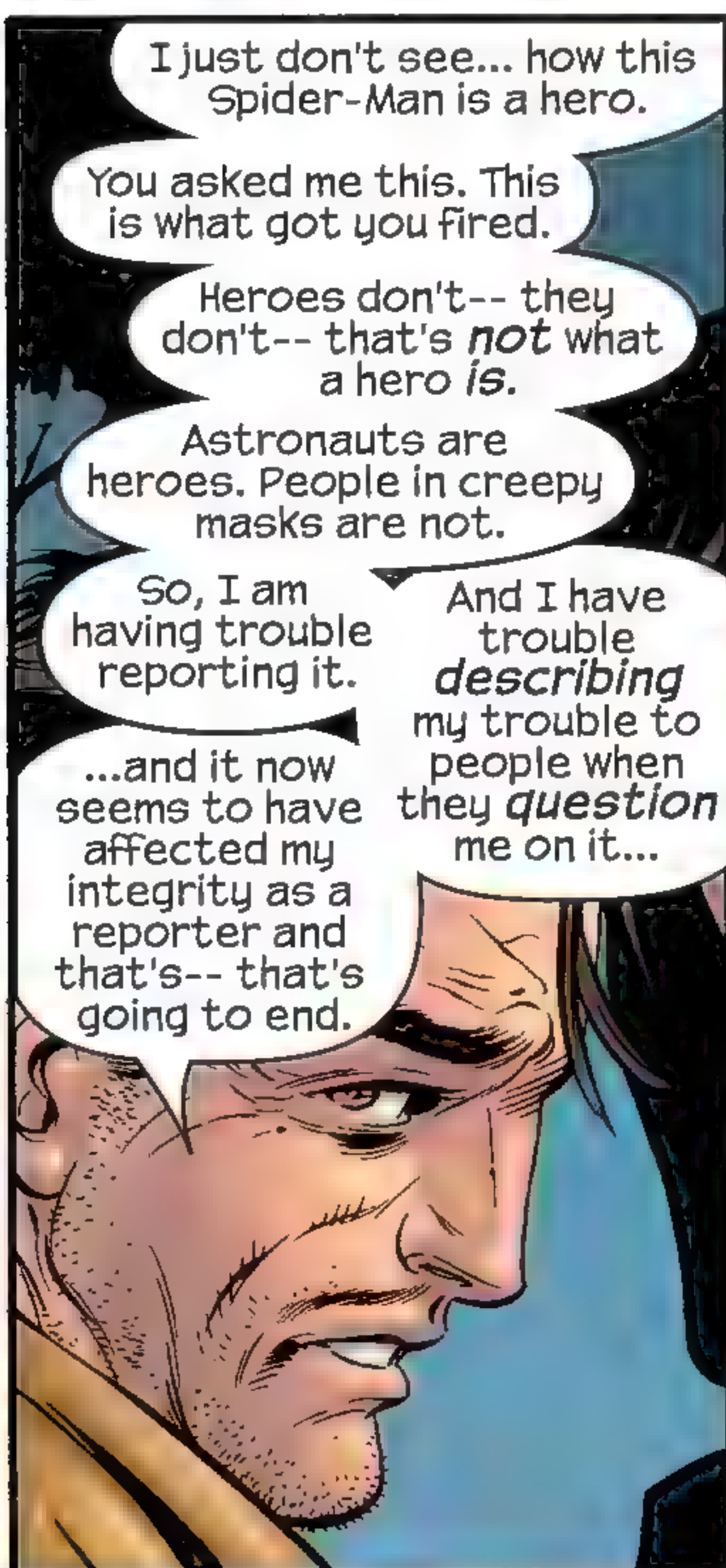
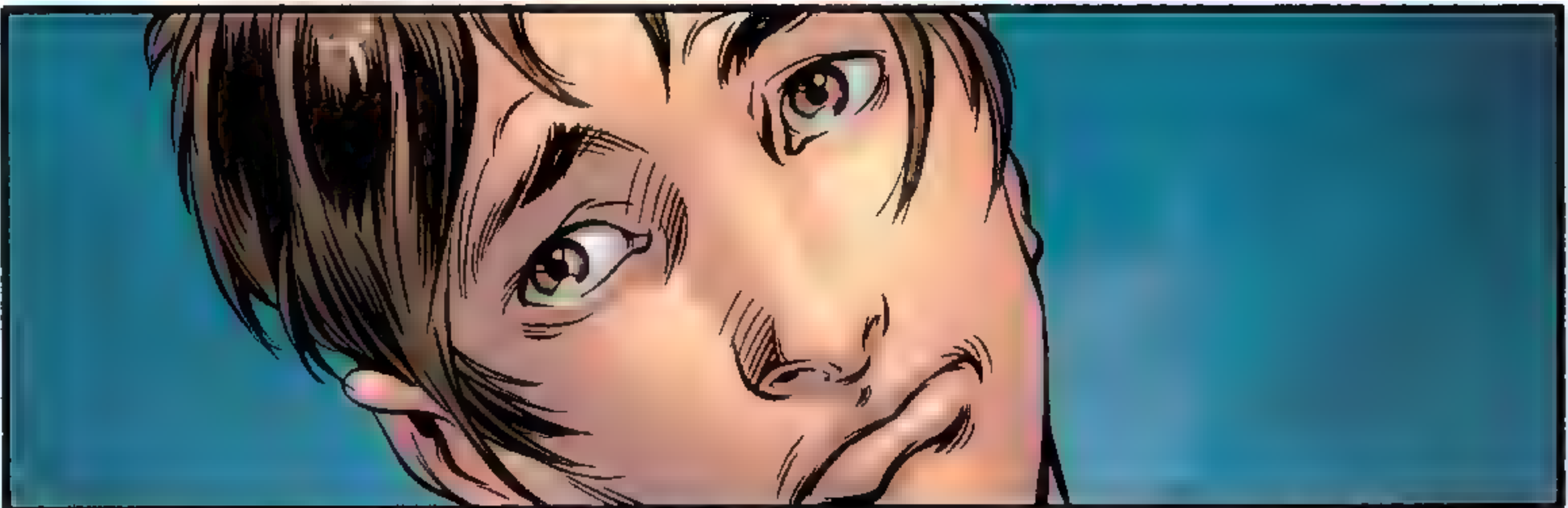
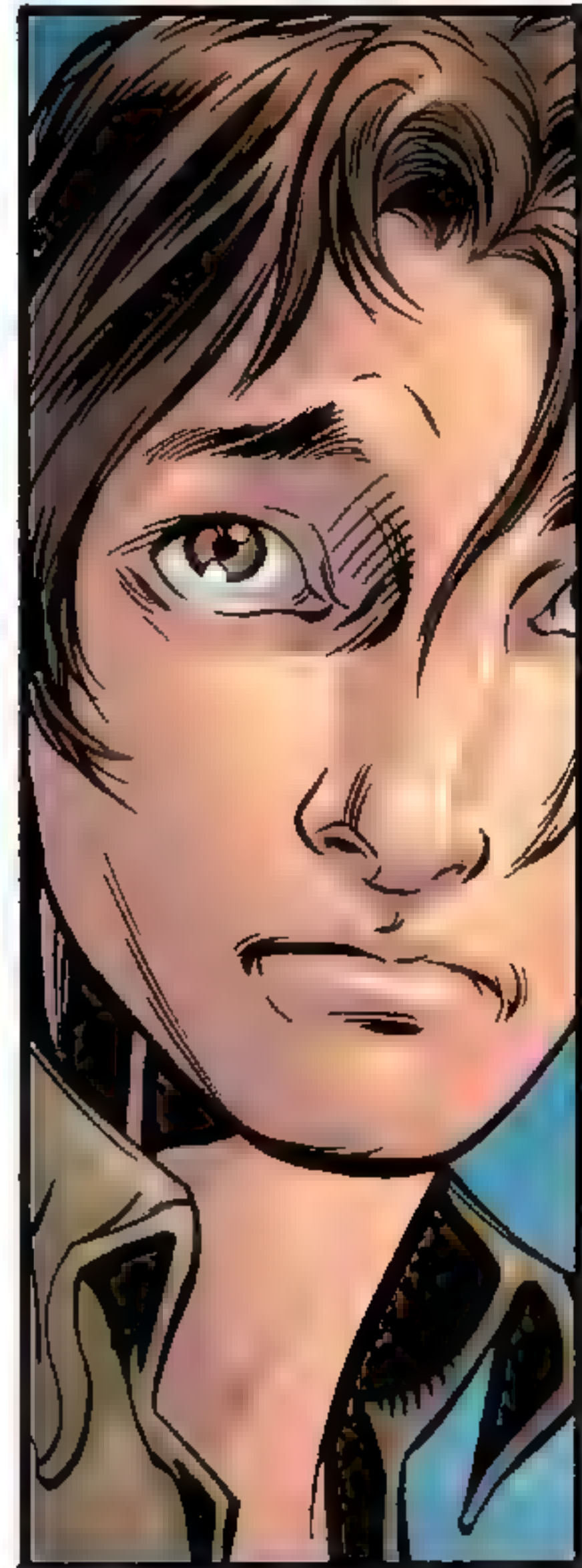
Which you wouldn't think would *matter*, but damn it if it doesn't.

It very much matters.

So I concede to the point that my judgement on certain matters may be somewhat... *clouded* by grief and my unresolved *issues* with that grief.



(I concede that point.)



I just don't see... how this Spider-Man is a hero.

You asked me this. This is what got you fired.

Heroes don't-- they don't-- that's *not* what a hero *is*.

Astronauts are heroes. People in creepy masks are not.

So, I am having trouble reporting it.

...and it now seems to have affected my integrity as a reporter and that's-- that's going to end.

And I have trouble *describing* my trouble to people when they *question* me on it...



Today was a big-- a big eye opener.

There.

That's the thing.

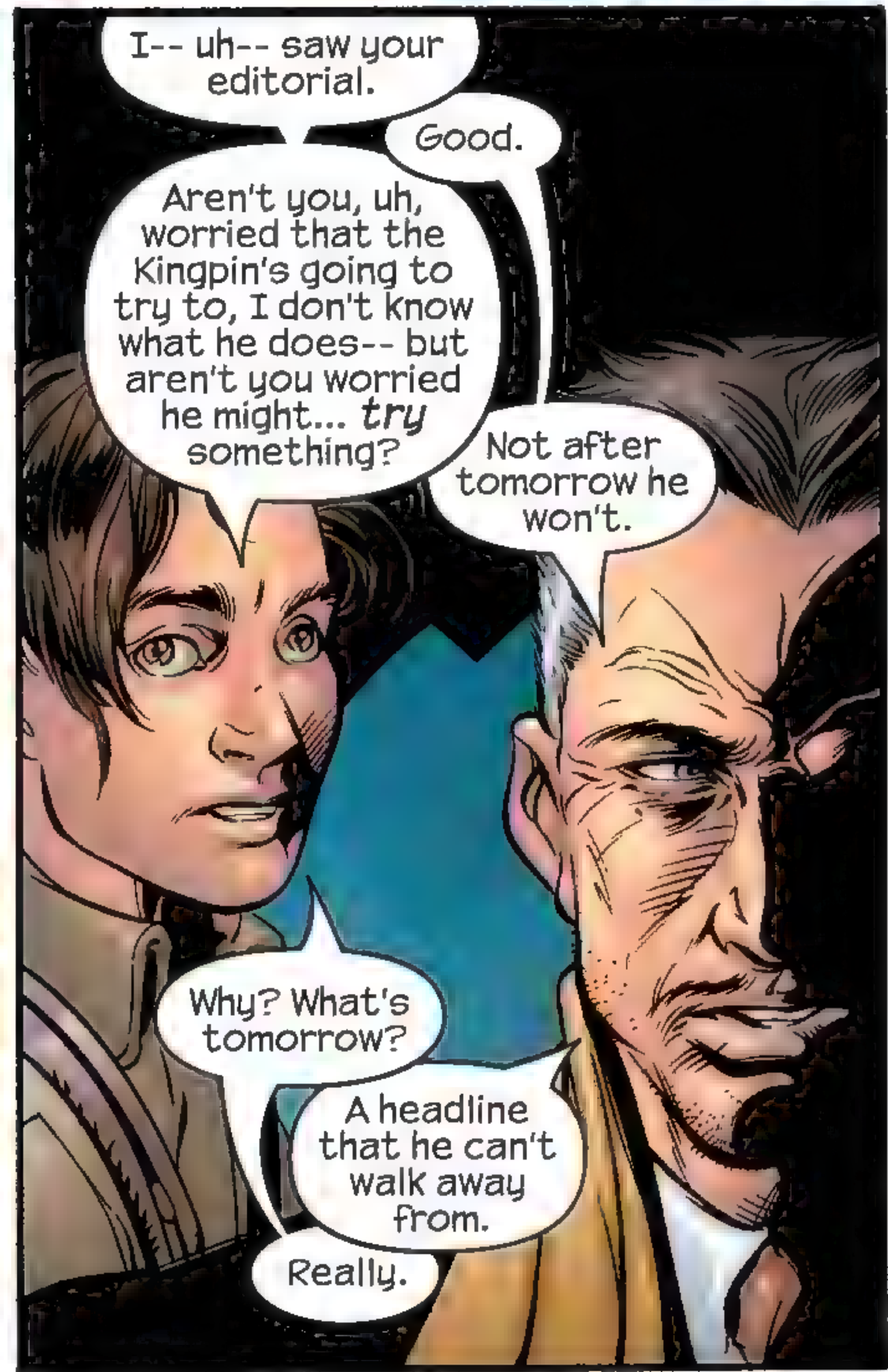
So... there.

I think we both understand that what we are talking about here is between us and not to be discussed.

Sure--

Or brought up again.

Okay.



I-- uh-- saw your editorial.

Good.

Aren't you, uh, worried that the Kingpin's going to try to, I don't know what he does-- but aren't you worried he might... *try* something?

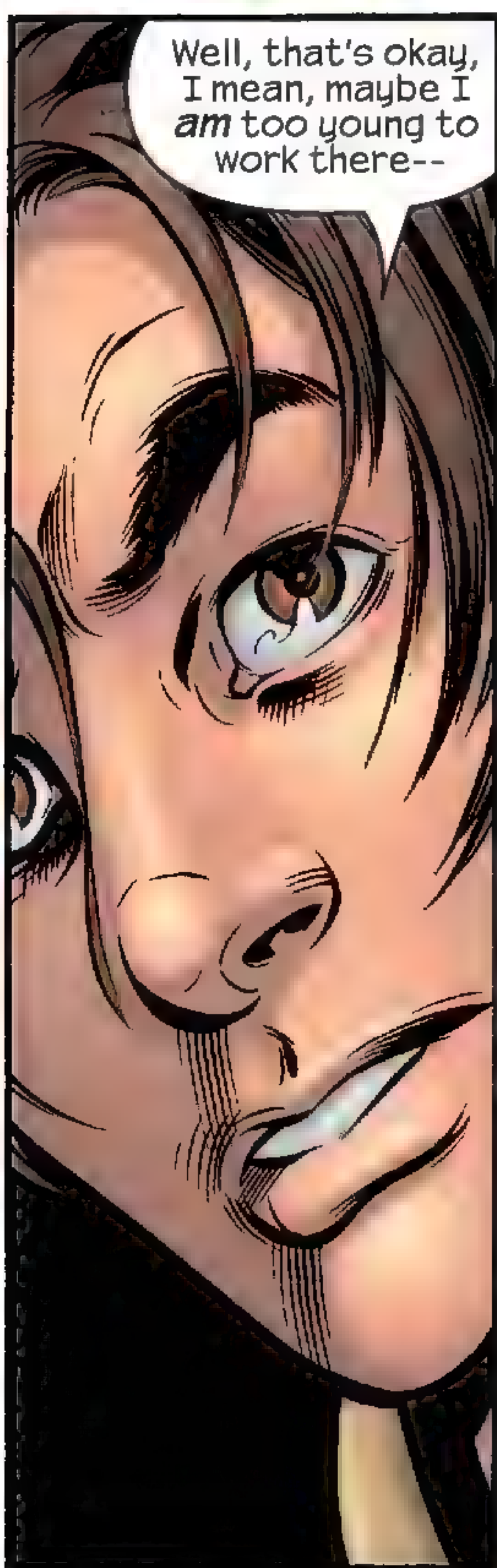
Not after tomorrow he won't.

Why? What's tomorrow?

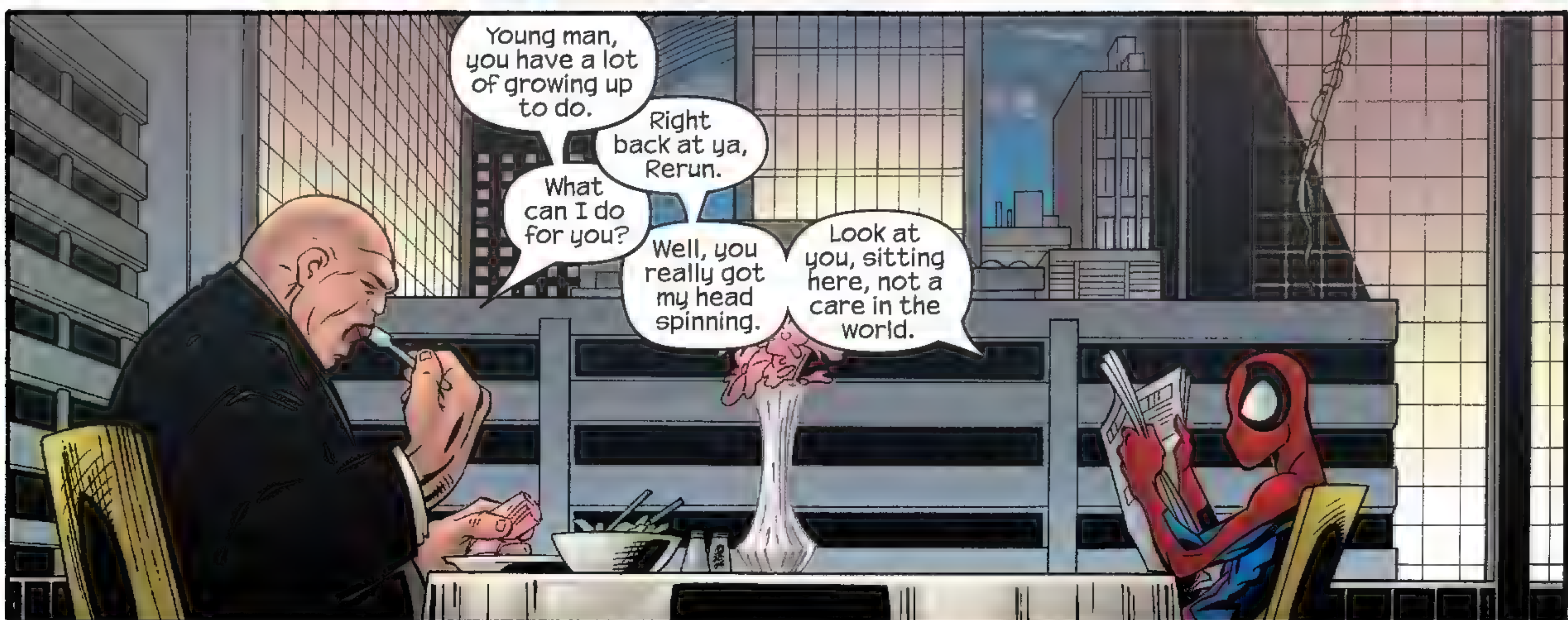
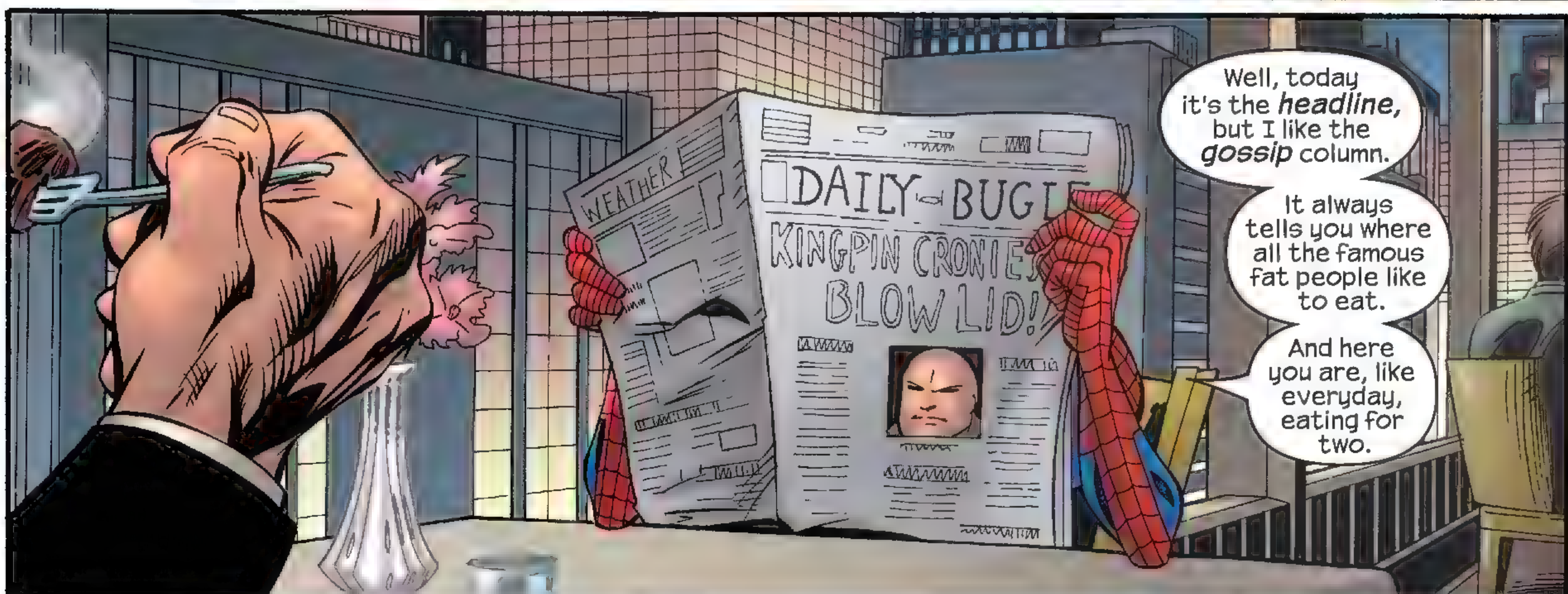
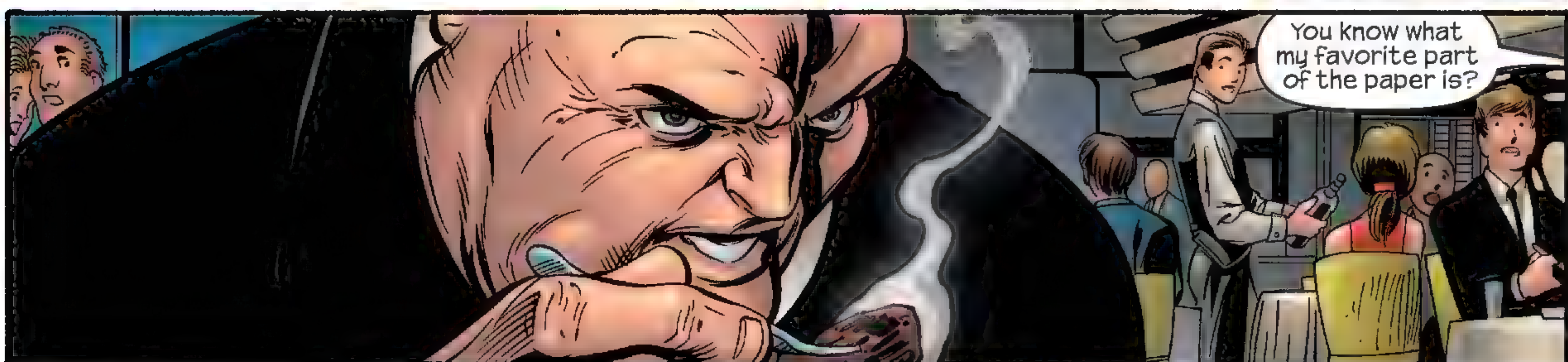
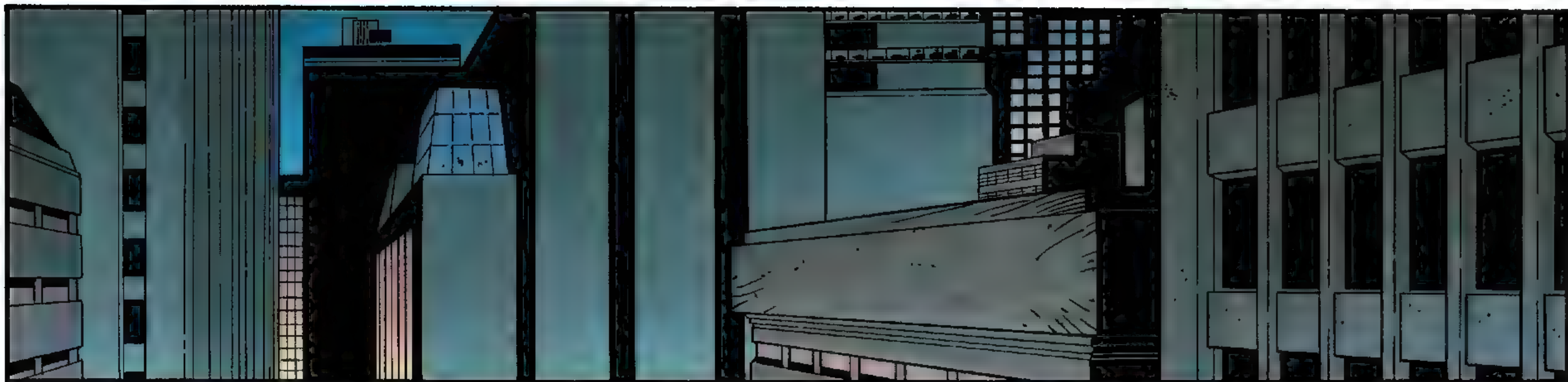
A headline that he can't walk away from.

Really.













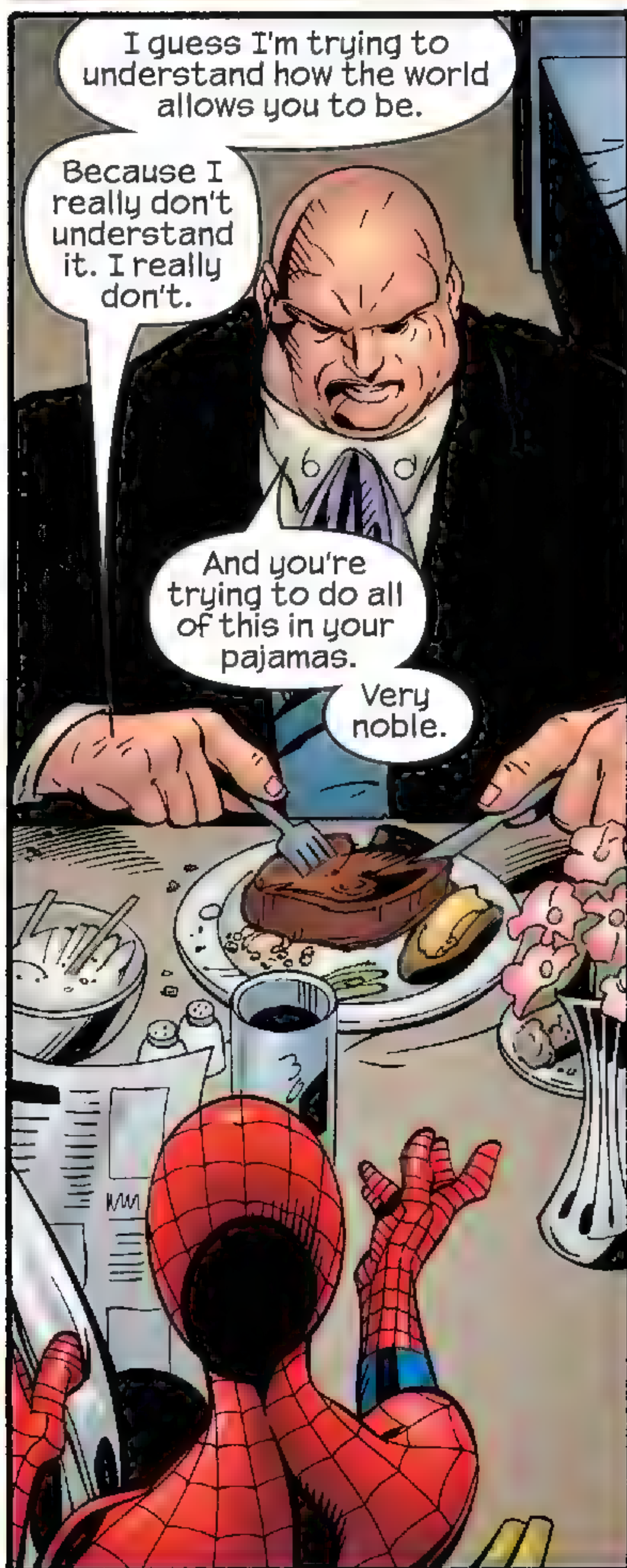
The entire world knows you're a murderer and a liar and a thief.

(Even though **murderer** should be plenty.)

And you can just walk about the city and everyone makes nice nice.

Everyone kisses your tuchas.

(Which, I grant you, is an act that could take the better part of a week.)



I guess I'm trying to understand how the world allows you to be.

Because I really don't understand it. I really don't.

And you're trying to do all of this in your pajamas.

Very noble.



Listen, I don't expect to figure it out **today**, but I know one day I will. I **have** to.

I just-- I wanted to look you in the face.

I wanted to **look** at you.



Well, young man, I'll tell you what you see...

You see the face of the man that one day will find out who you **really** are.

And where you go to school.

Because someone out there **knows**.



And I will find out who **they** are and who **you** are...

And when I do...

I will personally come over to your house...



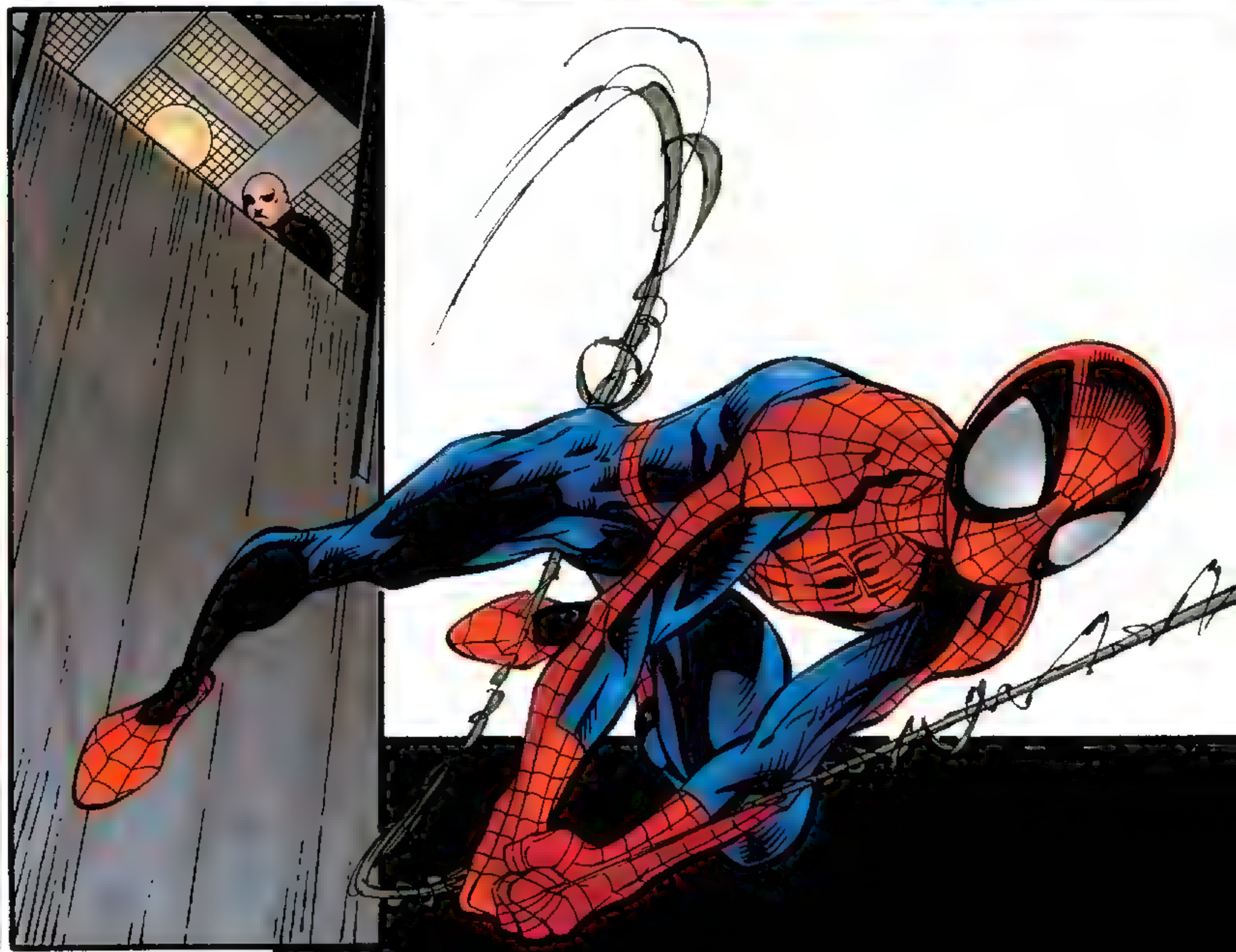
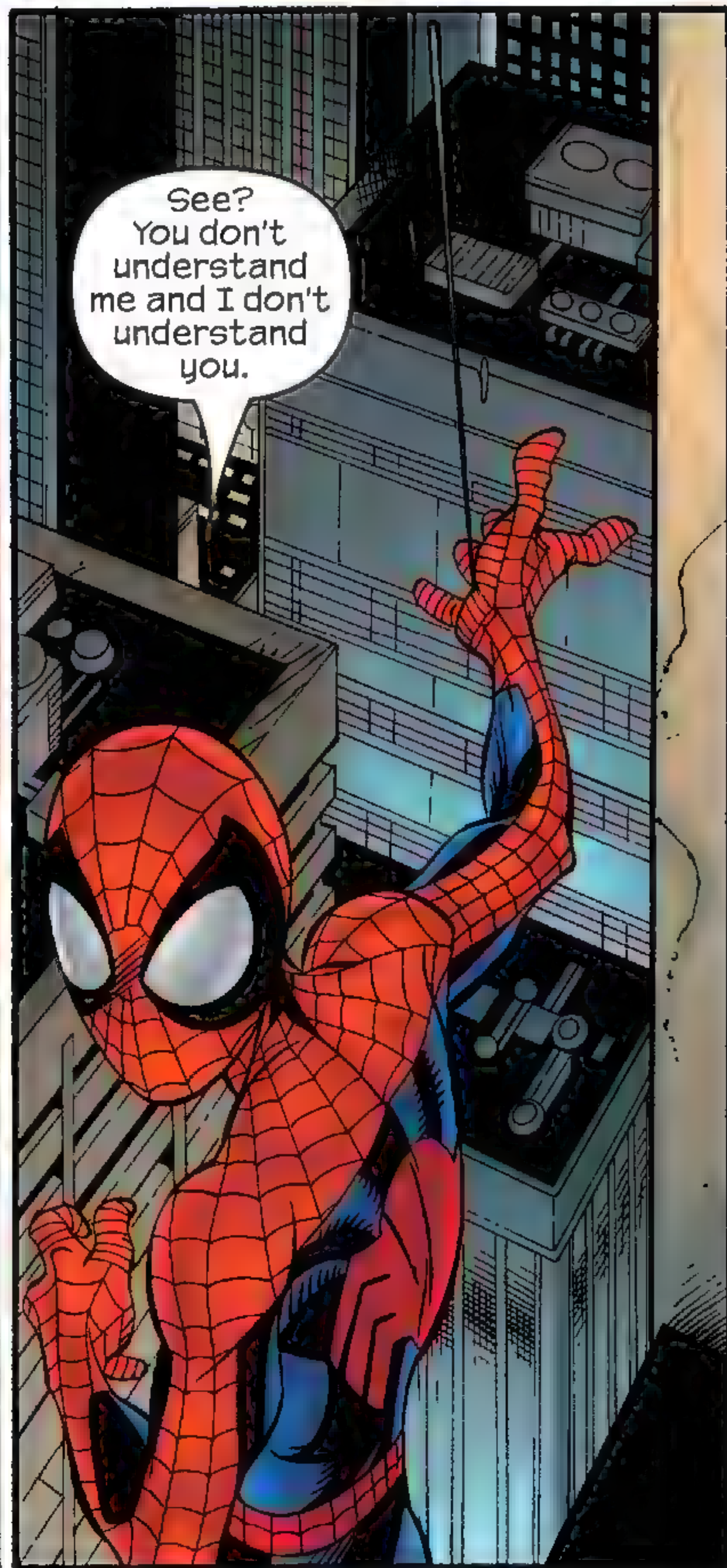
...and I will teach you **exactly** what I am.



Are you **hitting** on me?



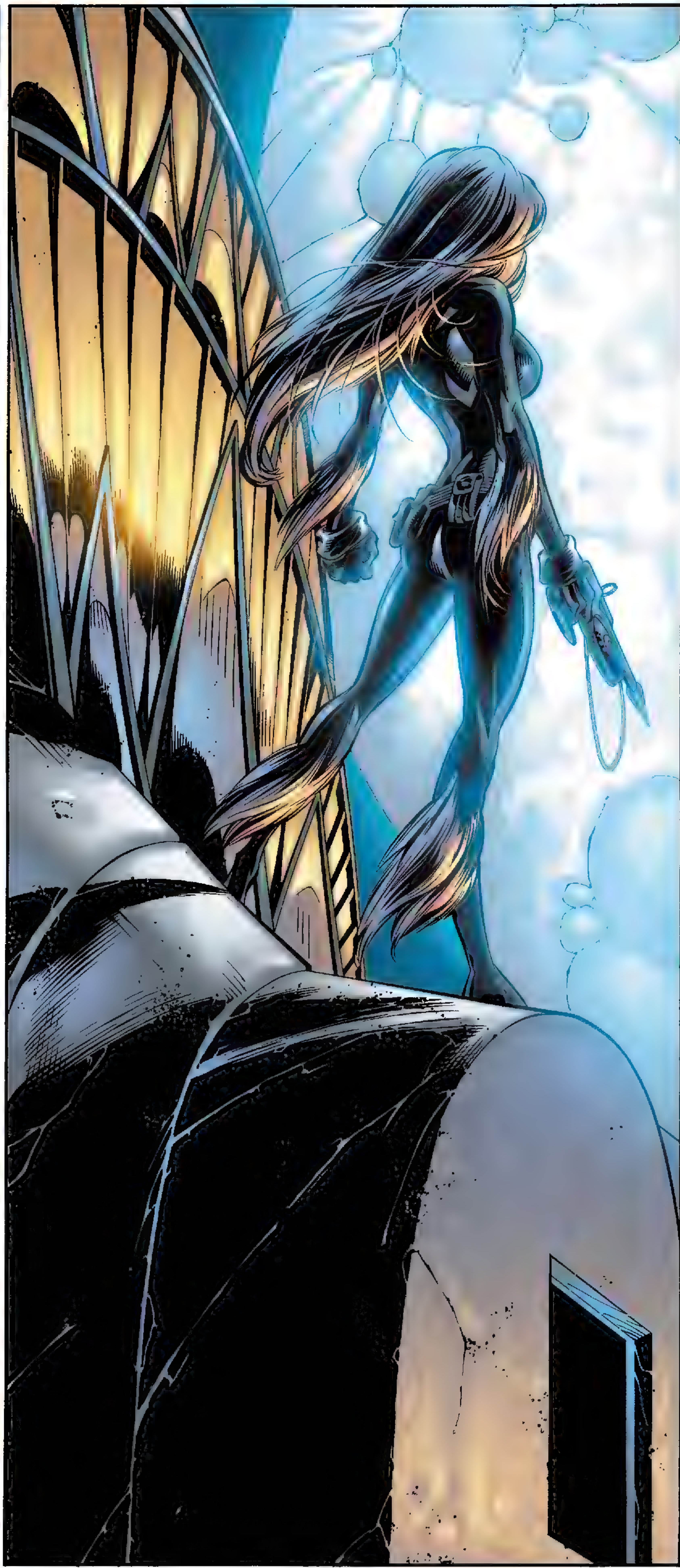




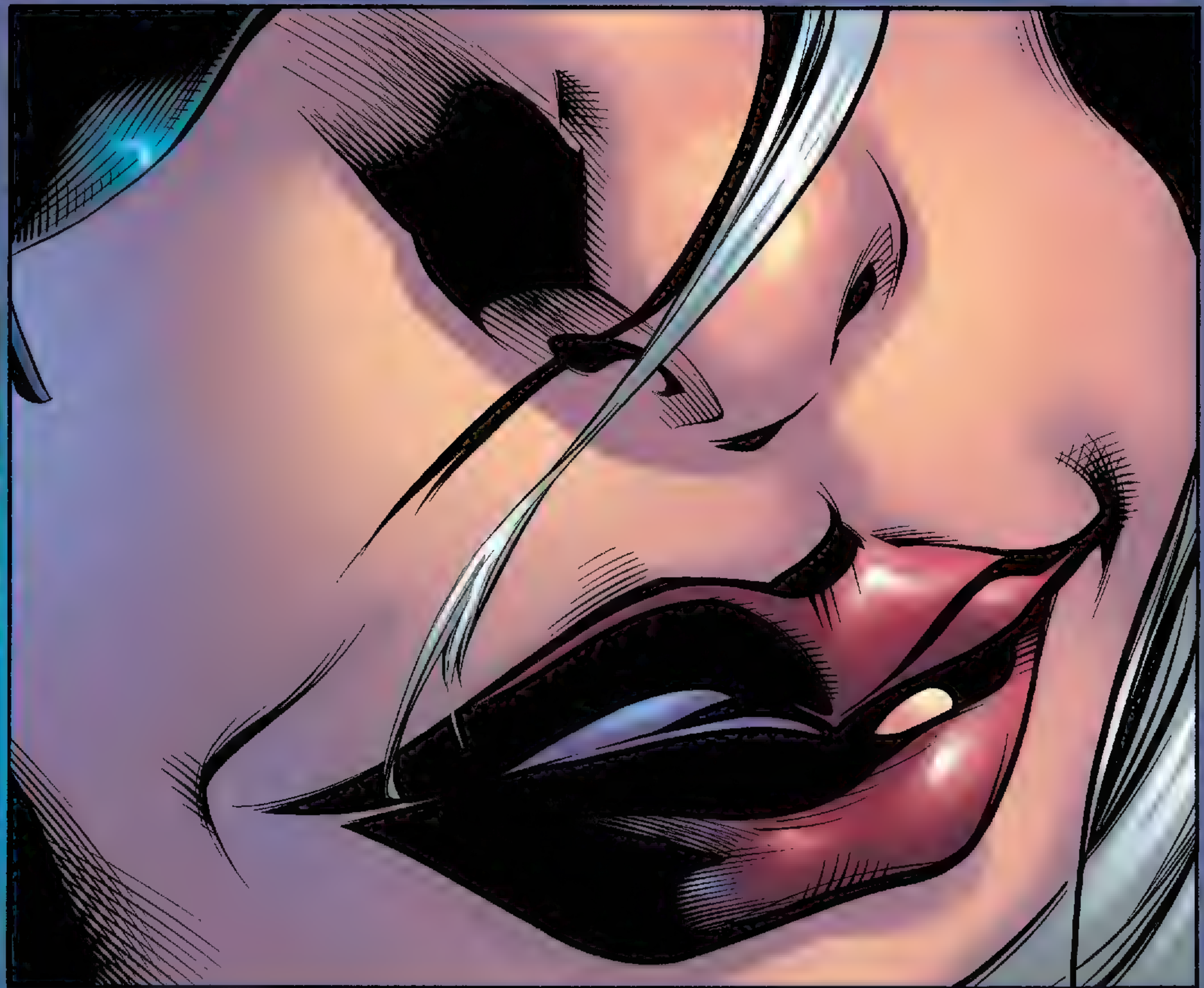
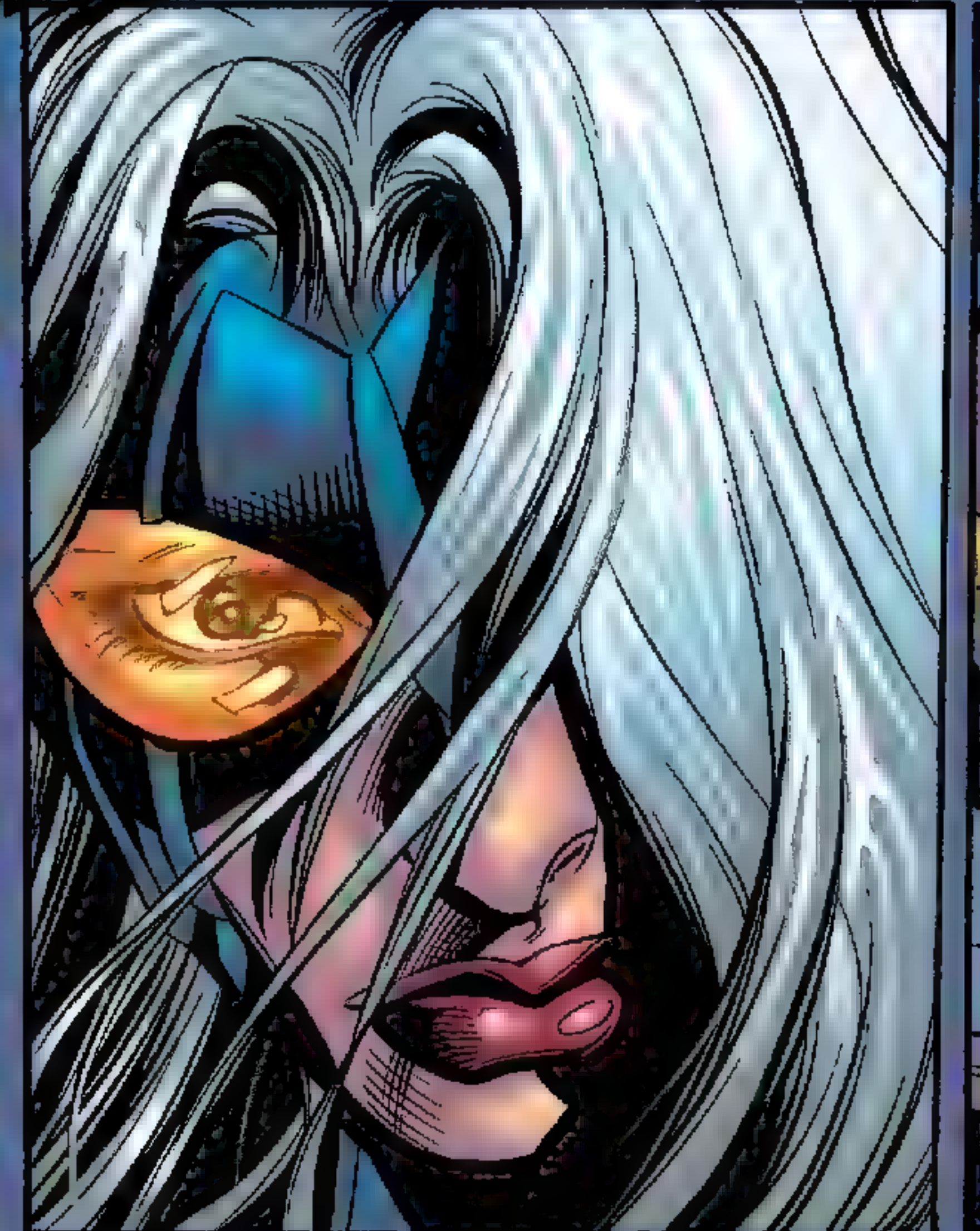
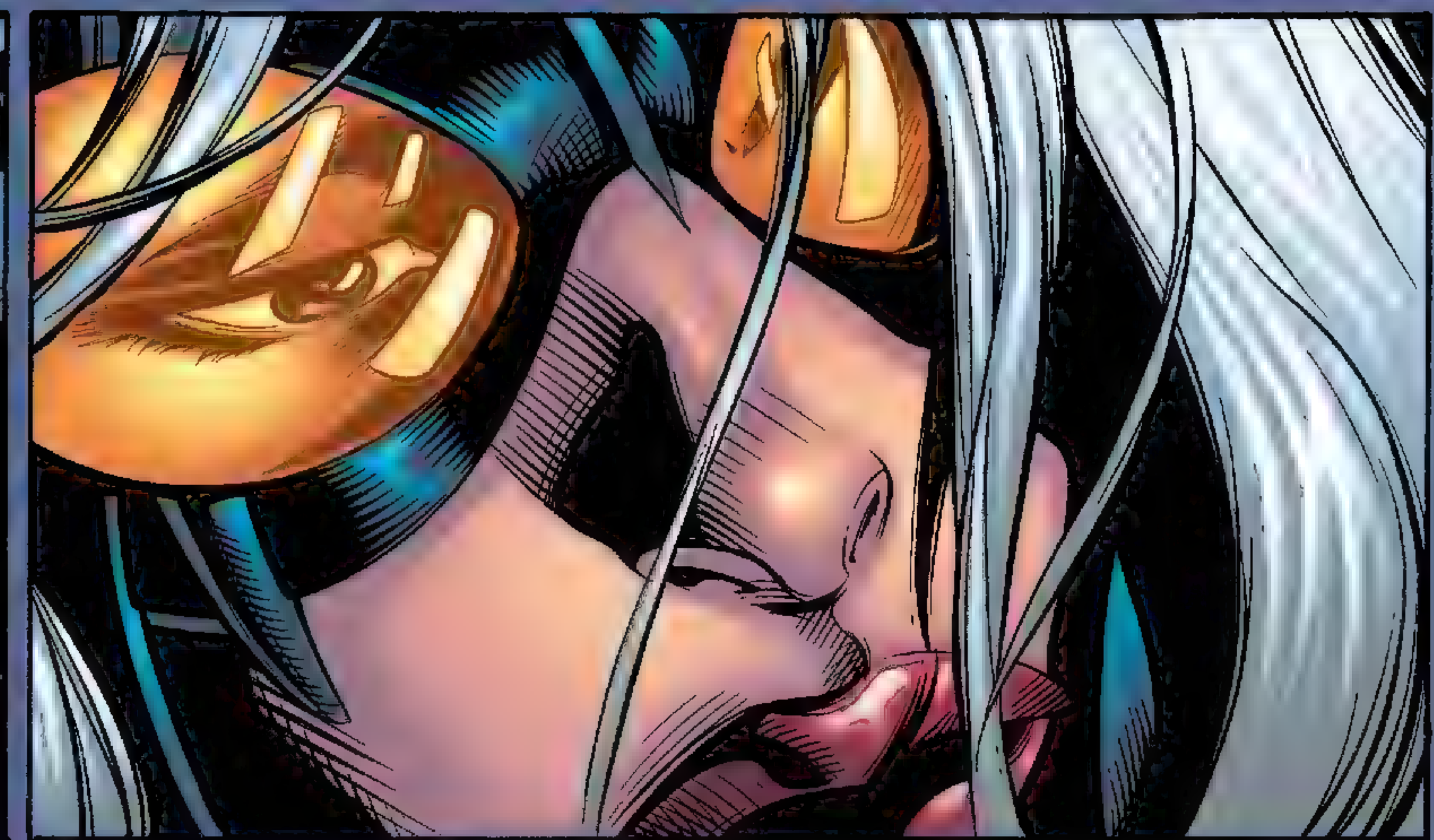




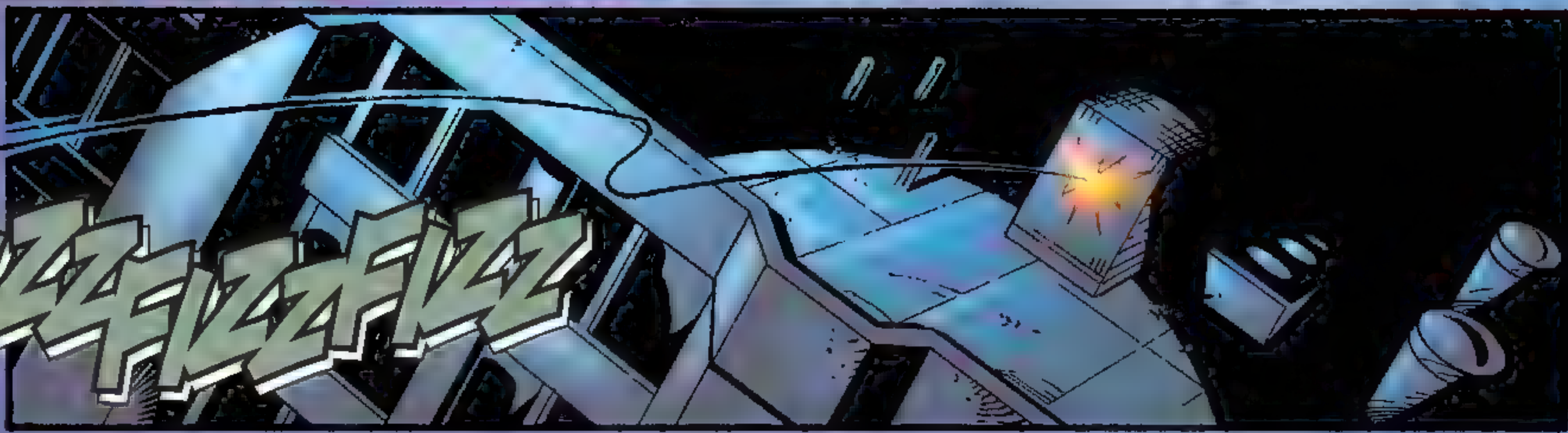
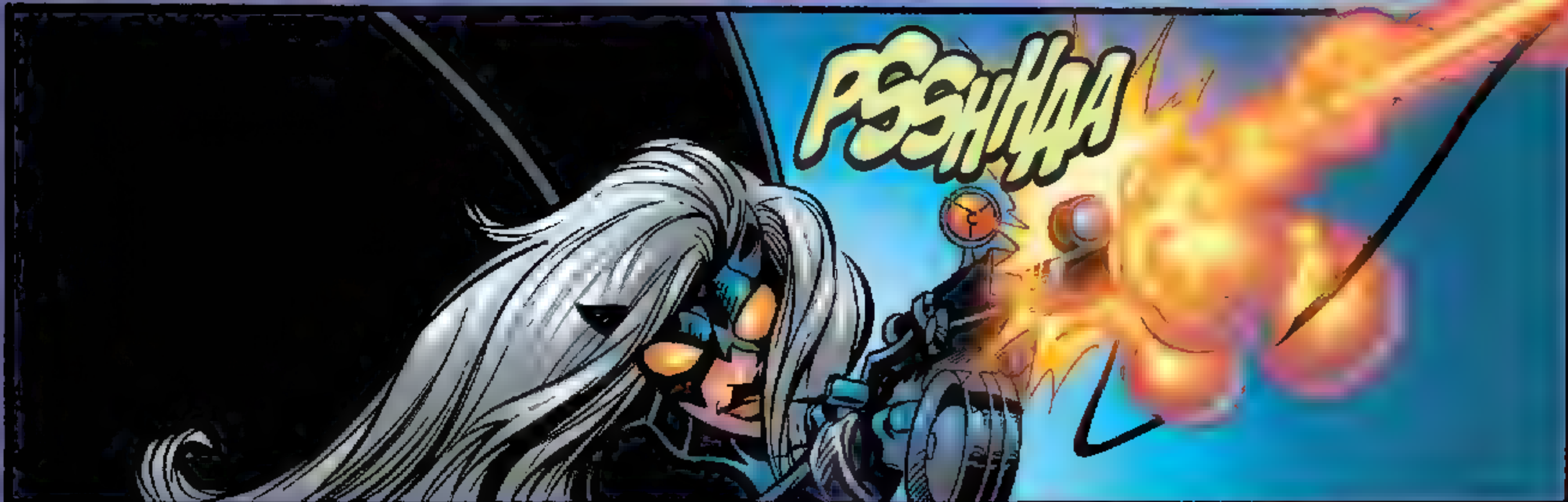
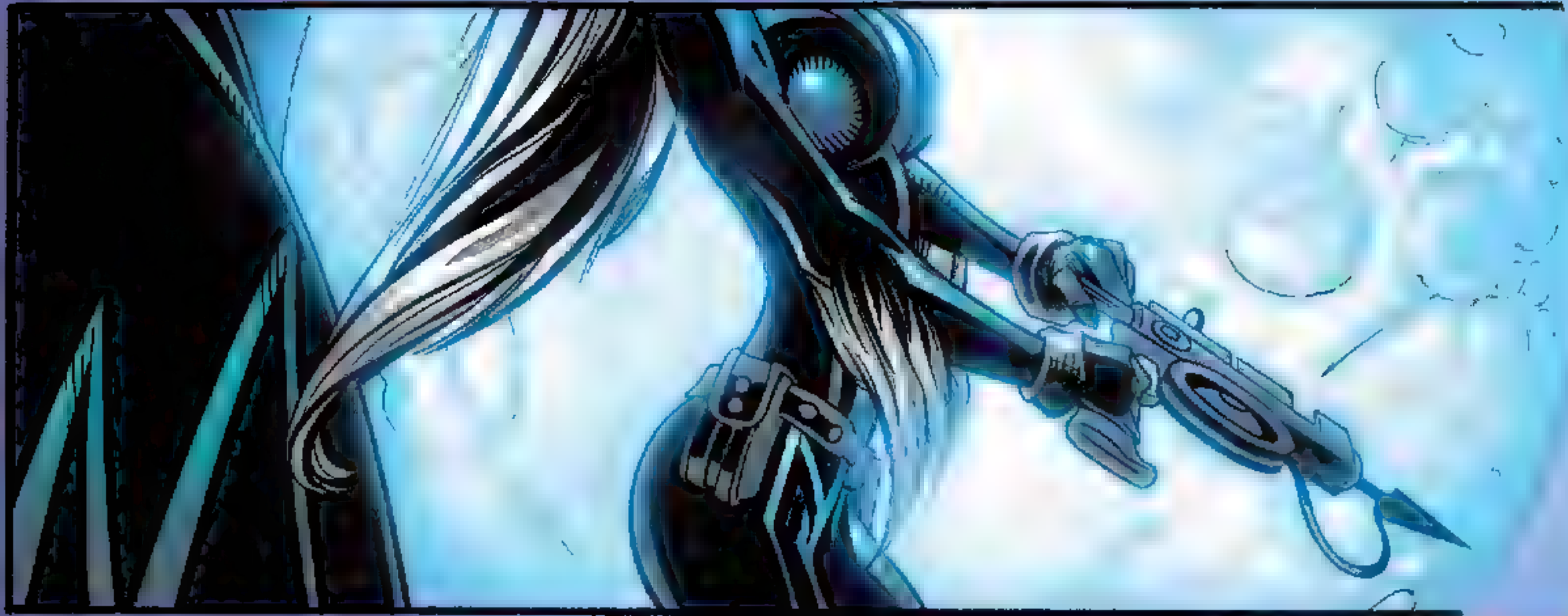




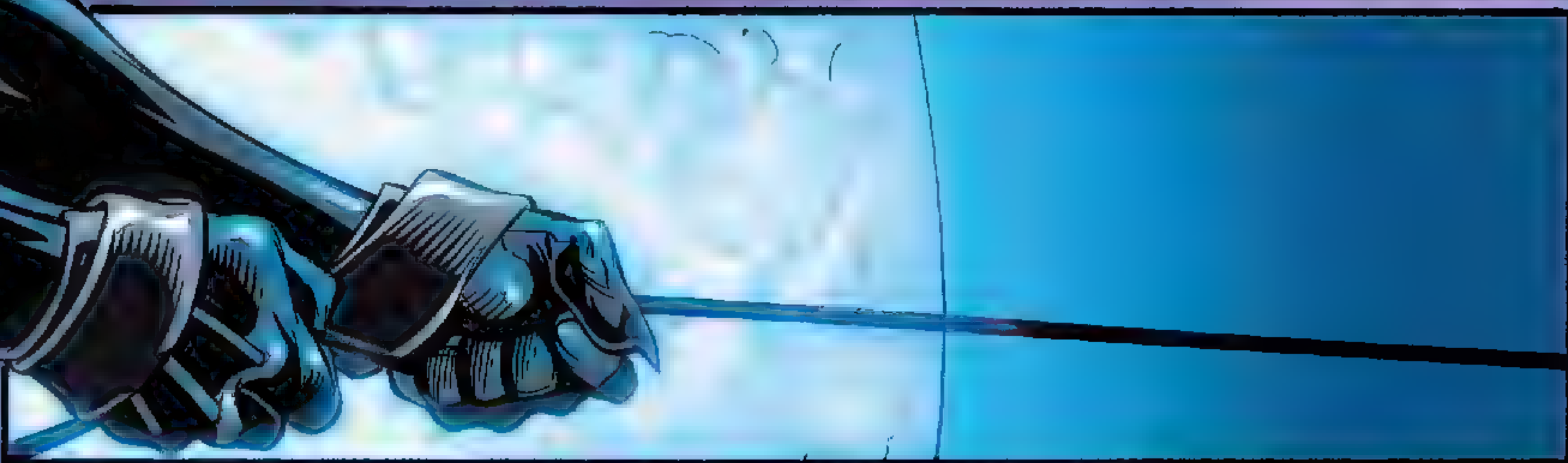








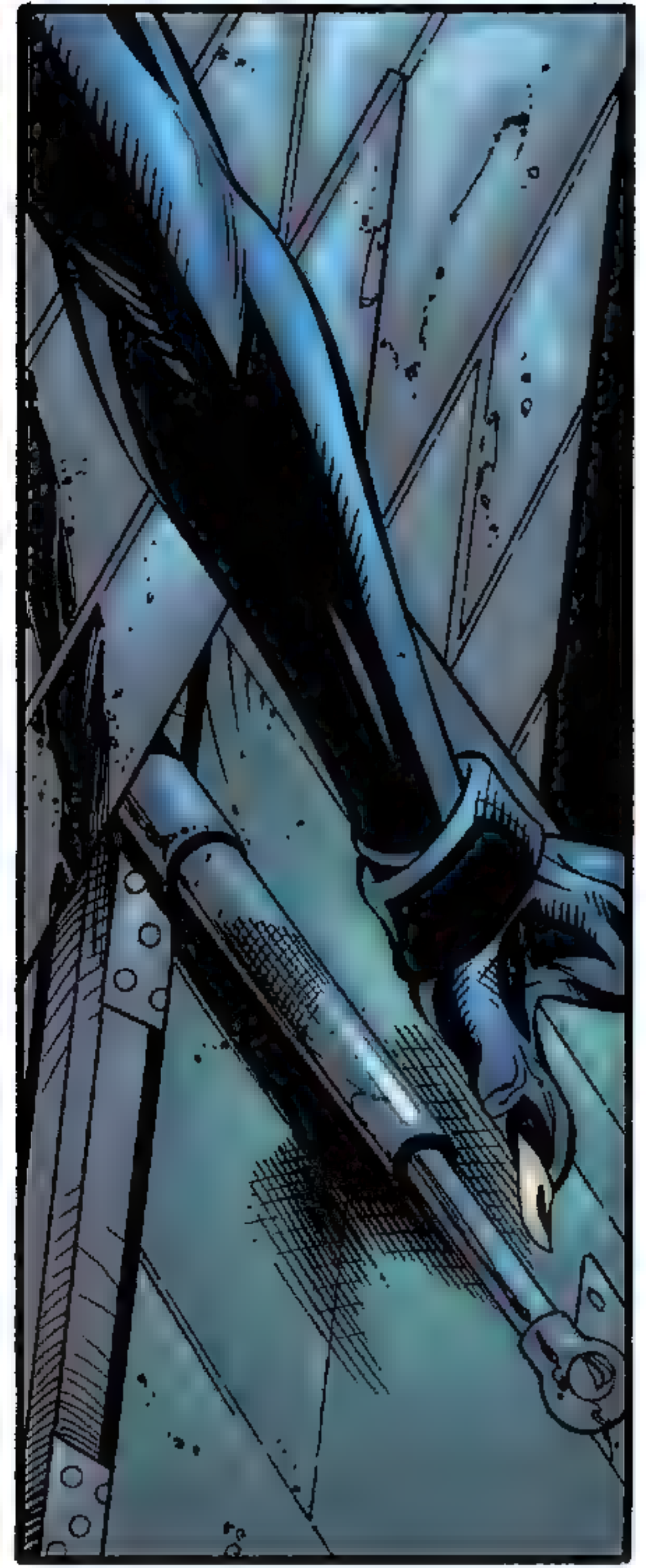
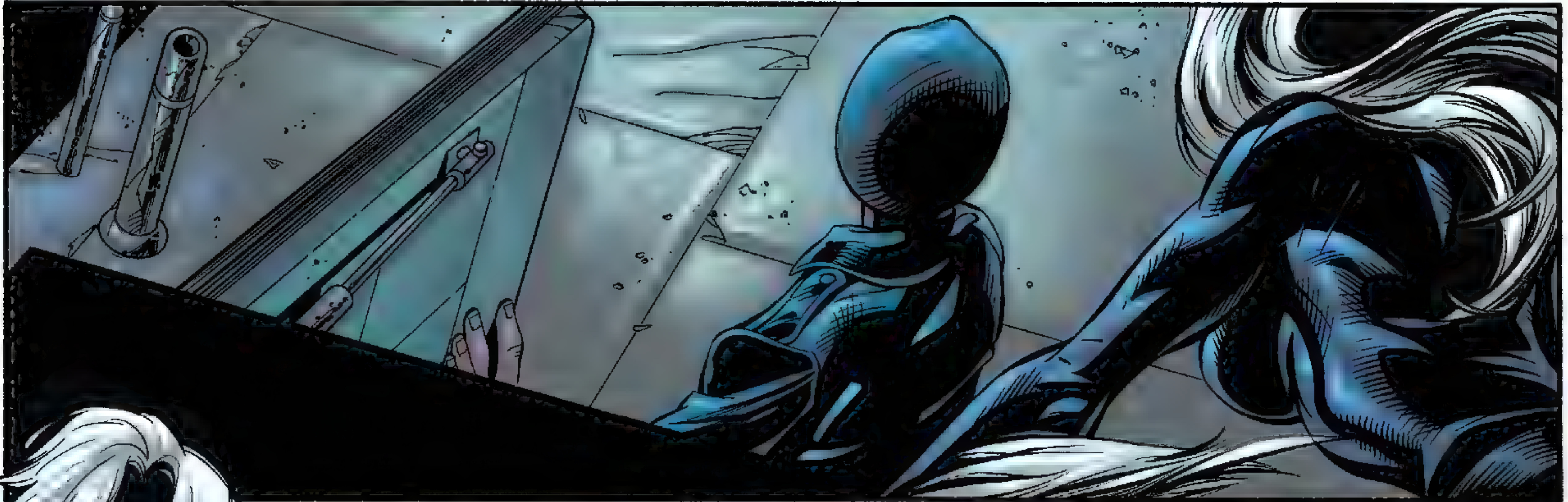
**FIZZ FIZZ FIZZ FIZZ**



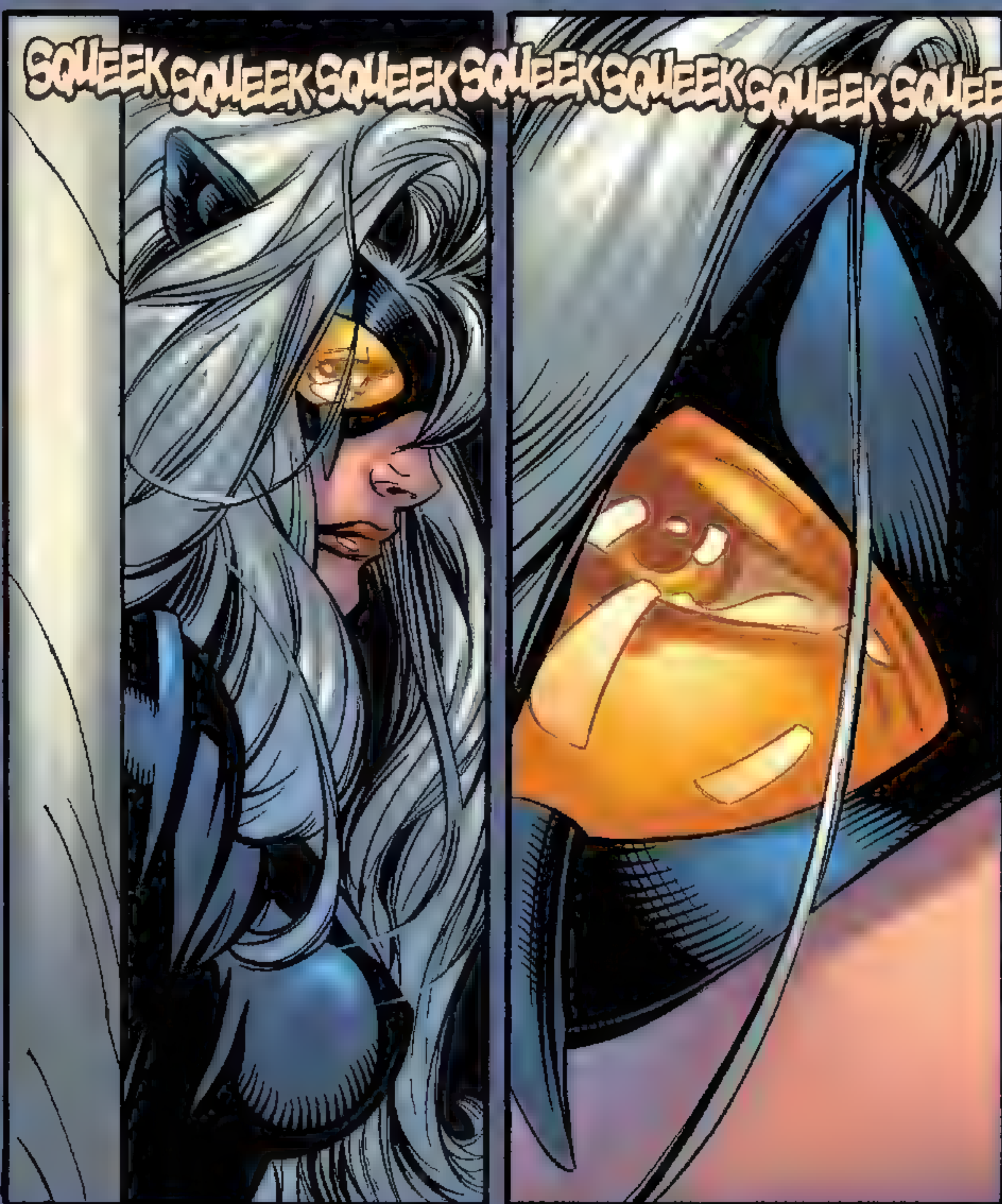
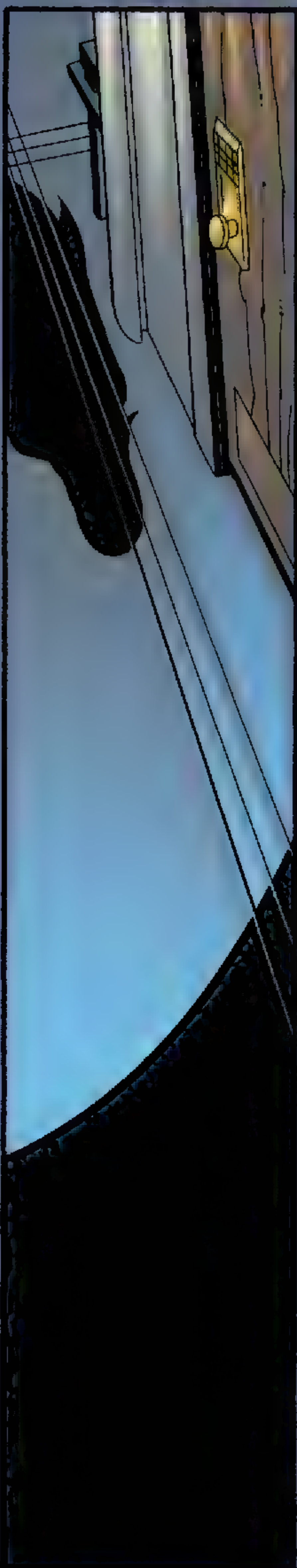
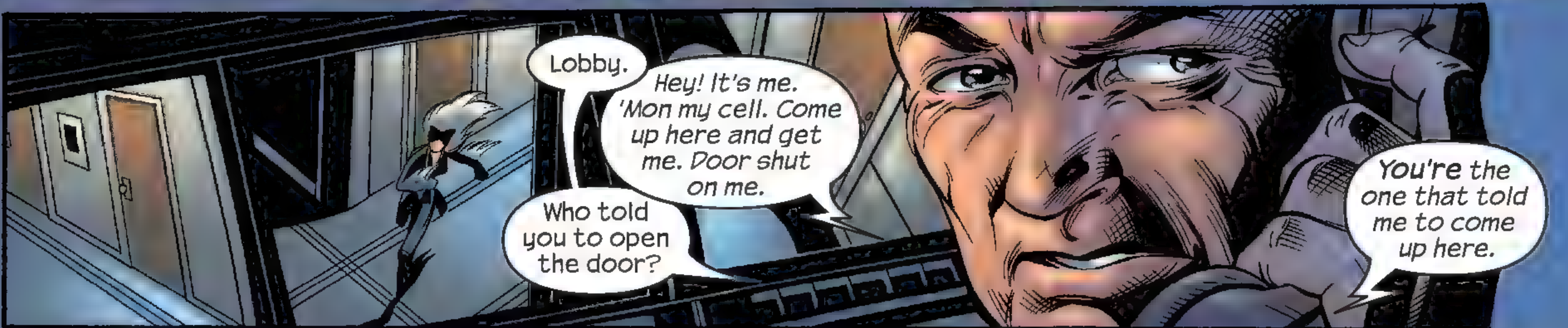
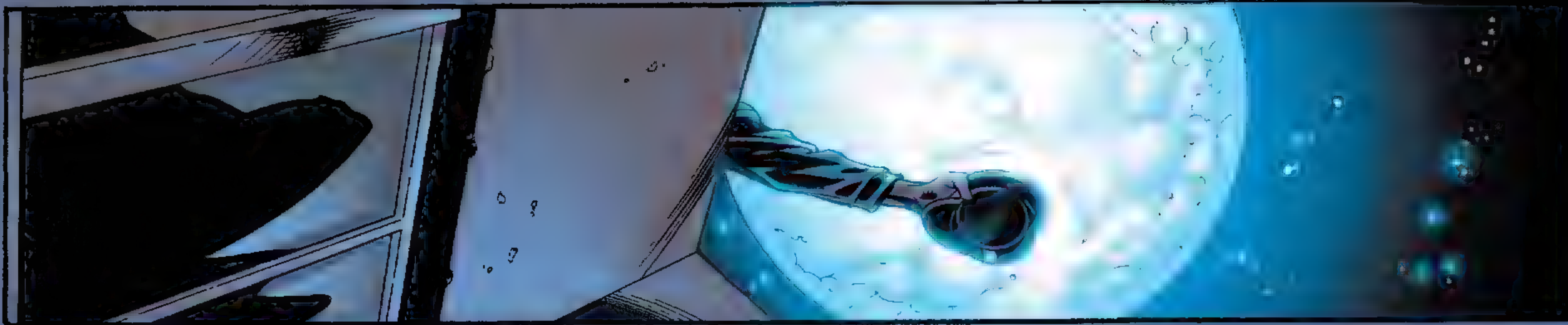








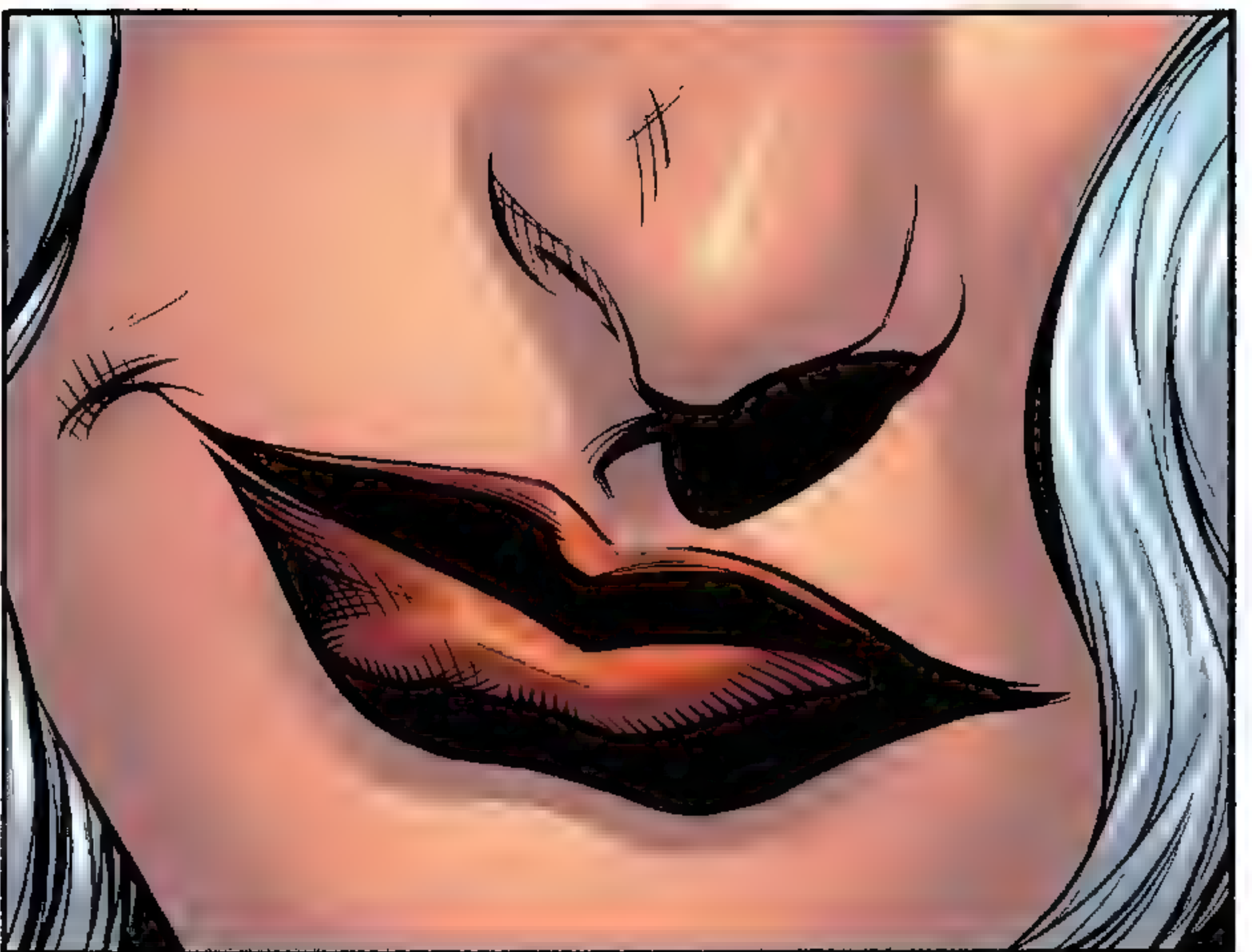
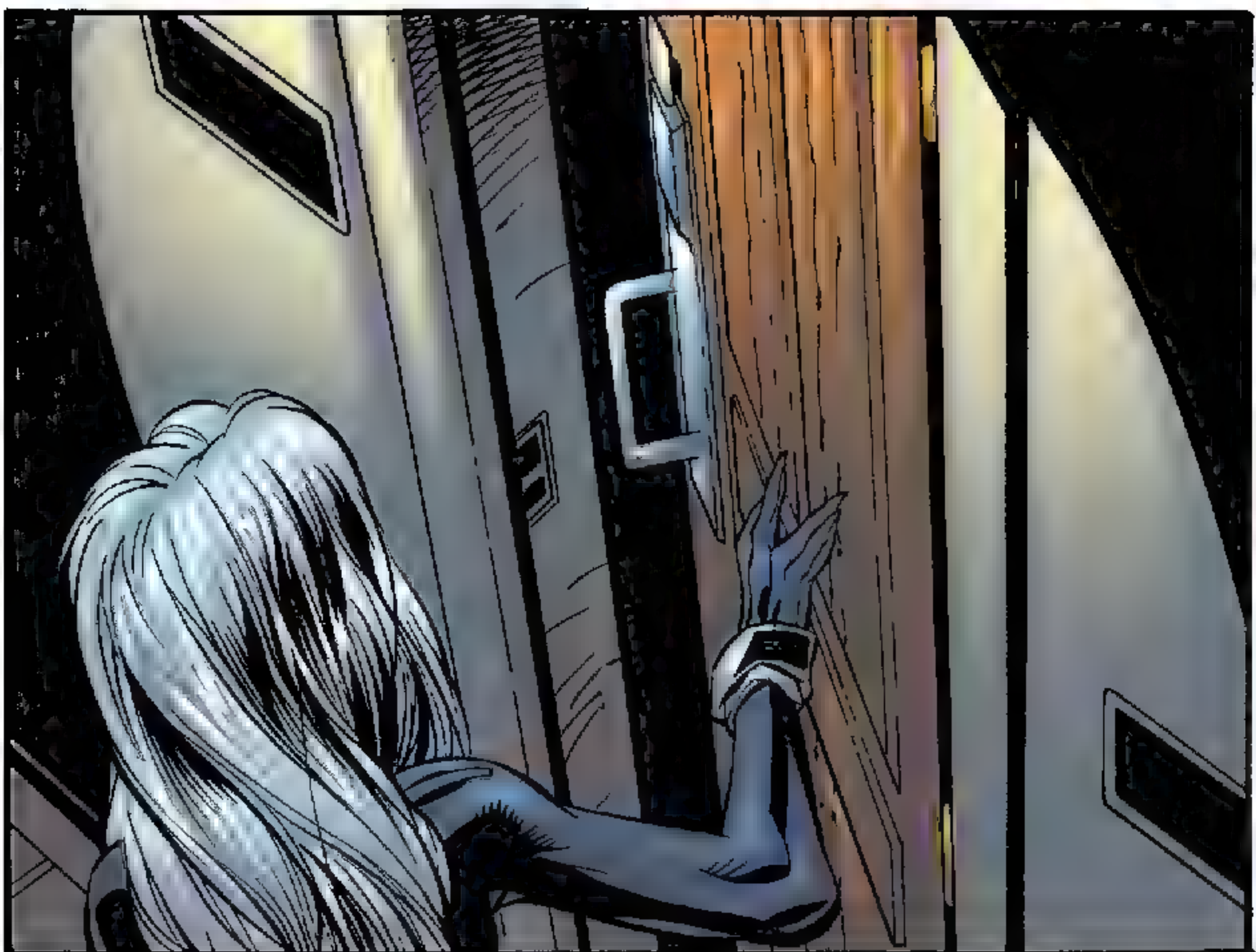
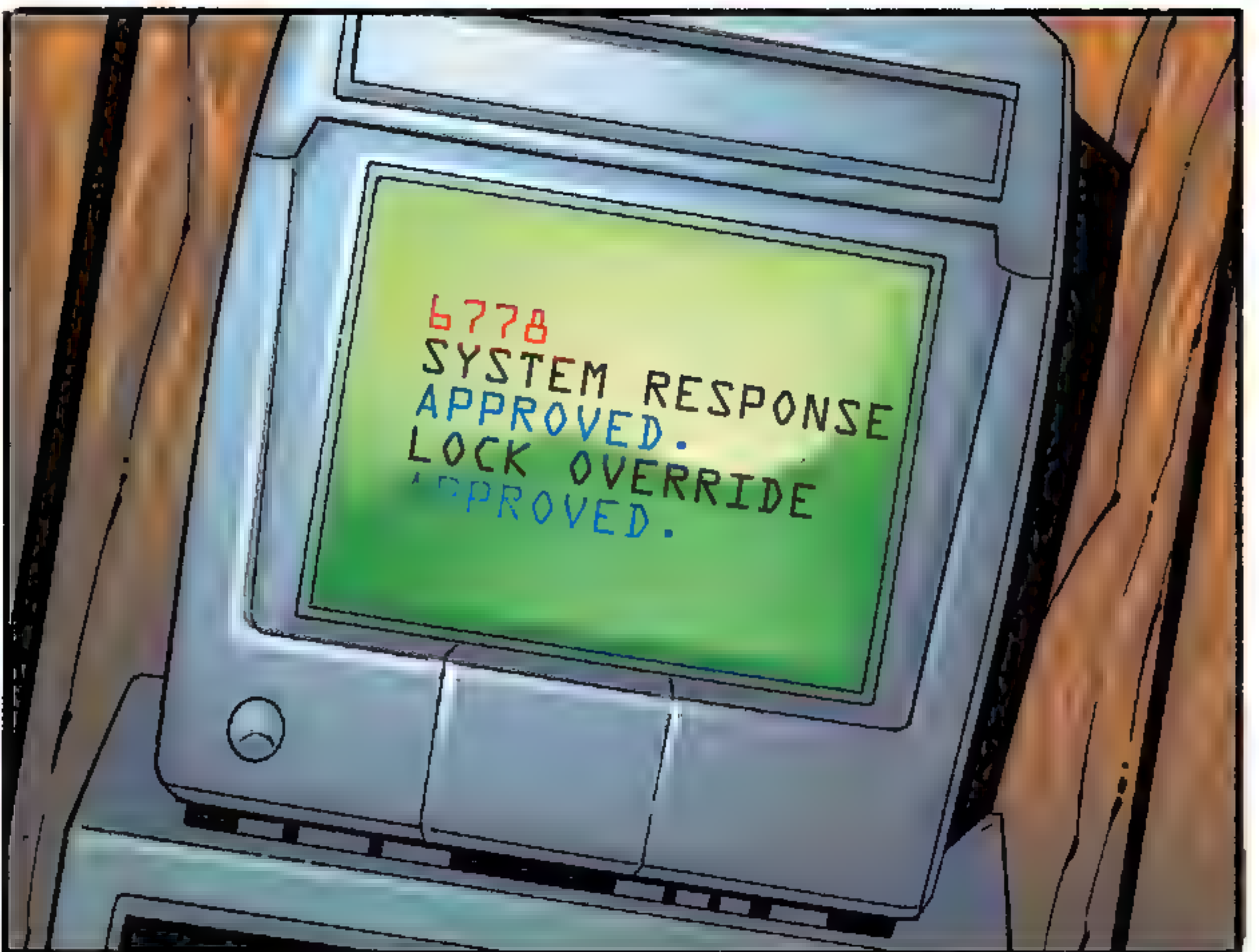
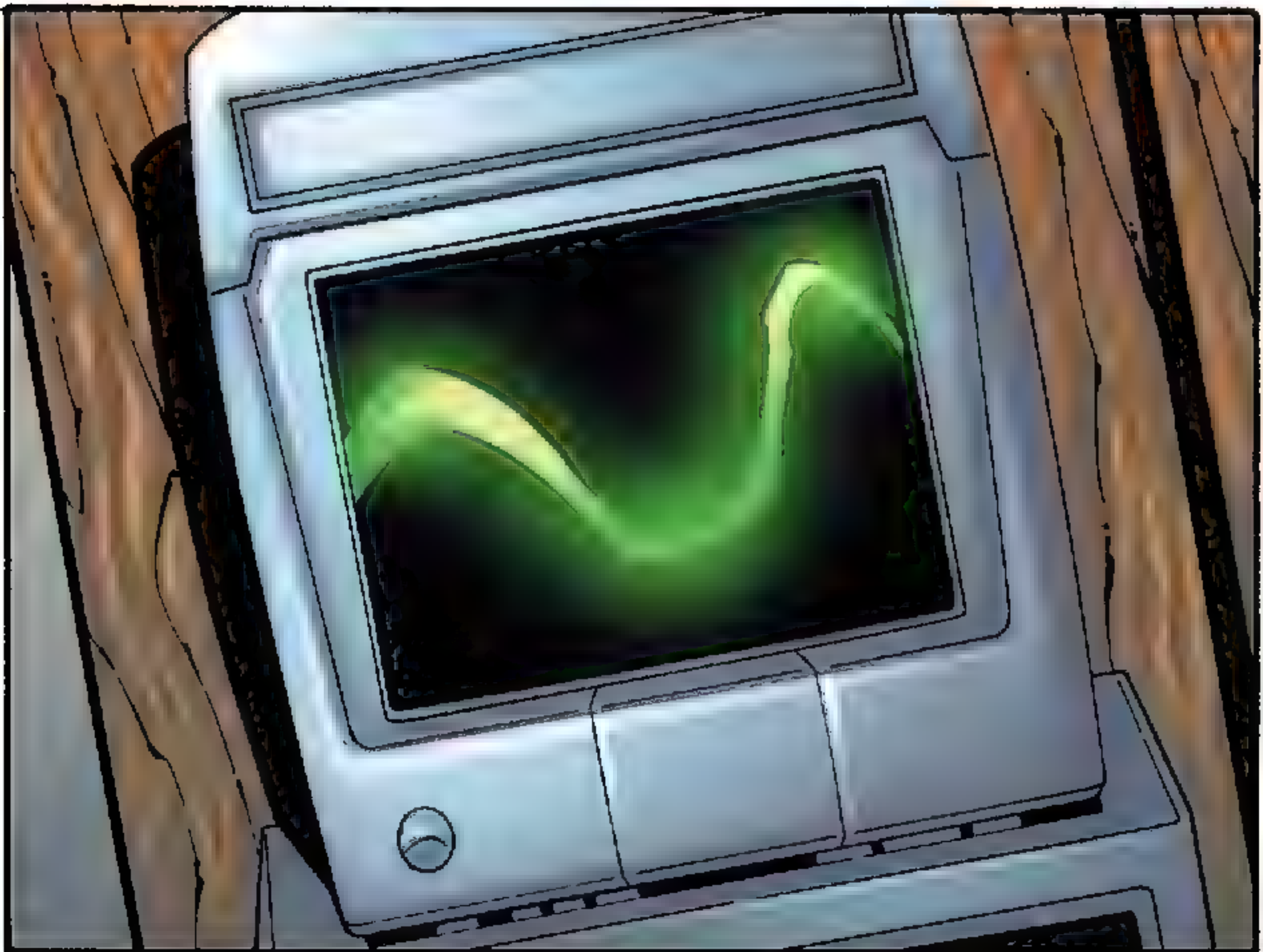
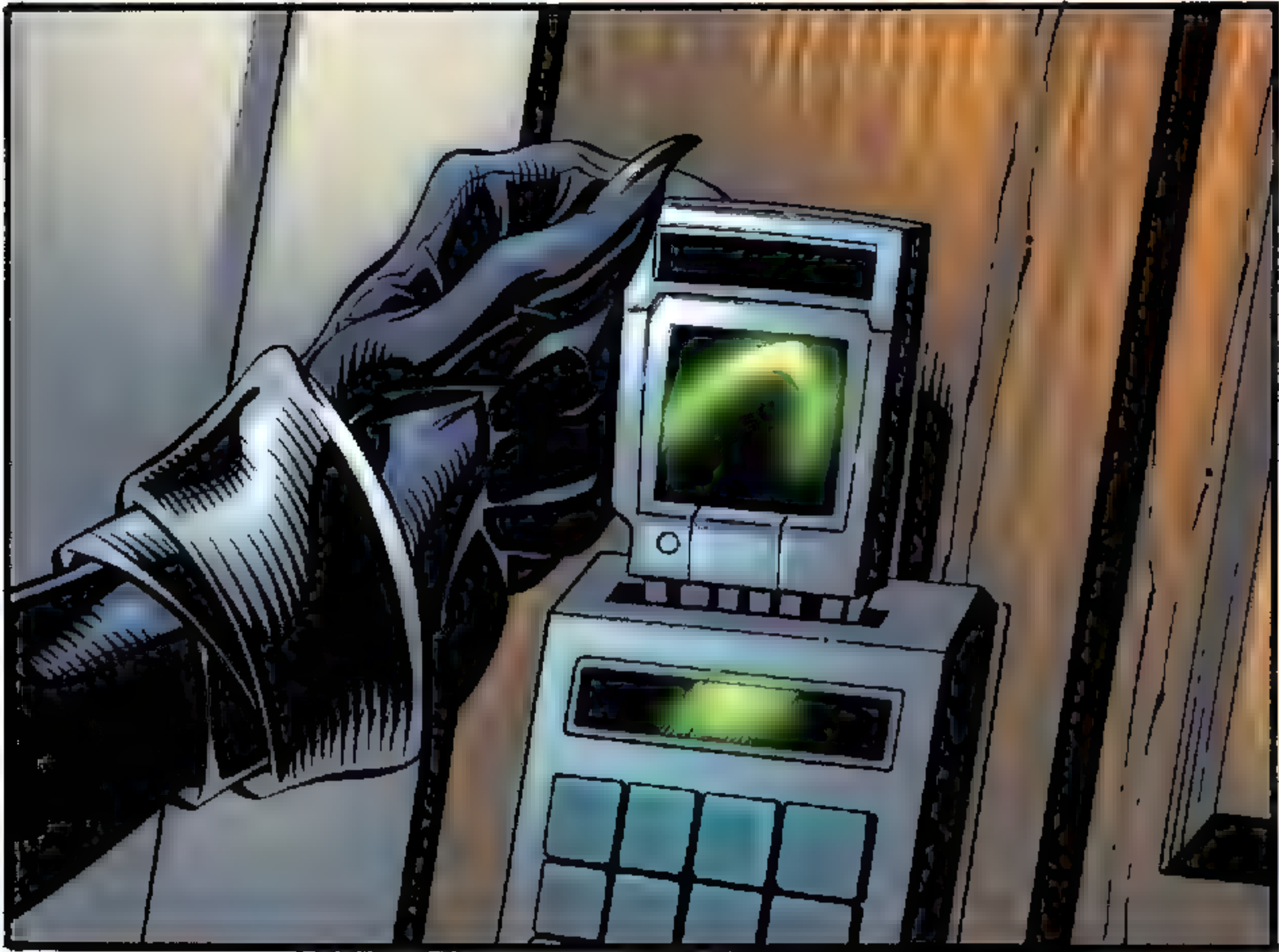
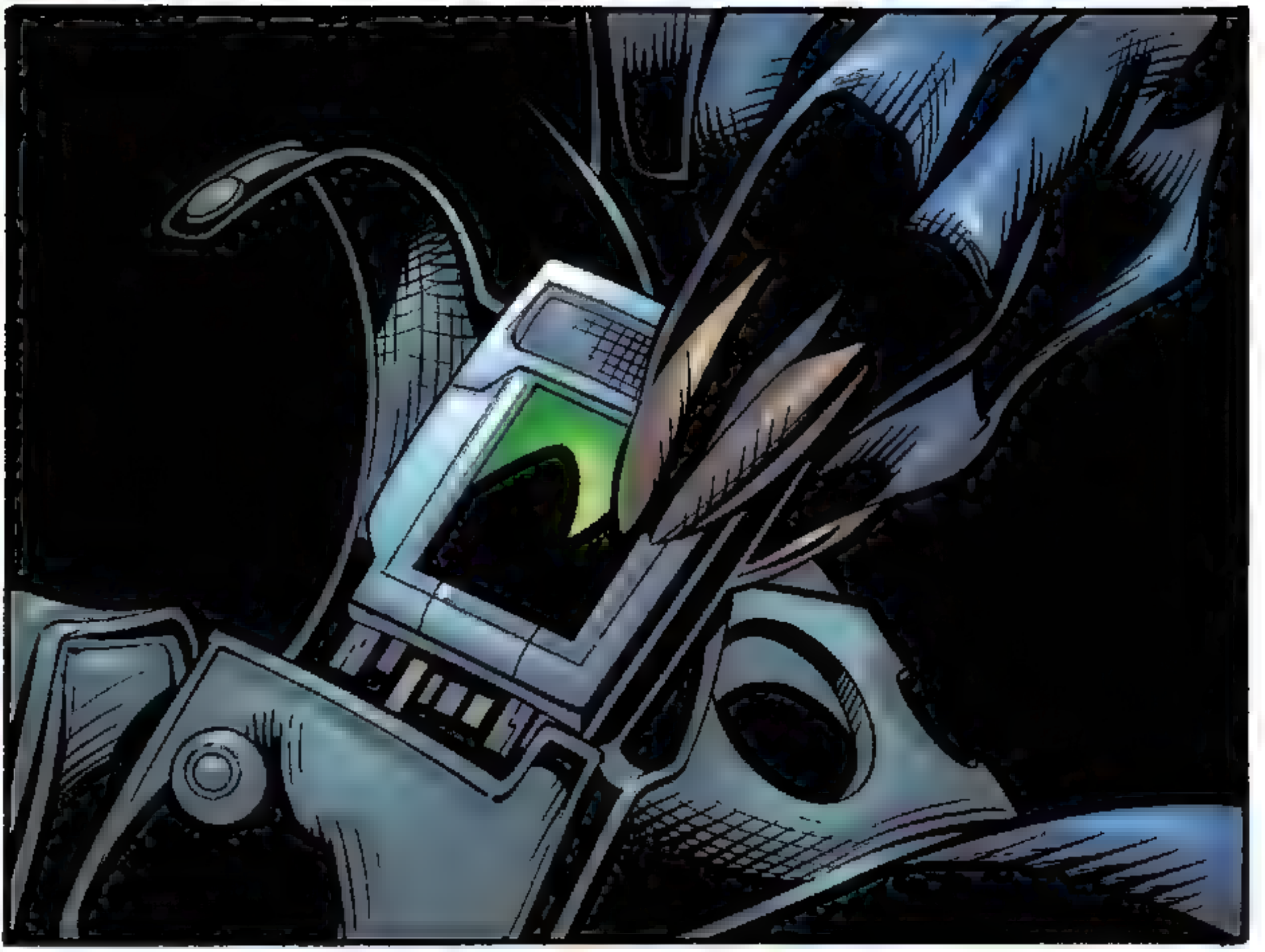




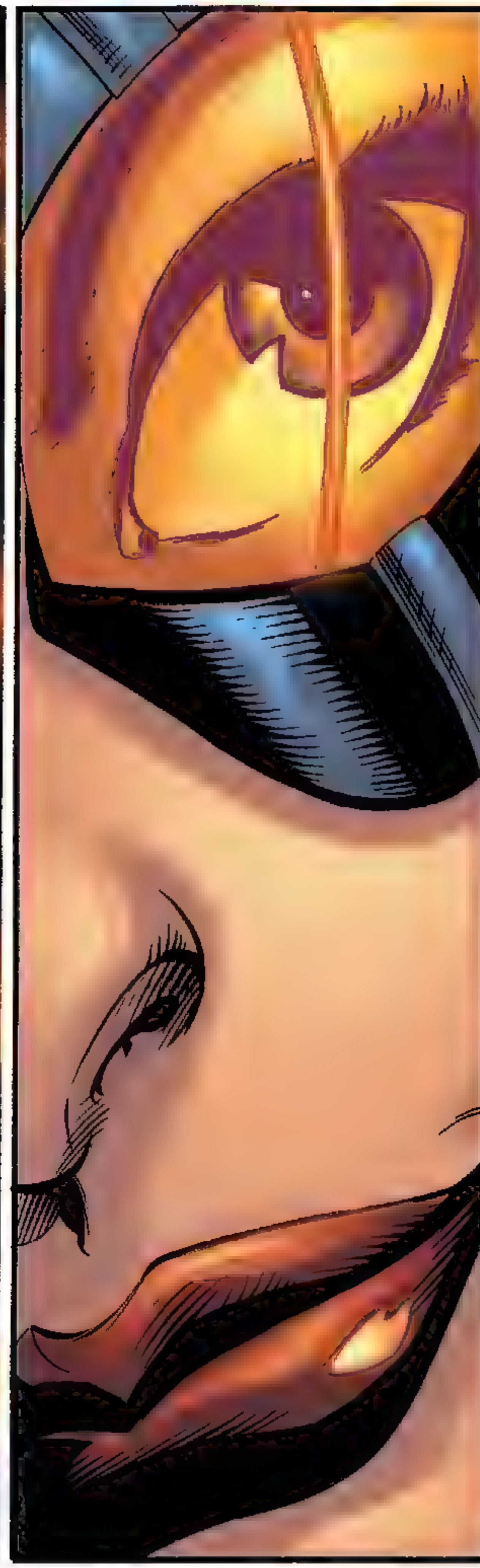
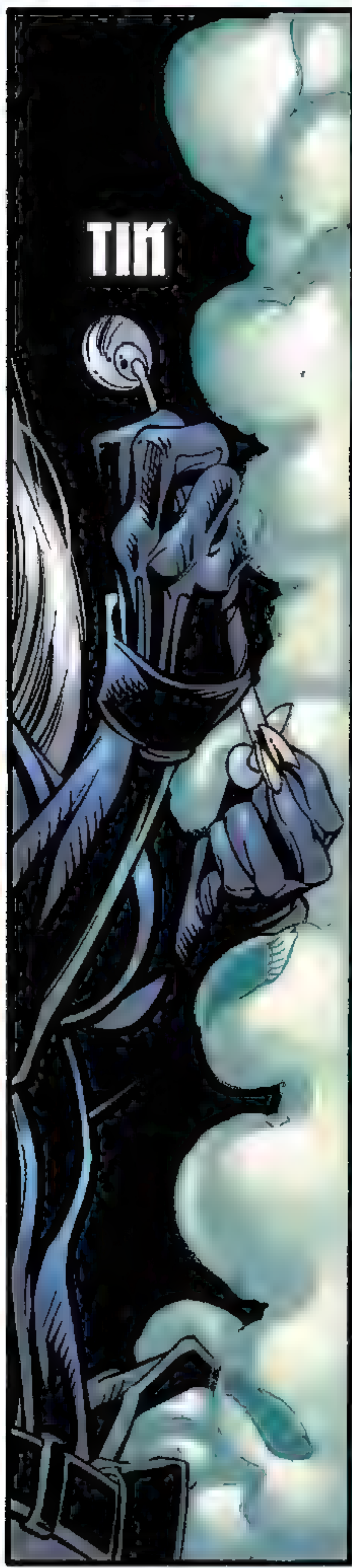
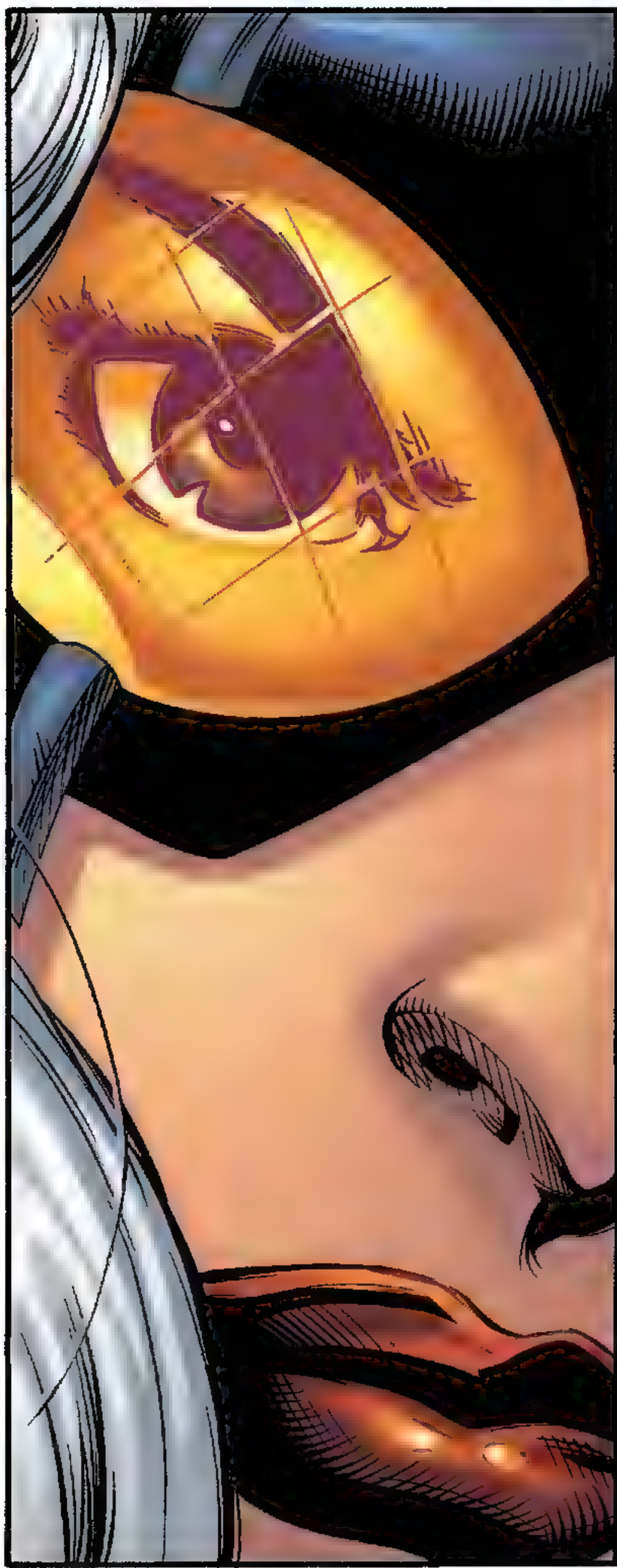
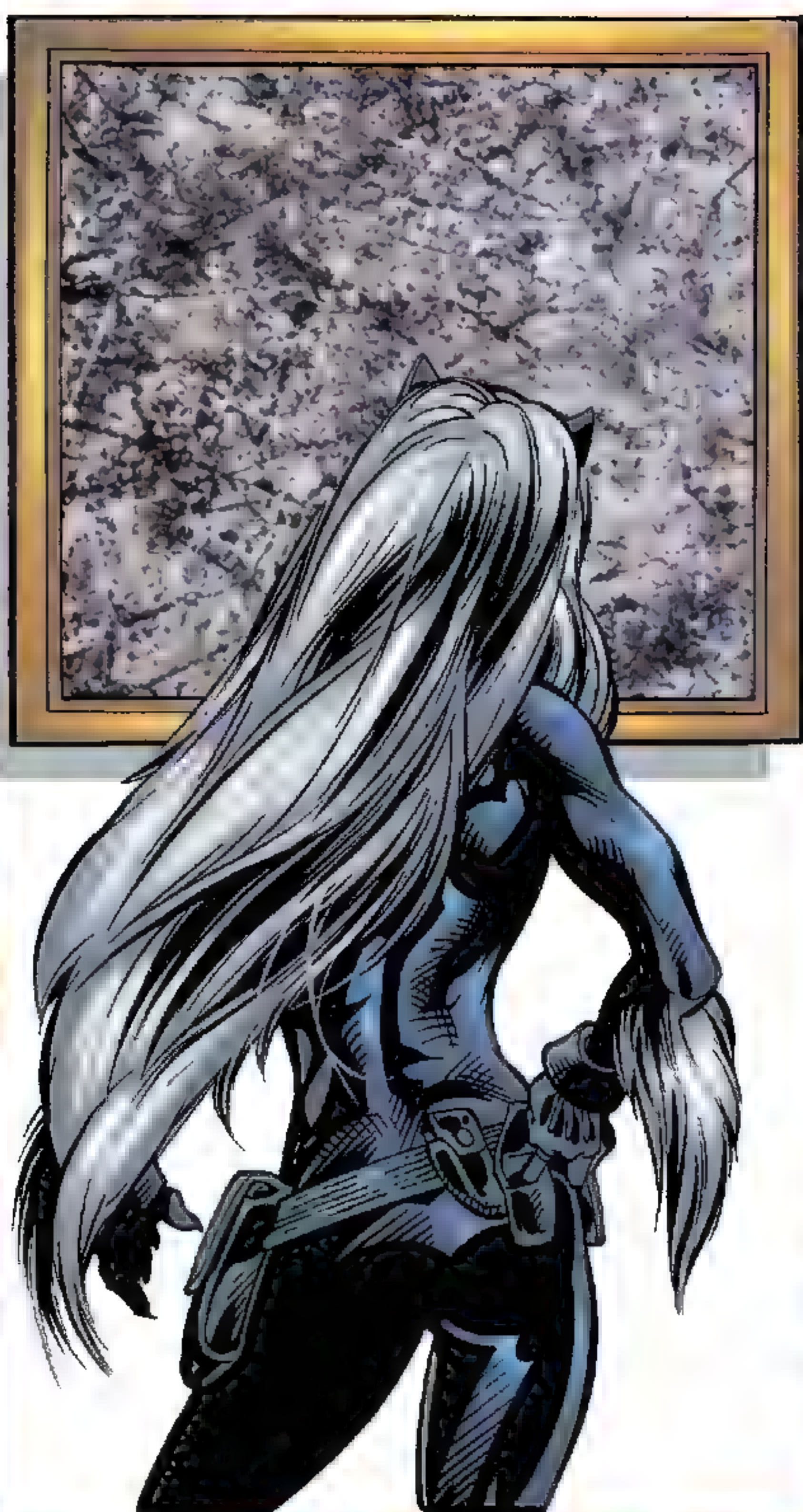
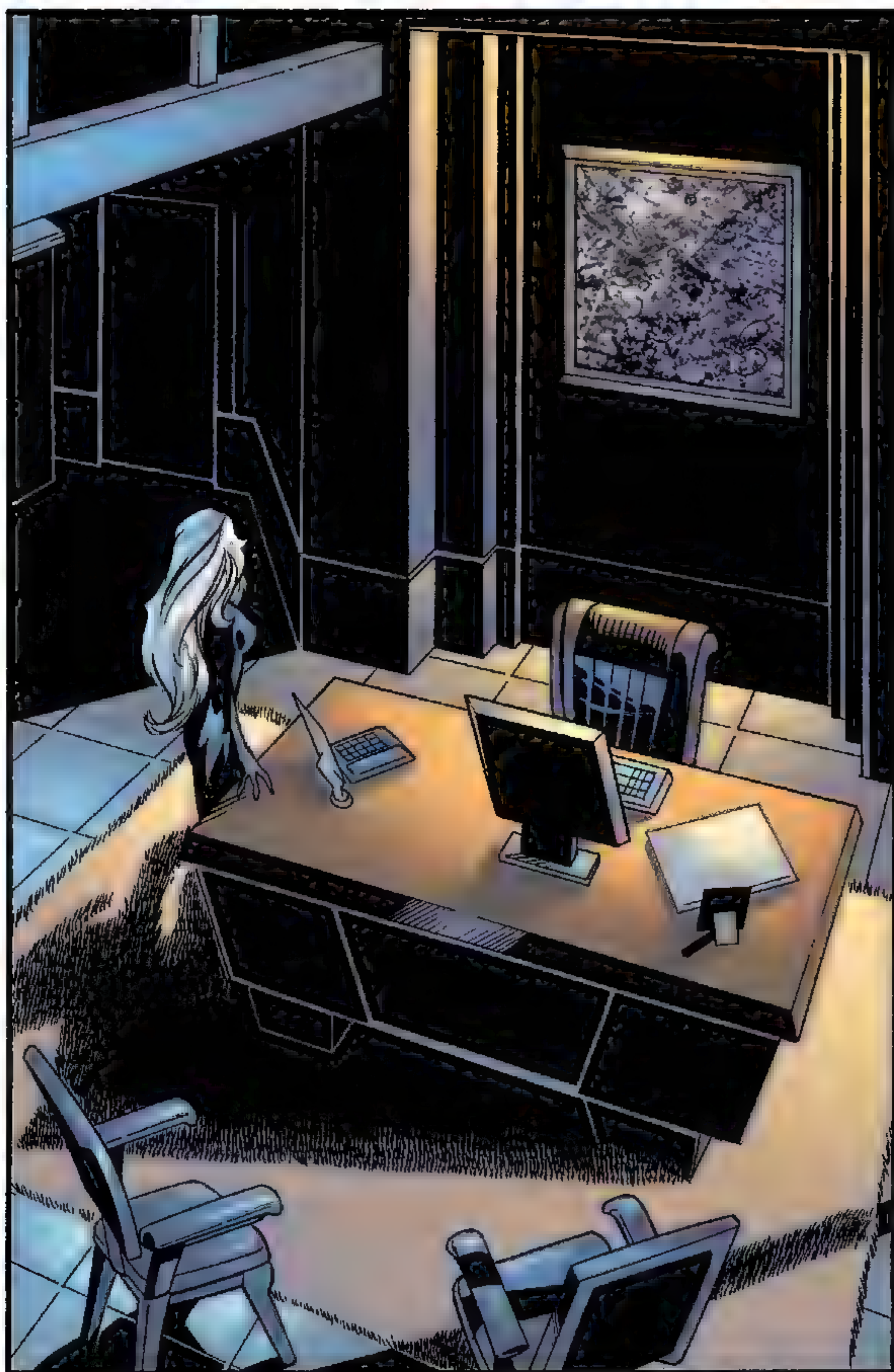




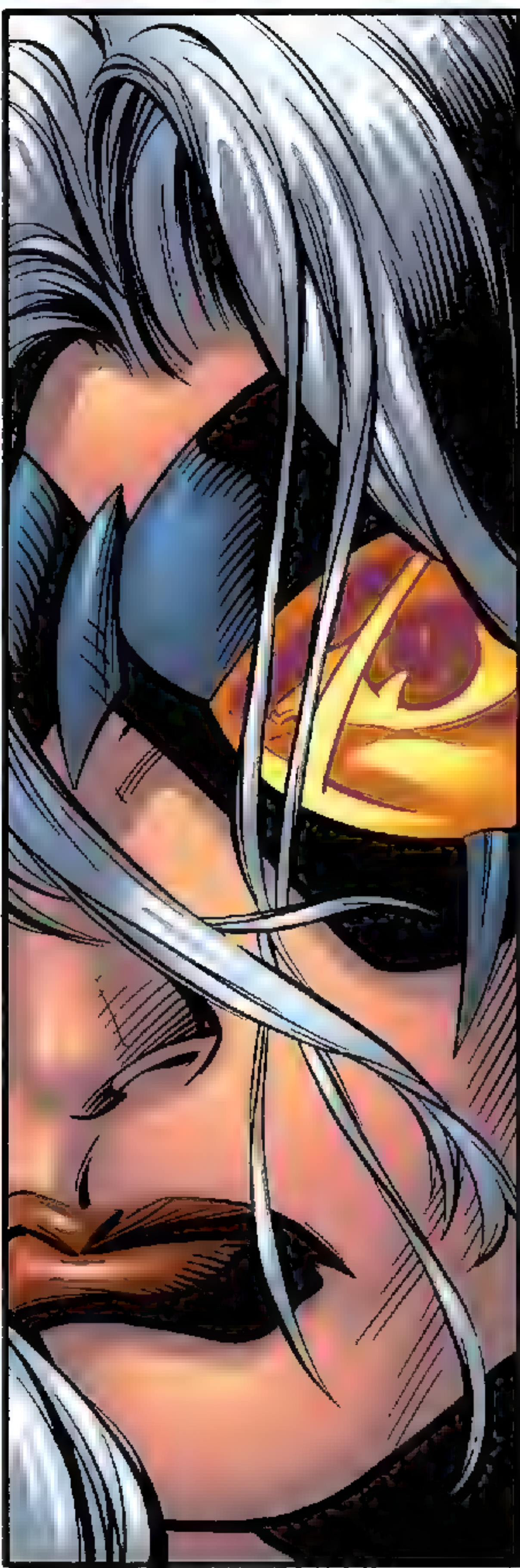
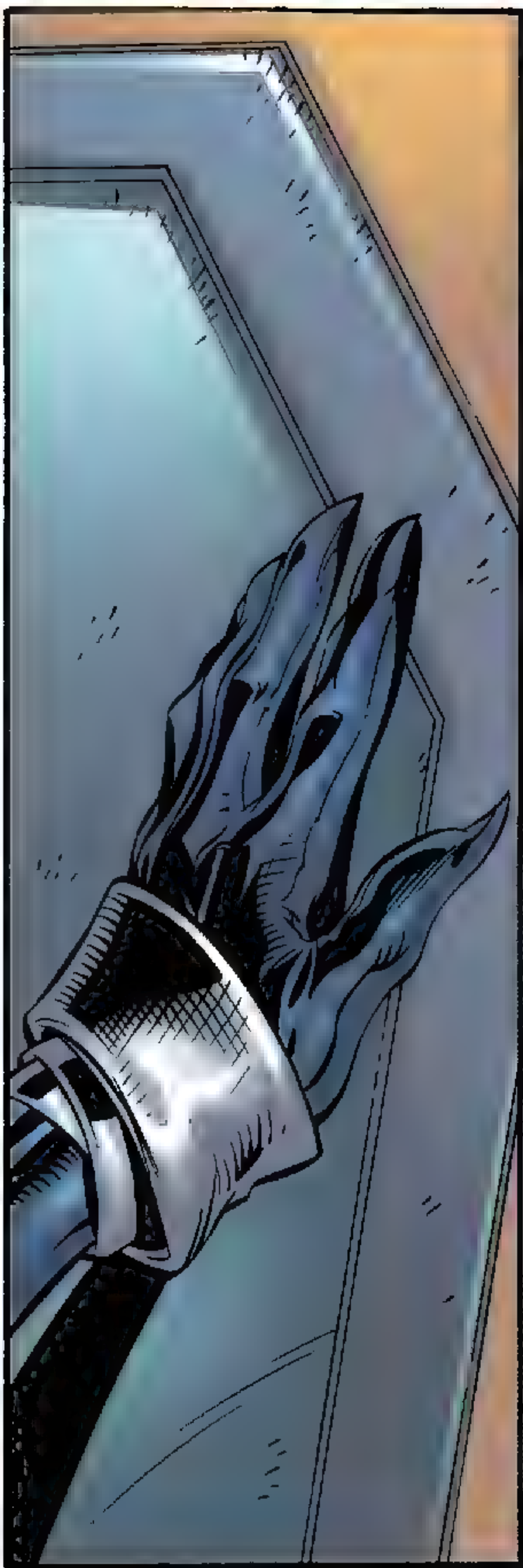
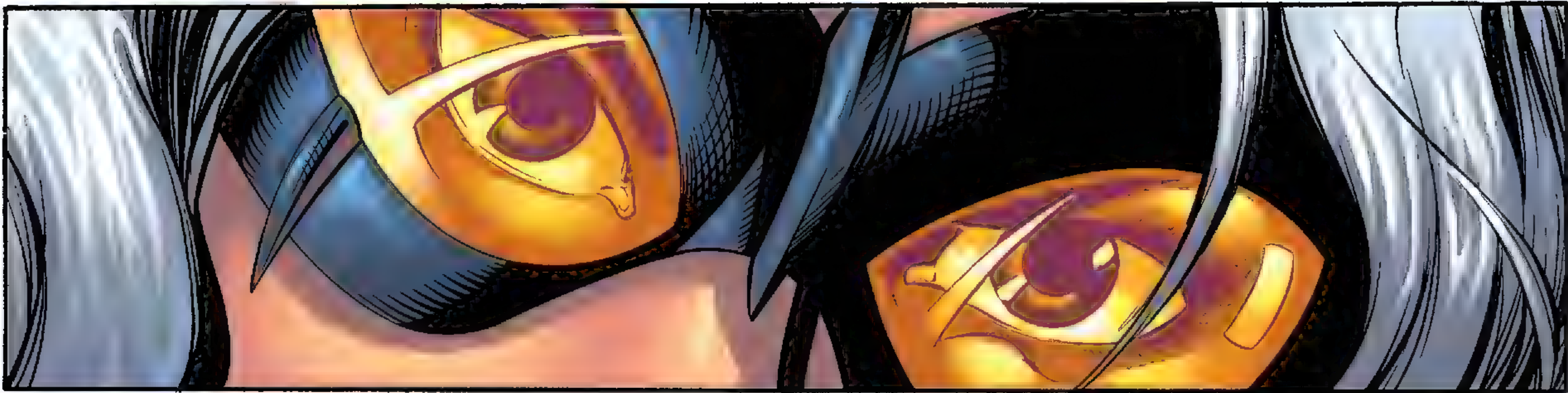
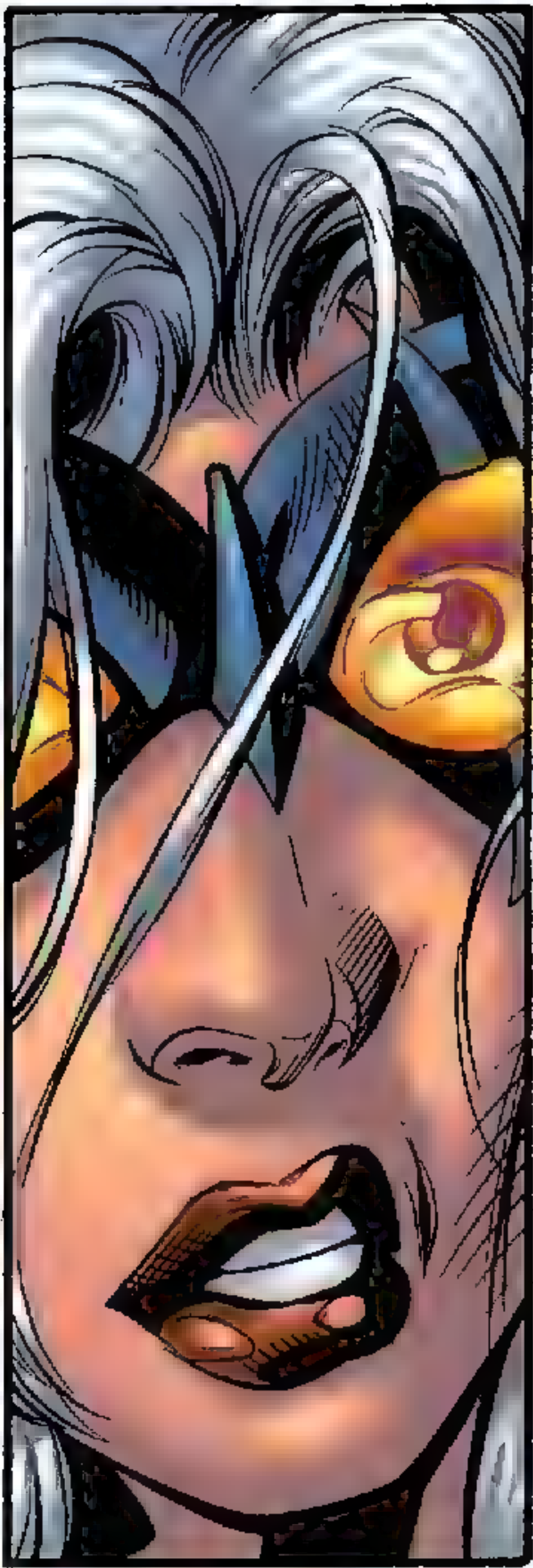
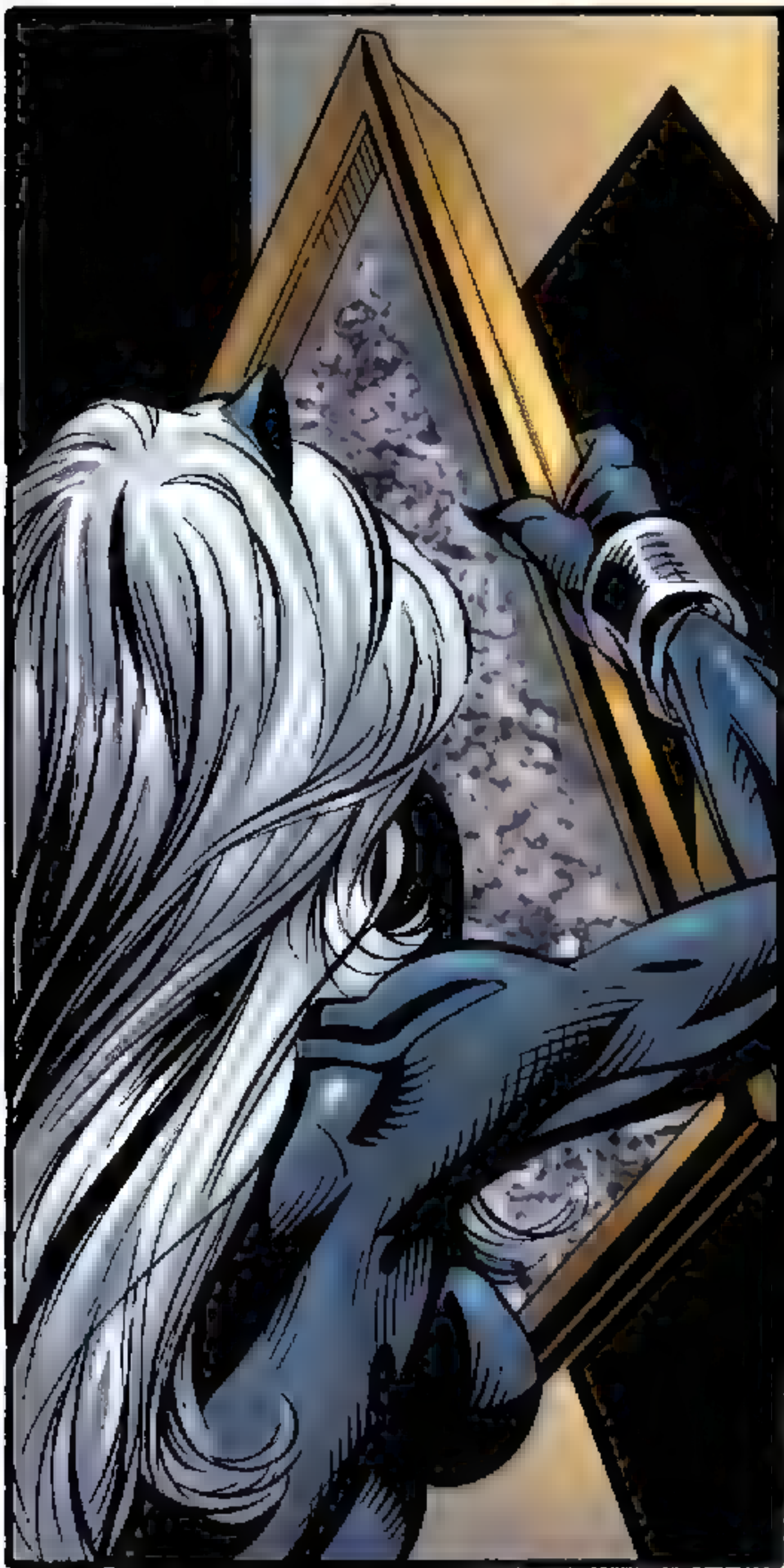




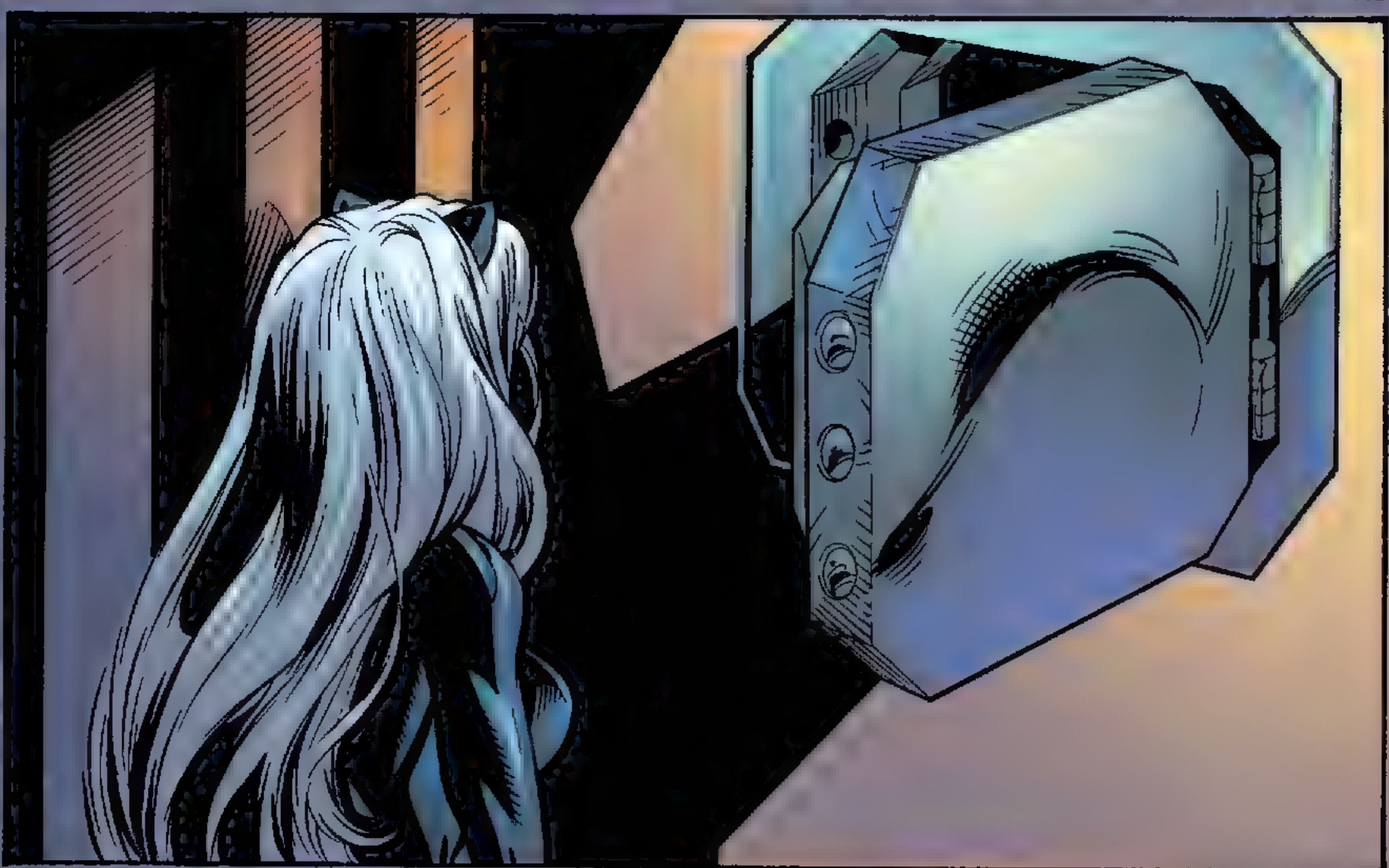
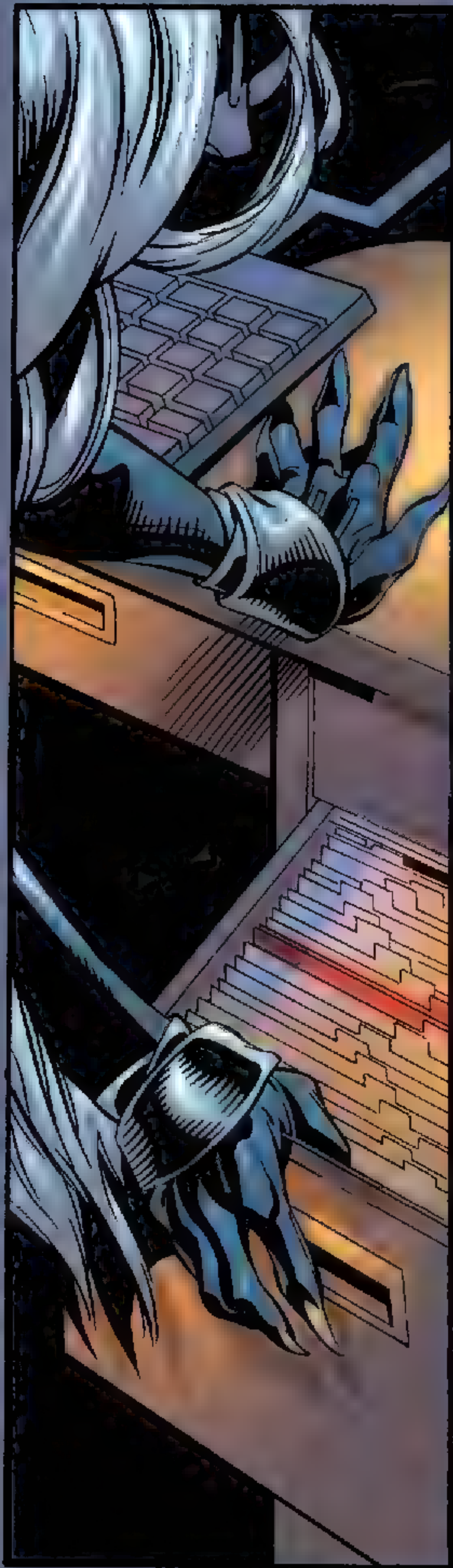




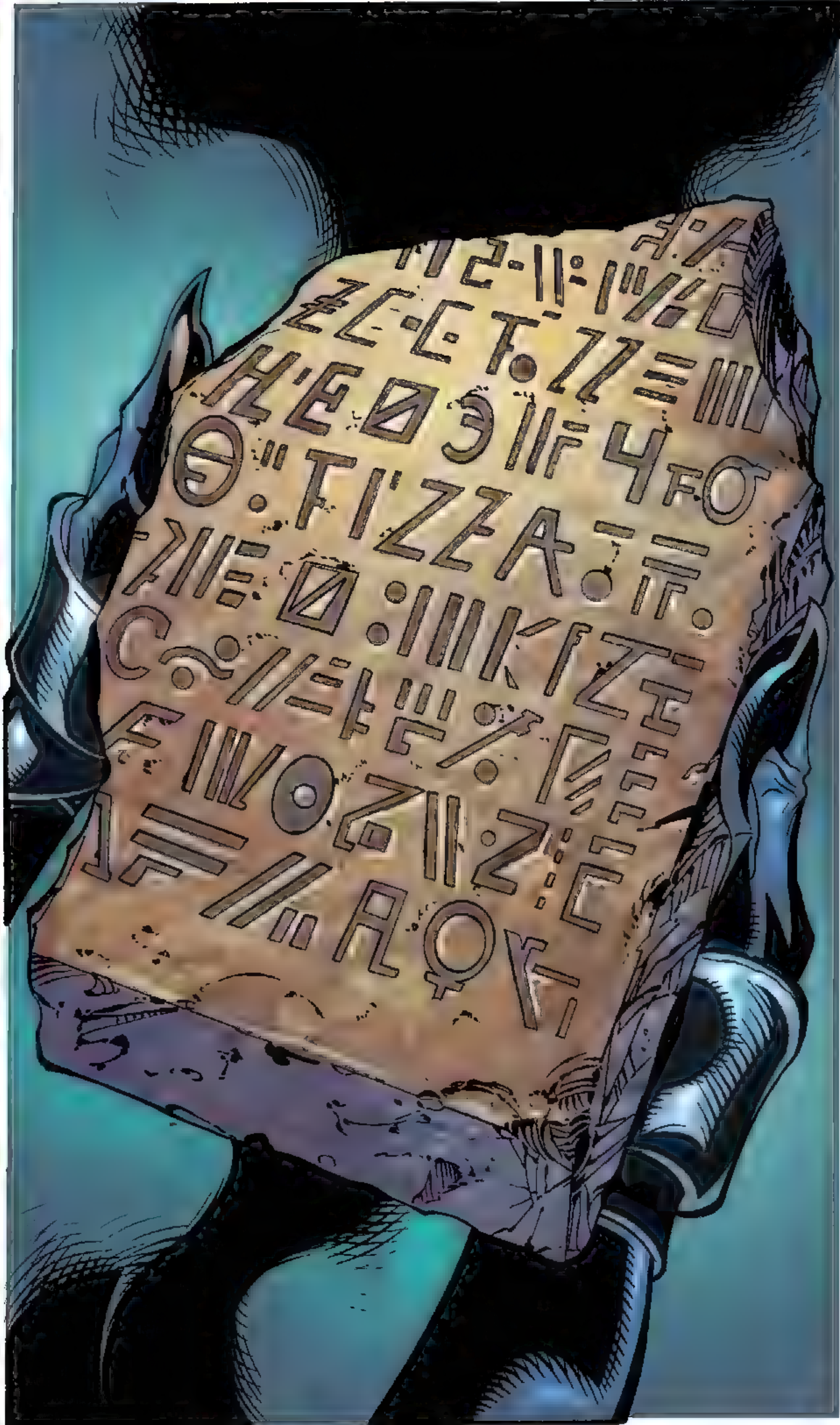
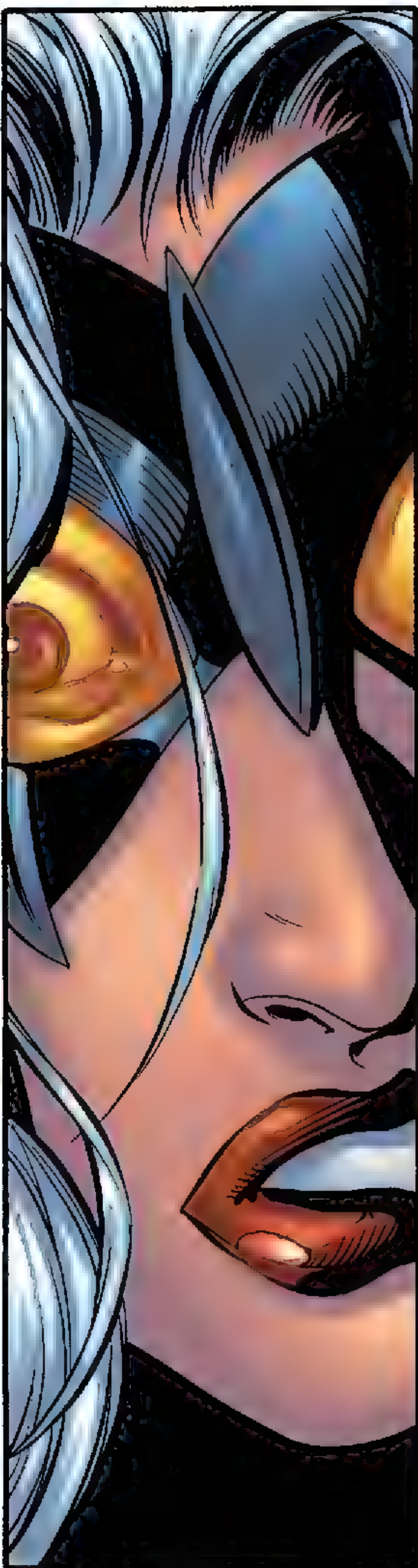
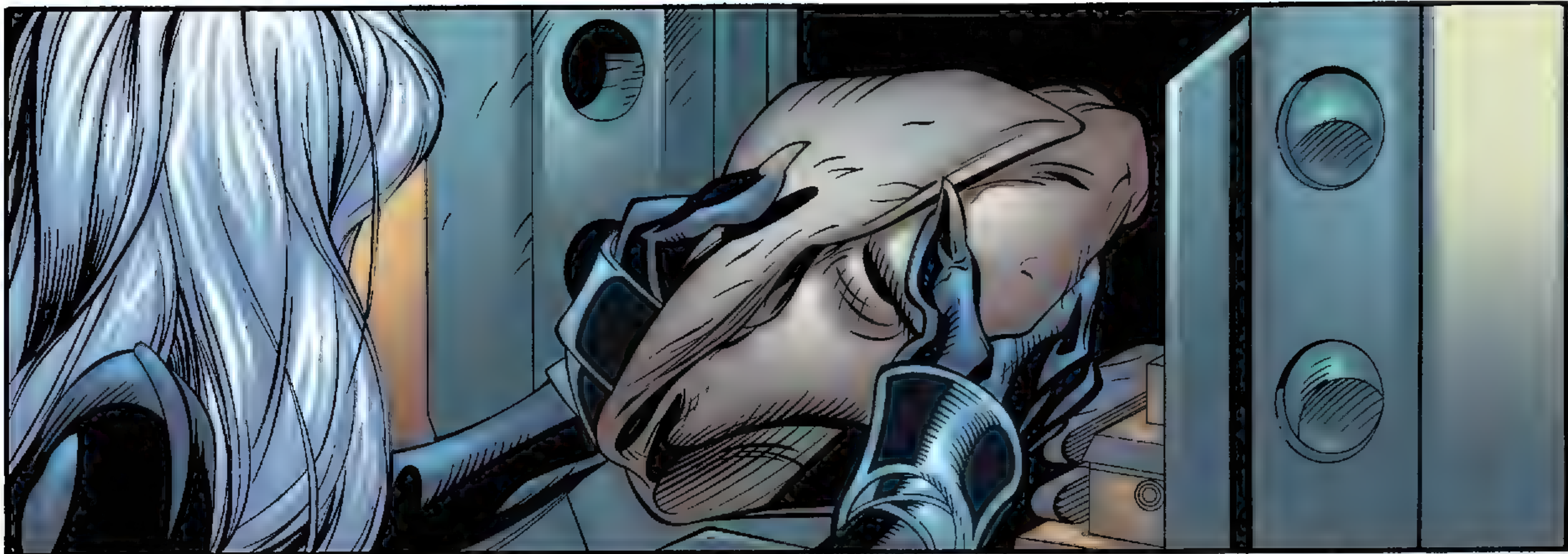








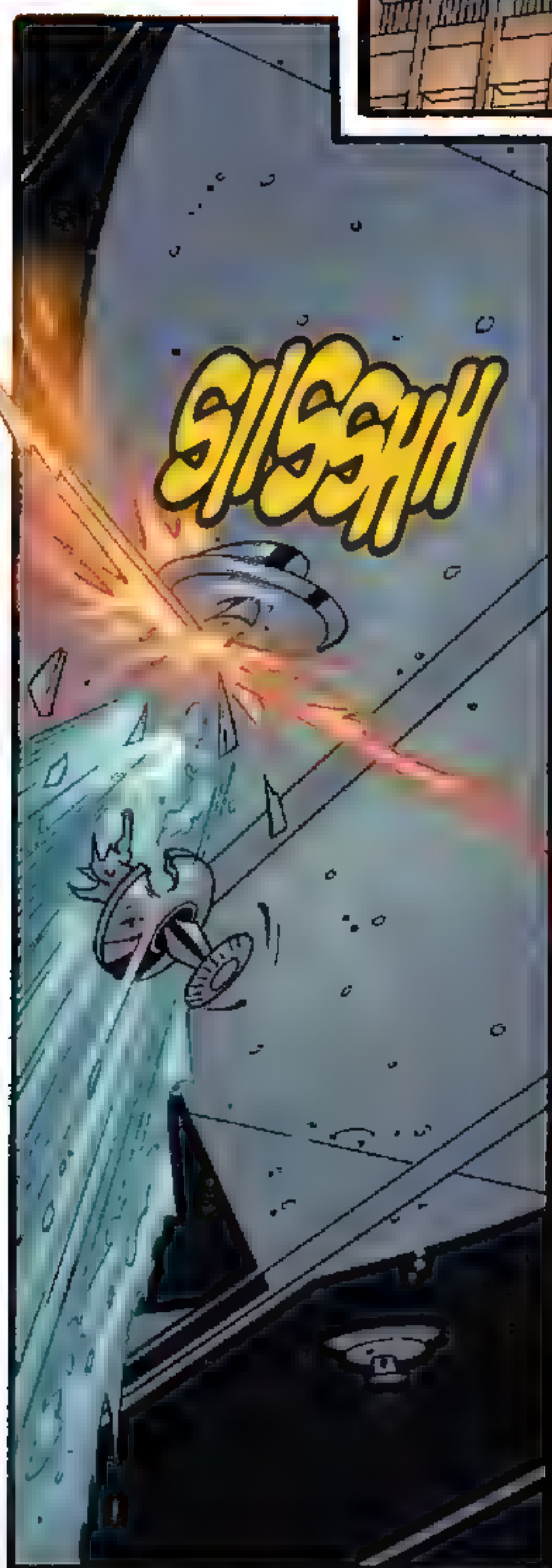




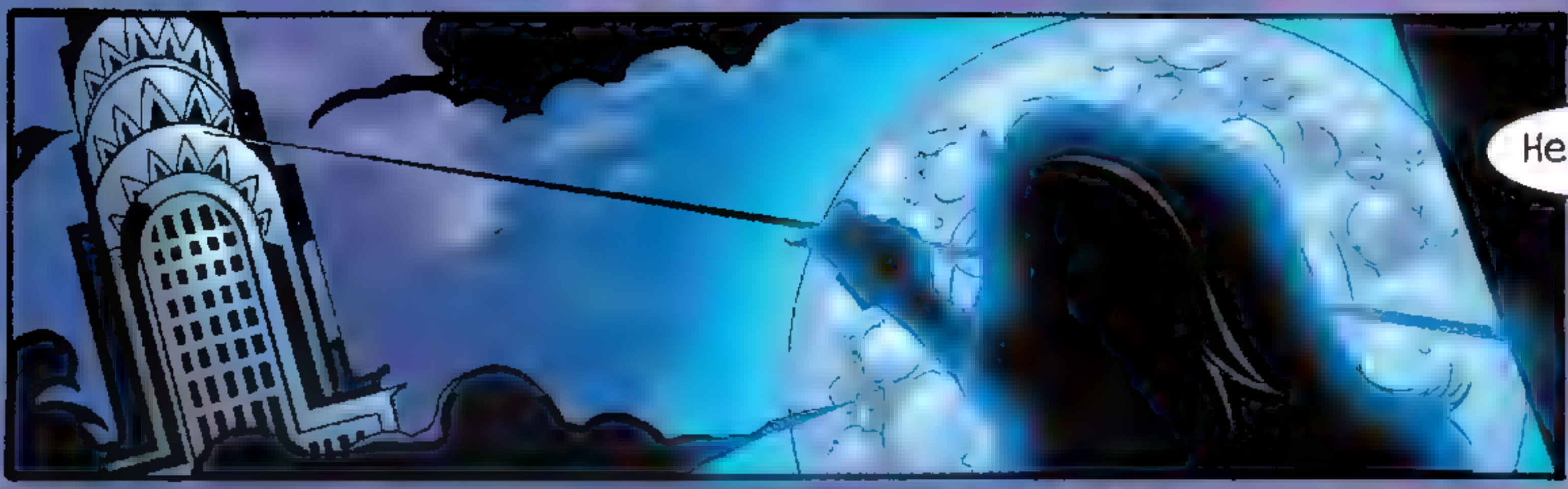












Hey, uh...

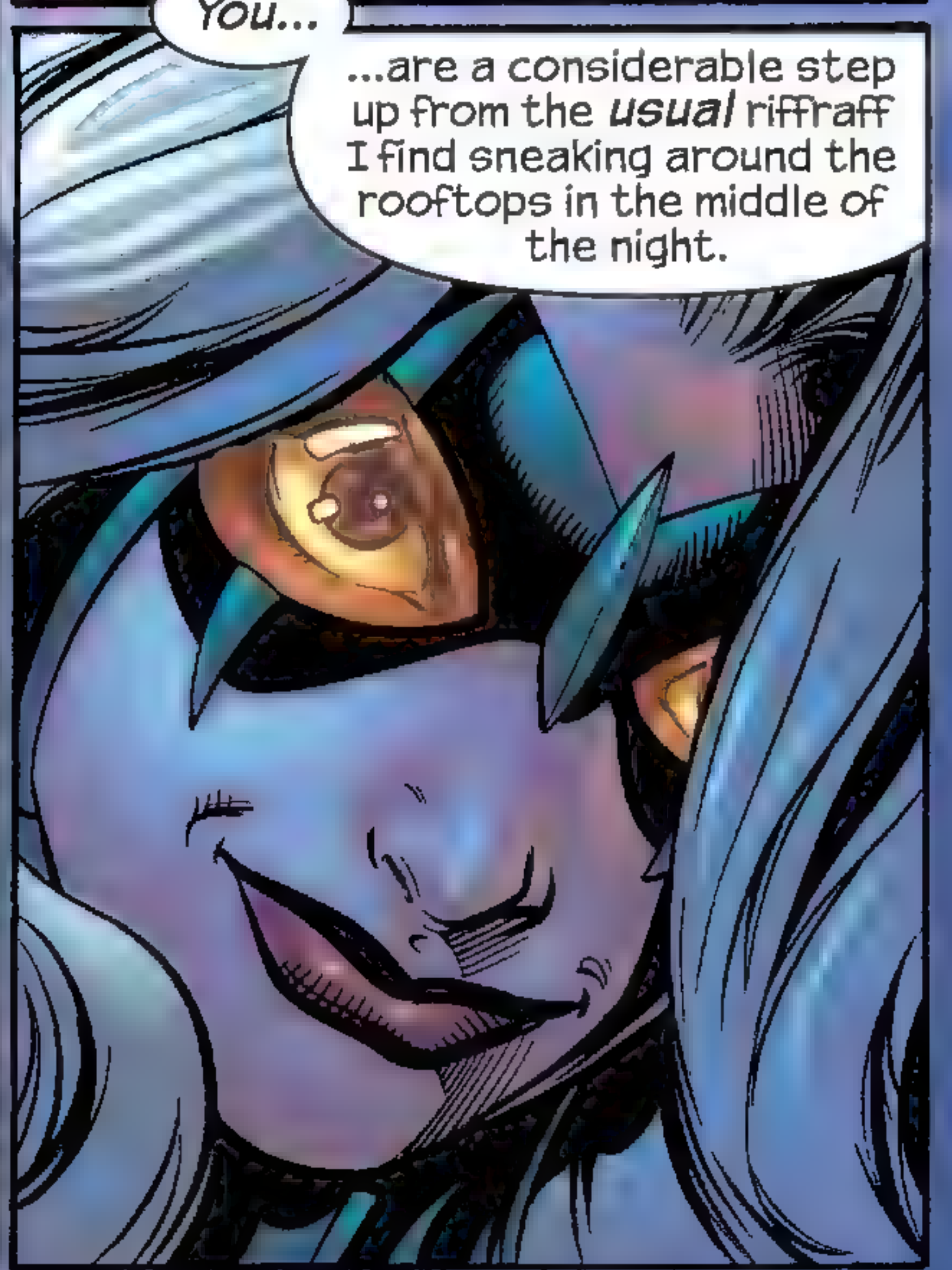
...what exactly are you doing?



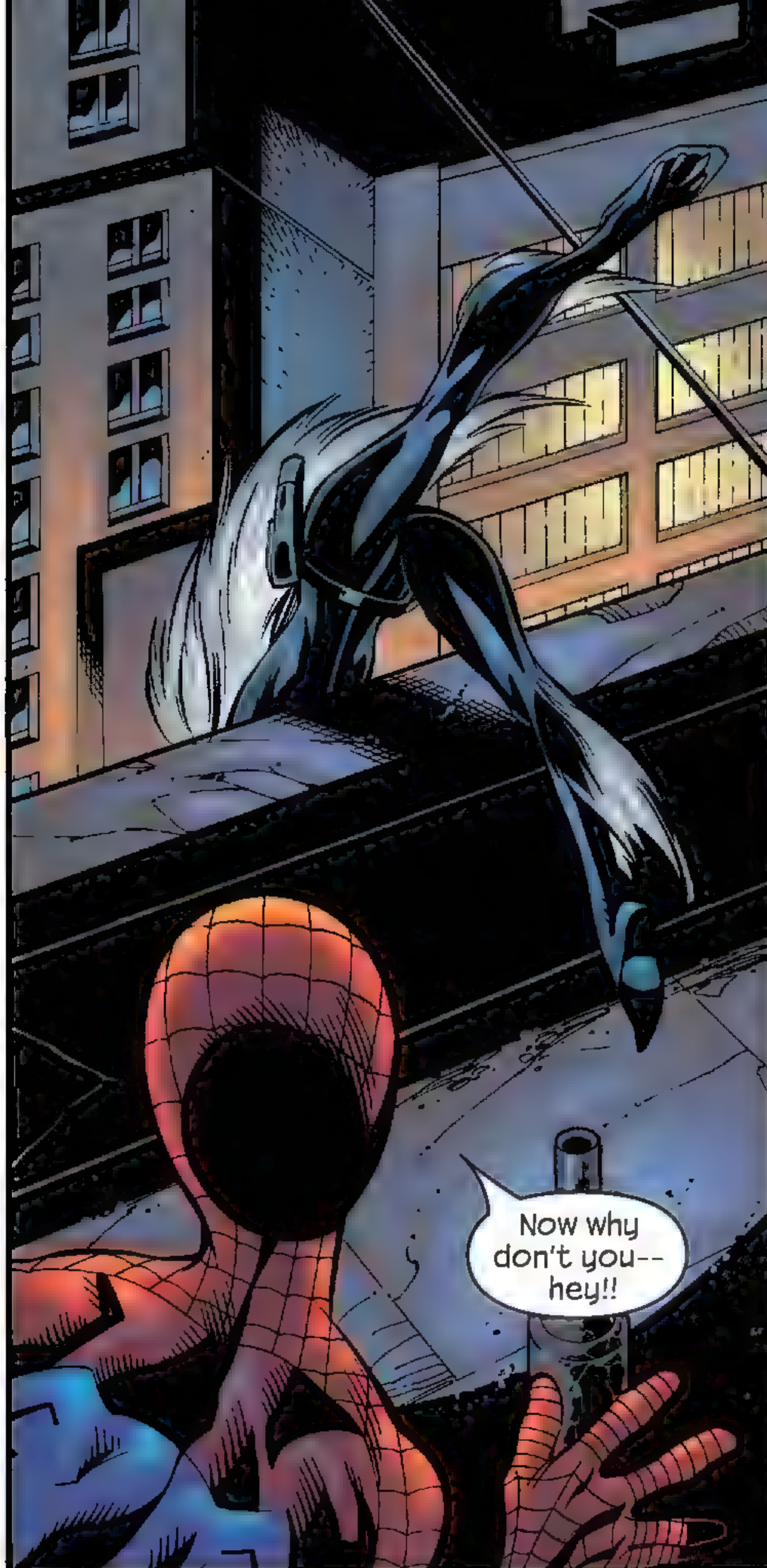
(Wow..)

You...

...are a considerable step up from the *usual* riffraff I find sneaking around the rooftops in the middle of the night.



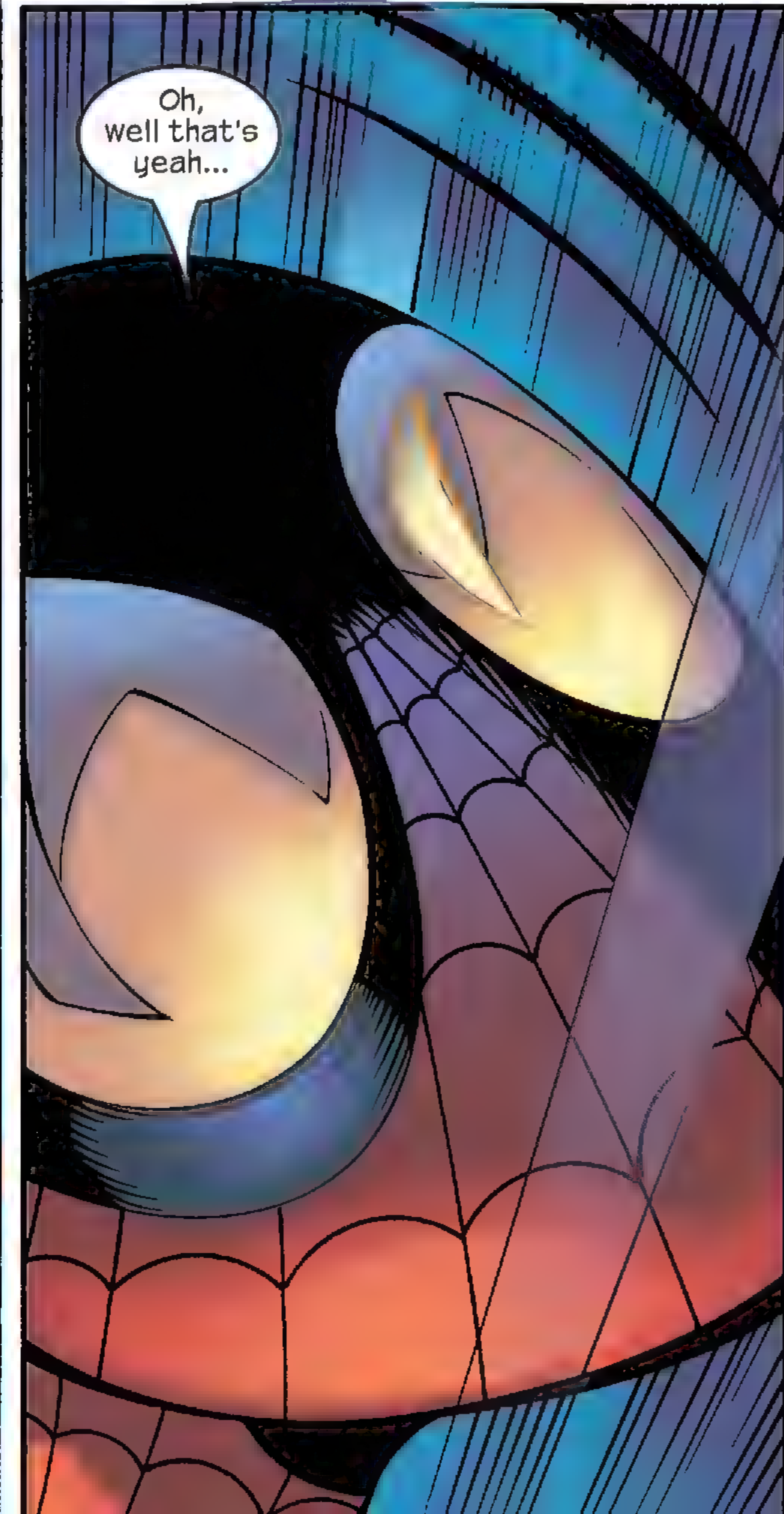
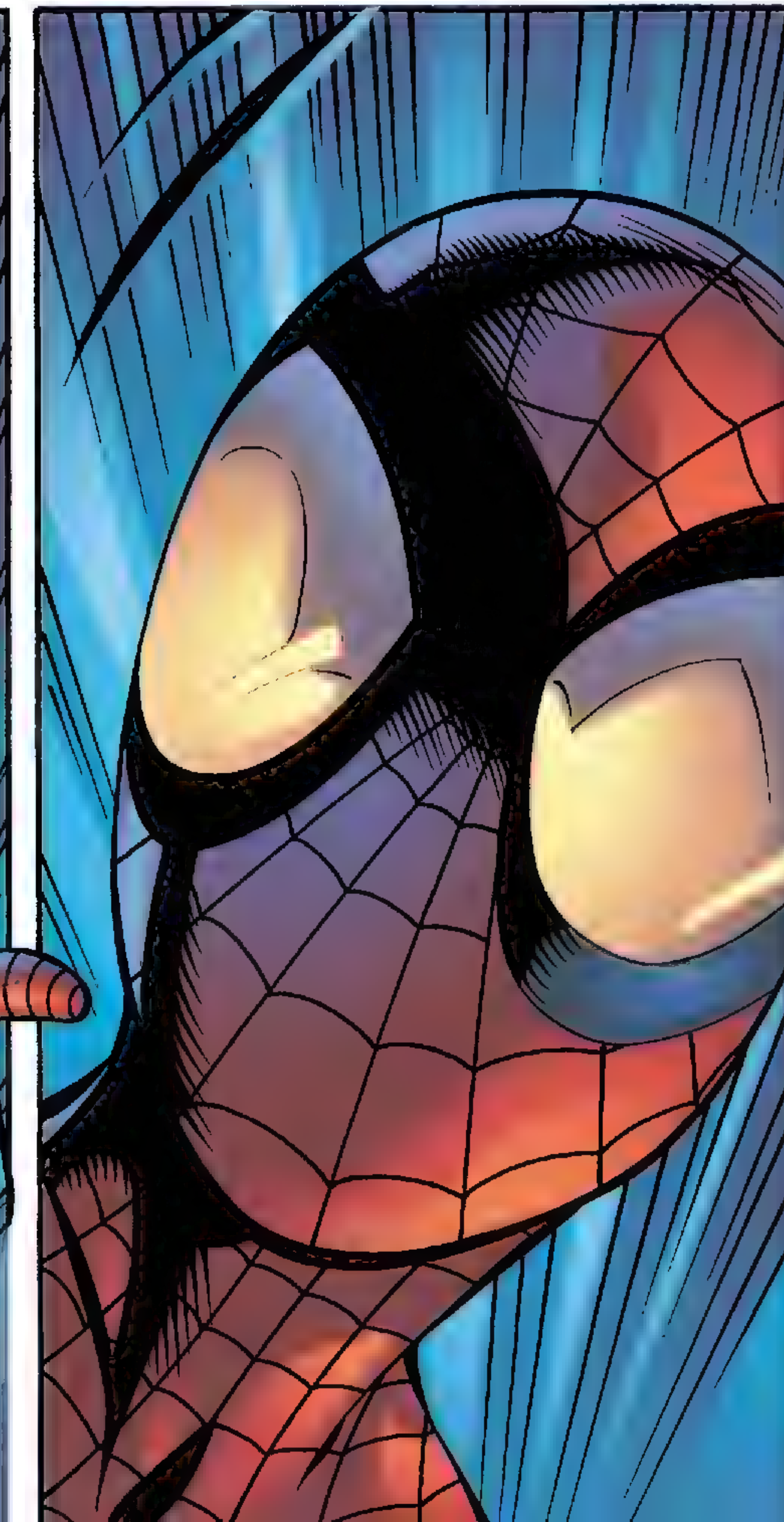
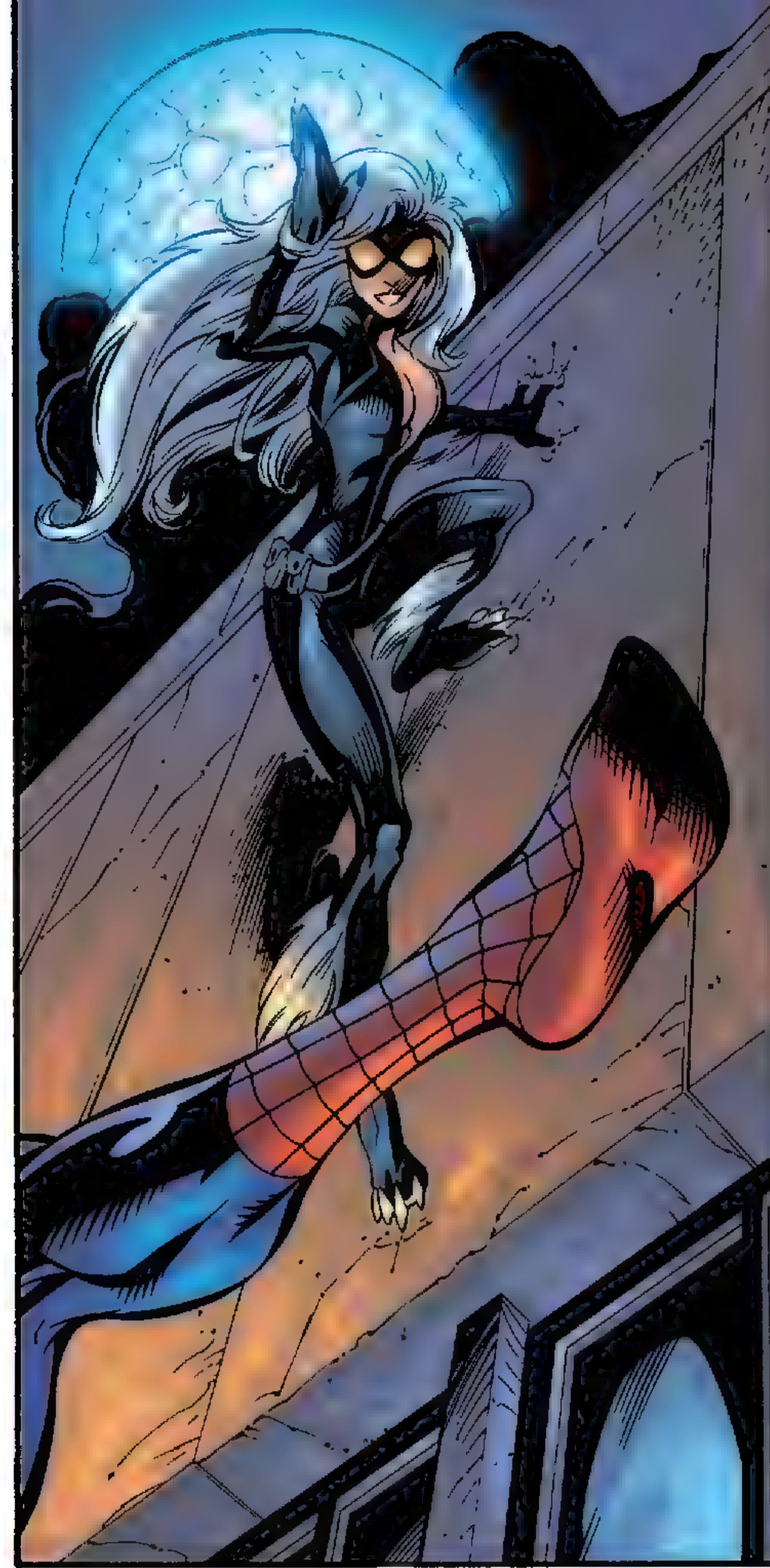




Now why don't you-- hey!!



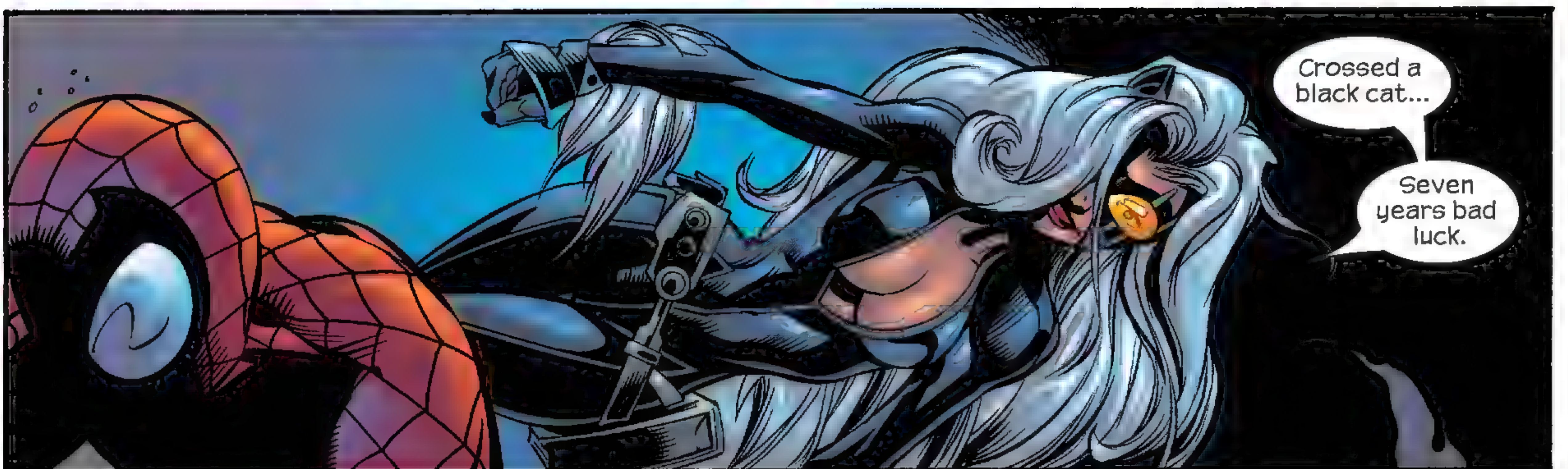
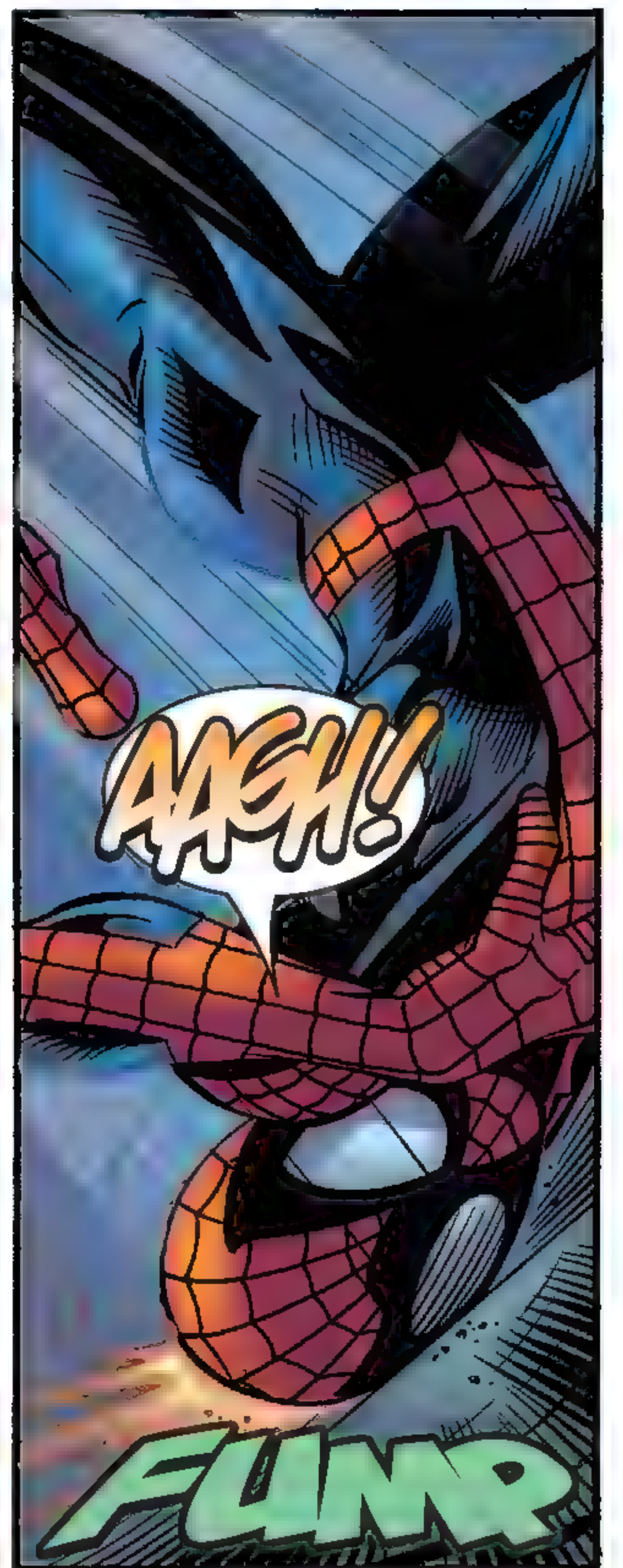
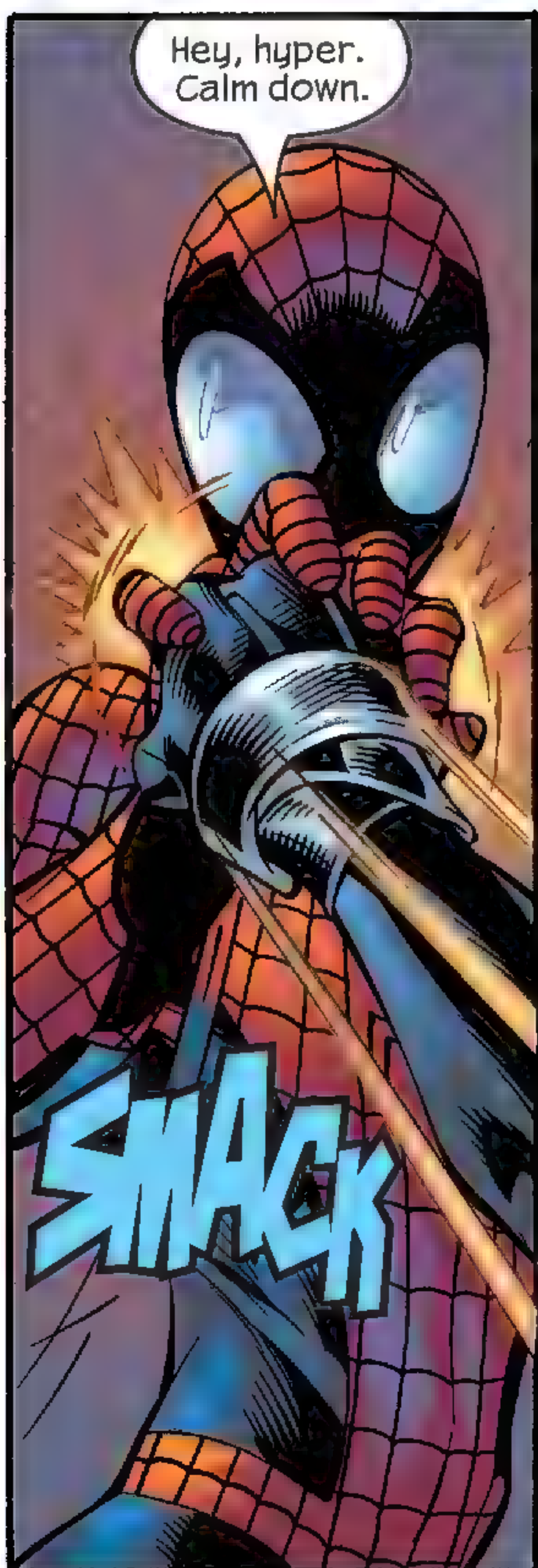
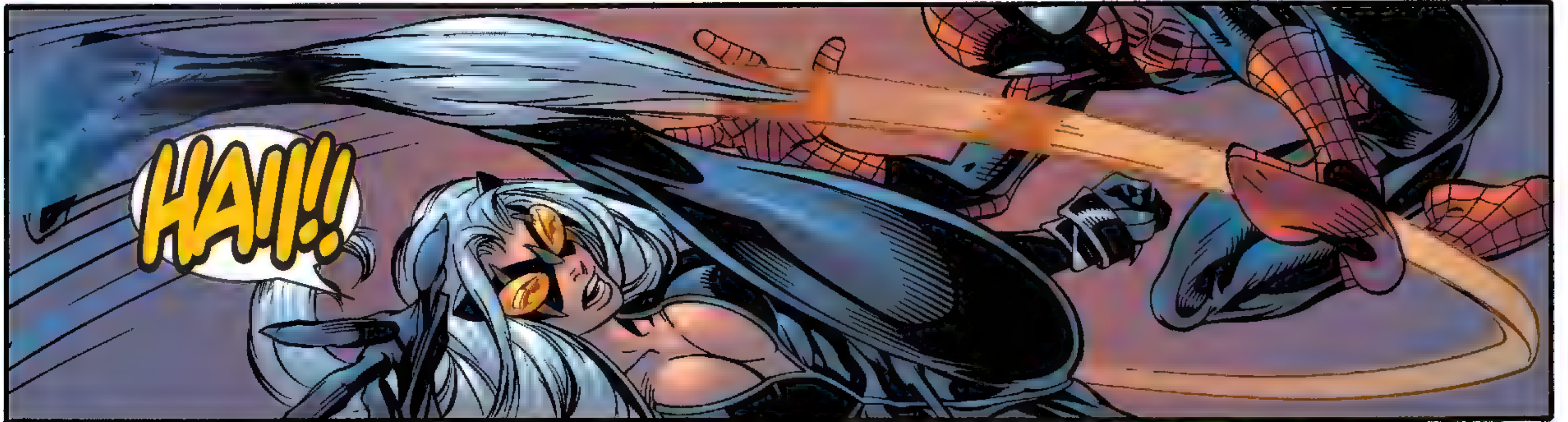
Oh, man!! Are you nutty nuts!??



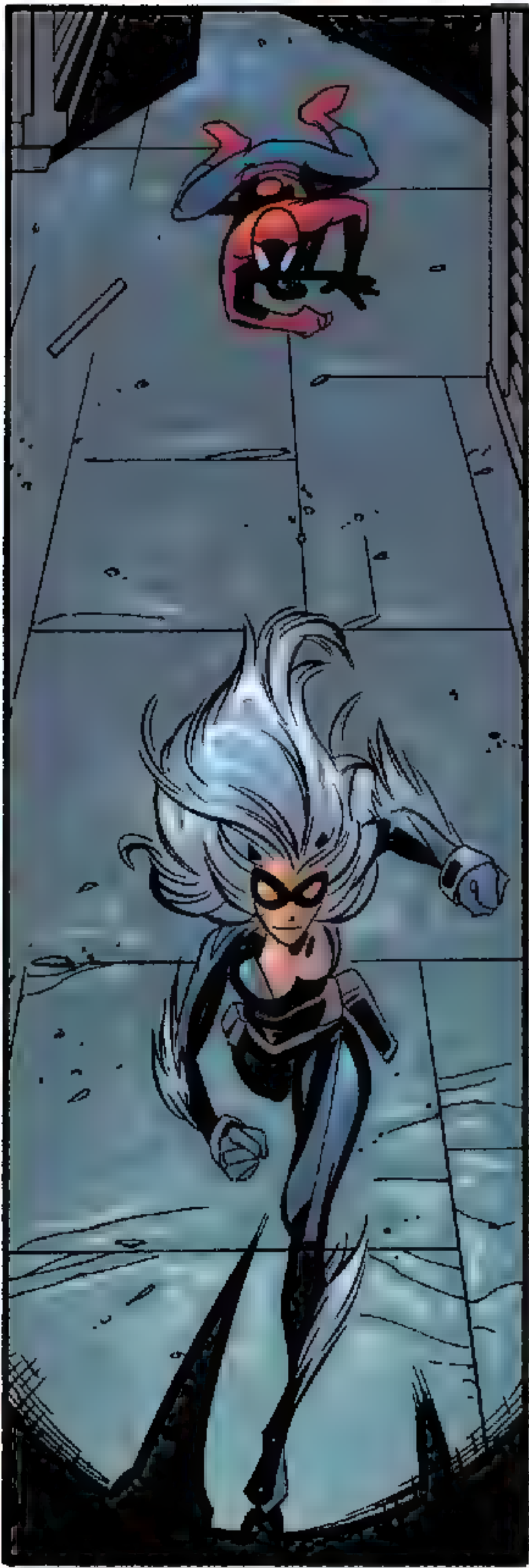










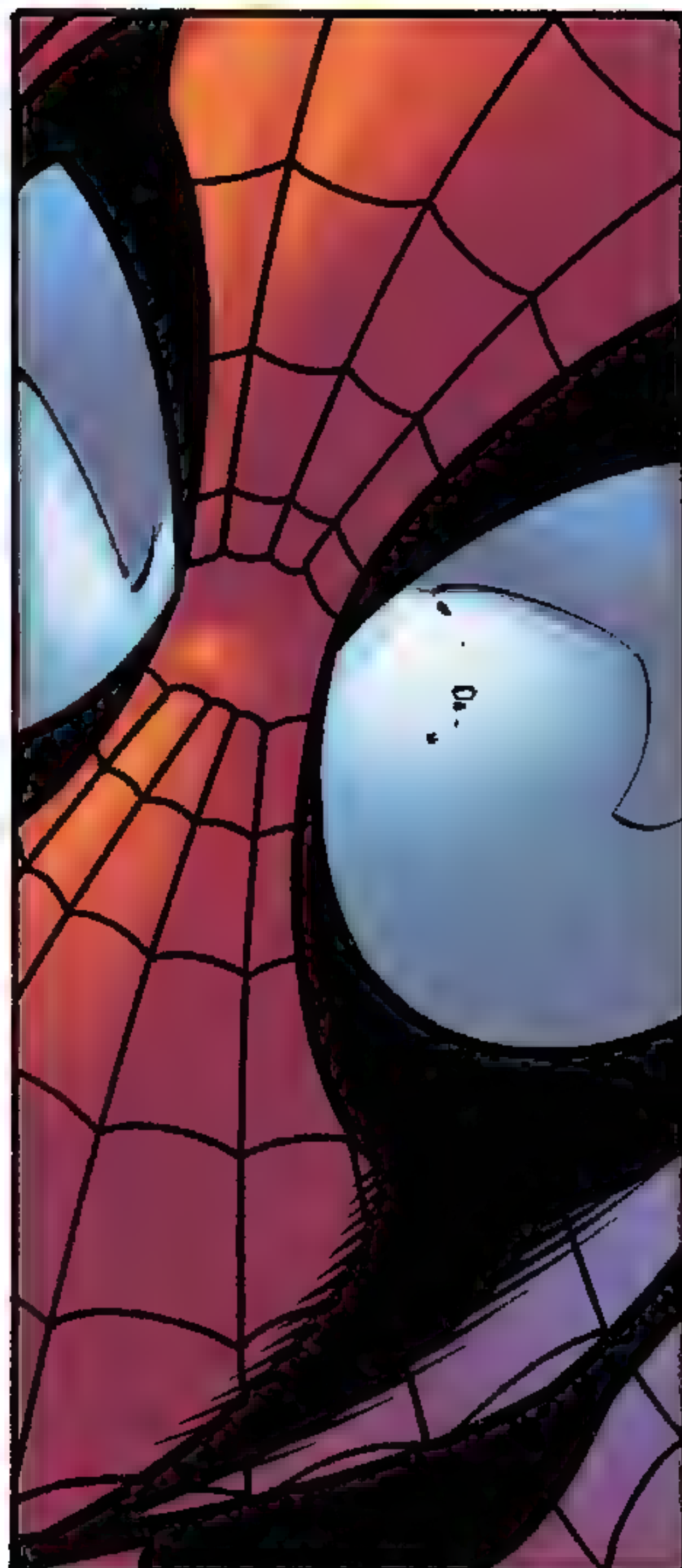
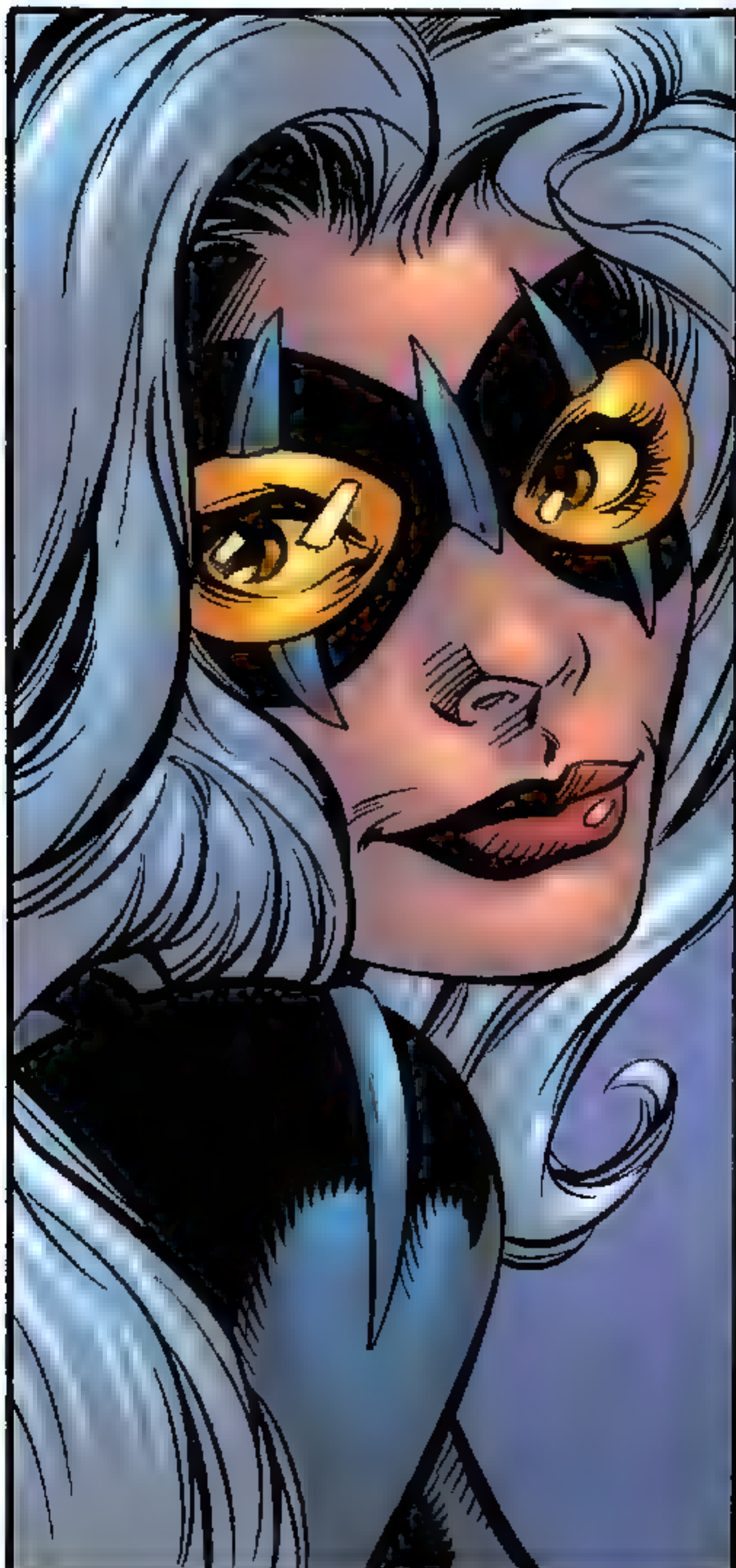
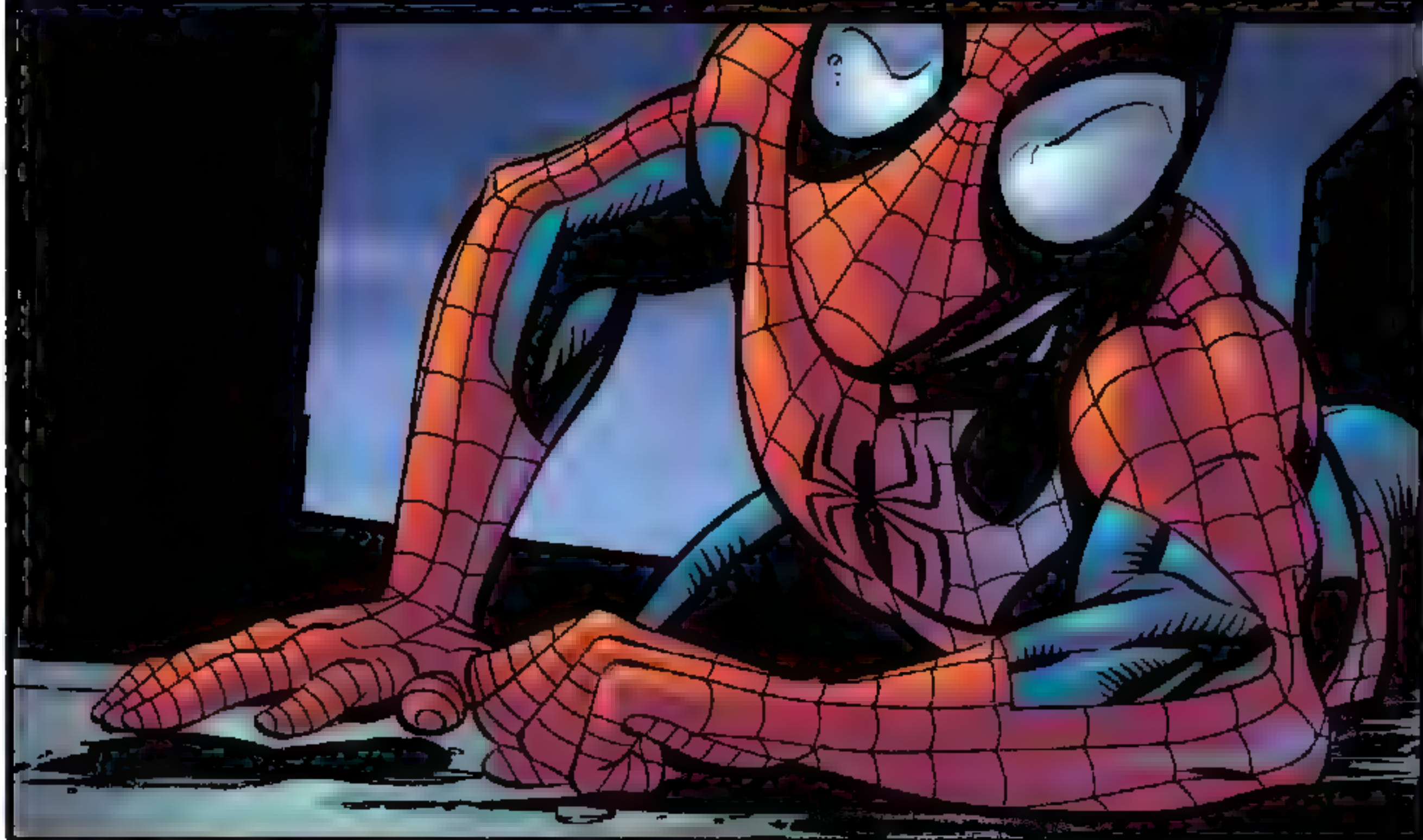


Um...  
Did I just *have* seven years bad luck or am I *going* to have seven years bad luck?

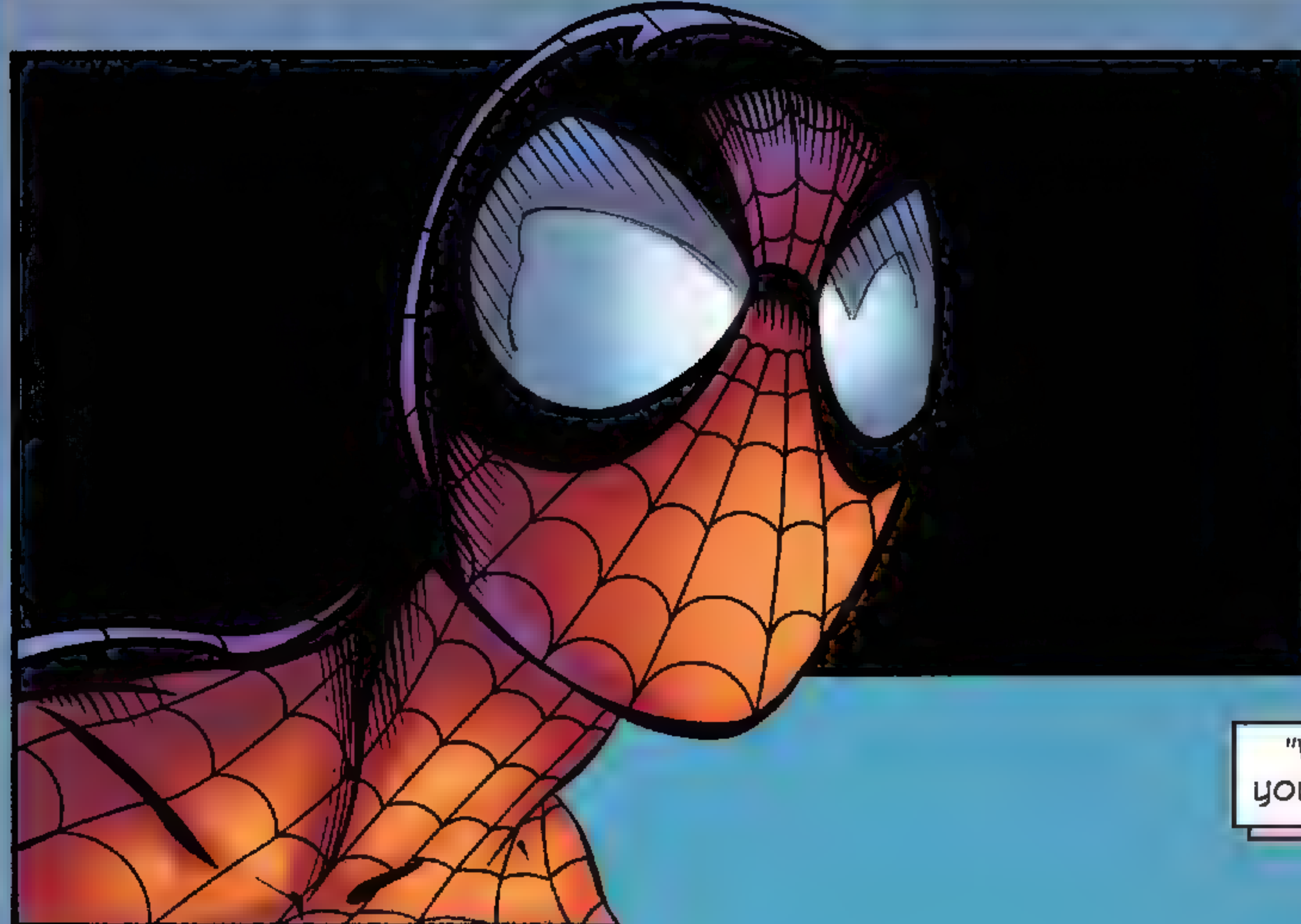
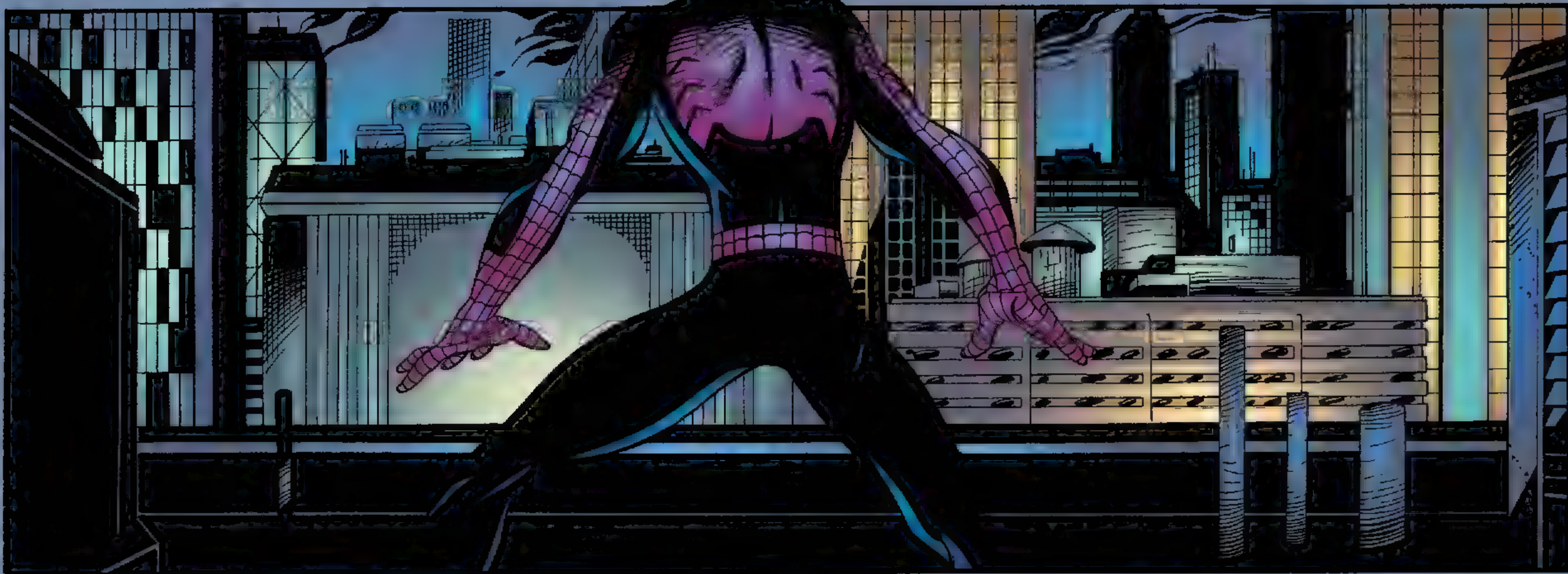


Whoops...

AAGGH!!







"What are you thinking?"

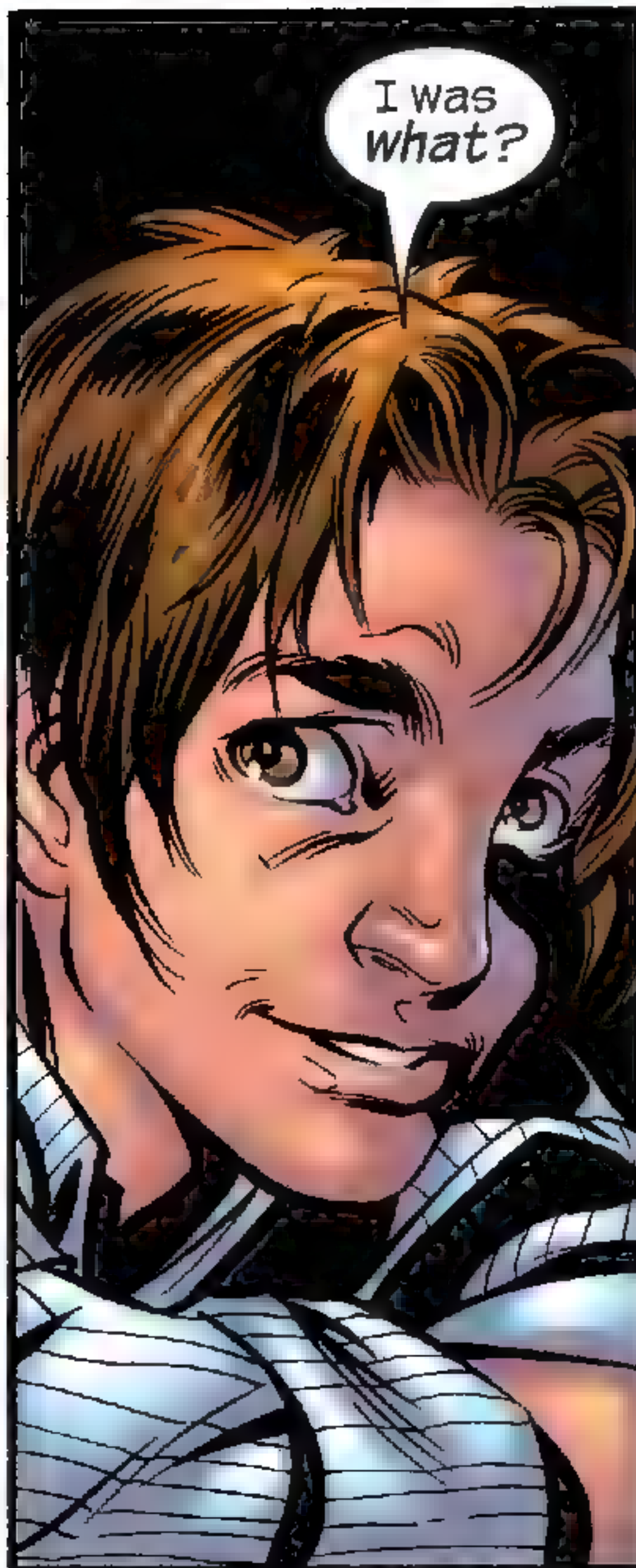




Just spaced out.

Earth to Peter Parker.

You were being Spider-Man in your head again.



I was what?



You do that.

You're supposed to be sitting here with me being Peter Parker...

...aaand you're supposed to be studying for midterms...

...but just ten minutes ago you were high up in the sky in your costume all flippin' through the air and stuff...



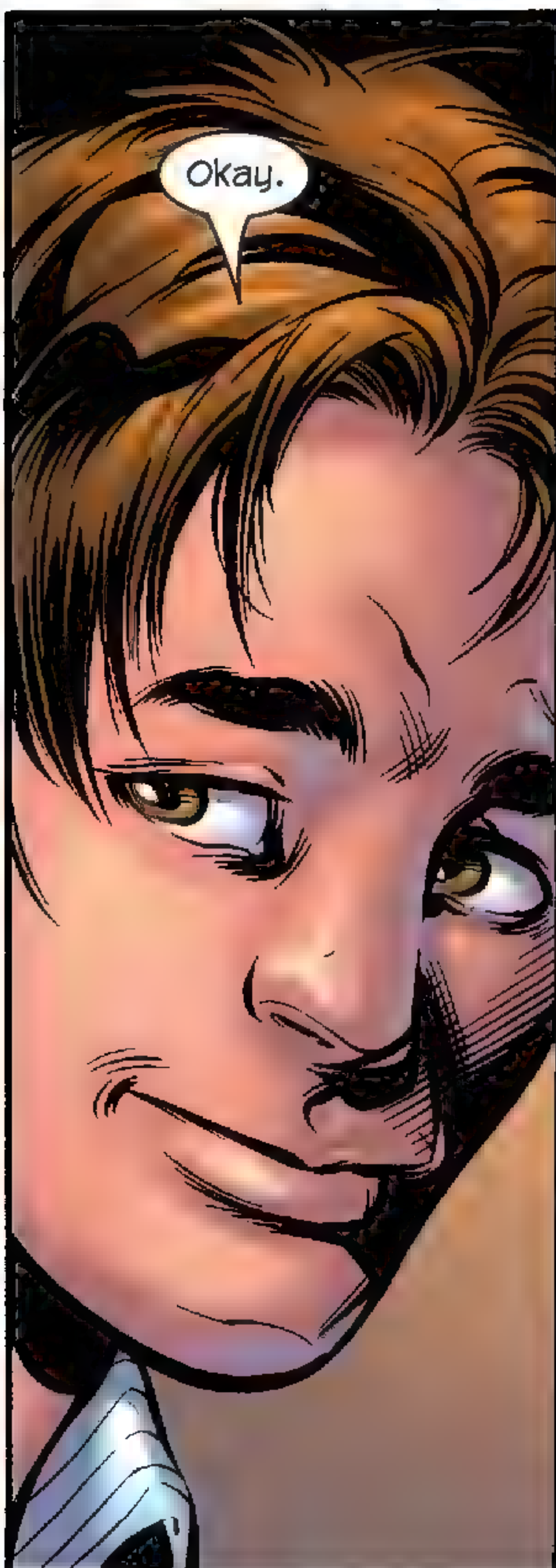
Don't play with--

And you haven't come down from it yet.

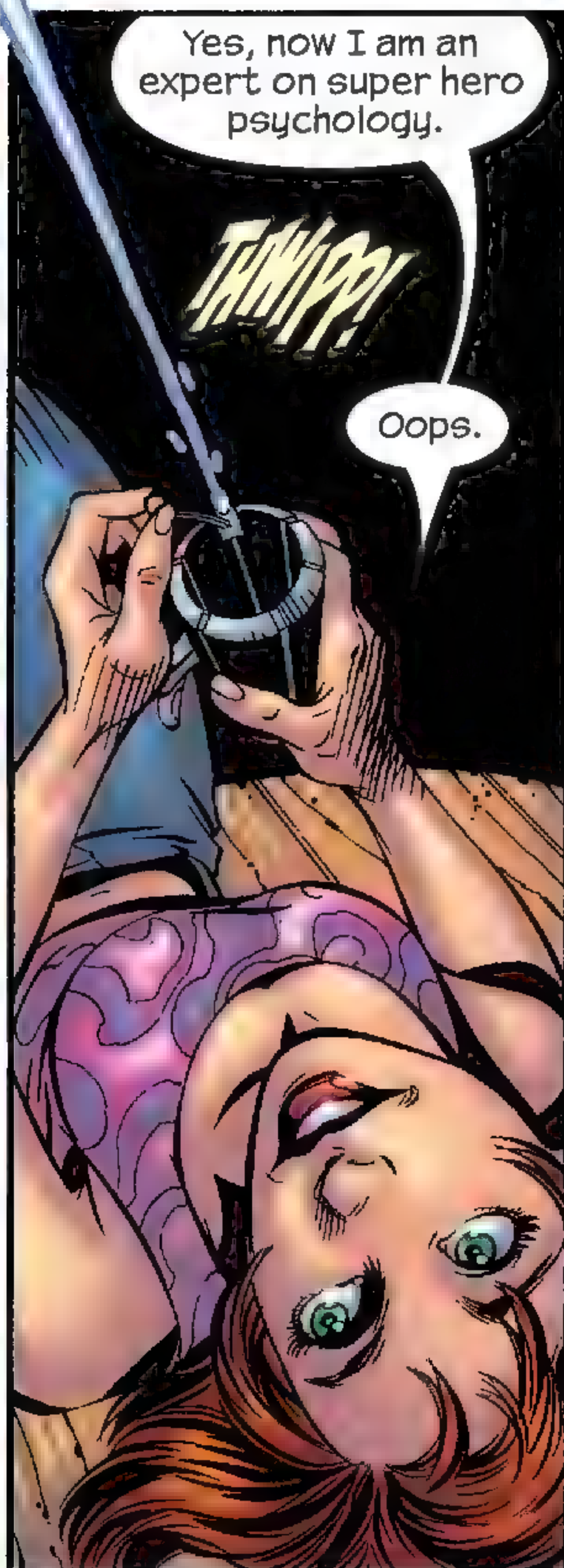
You need to give yourself a little time to come down from your super hero high...

Decompress from it.

But you never do. So you end up sitting here and you just space out.



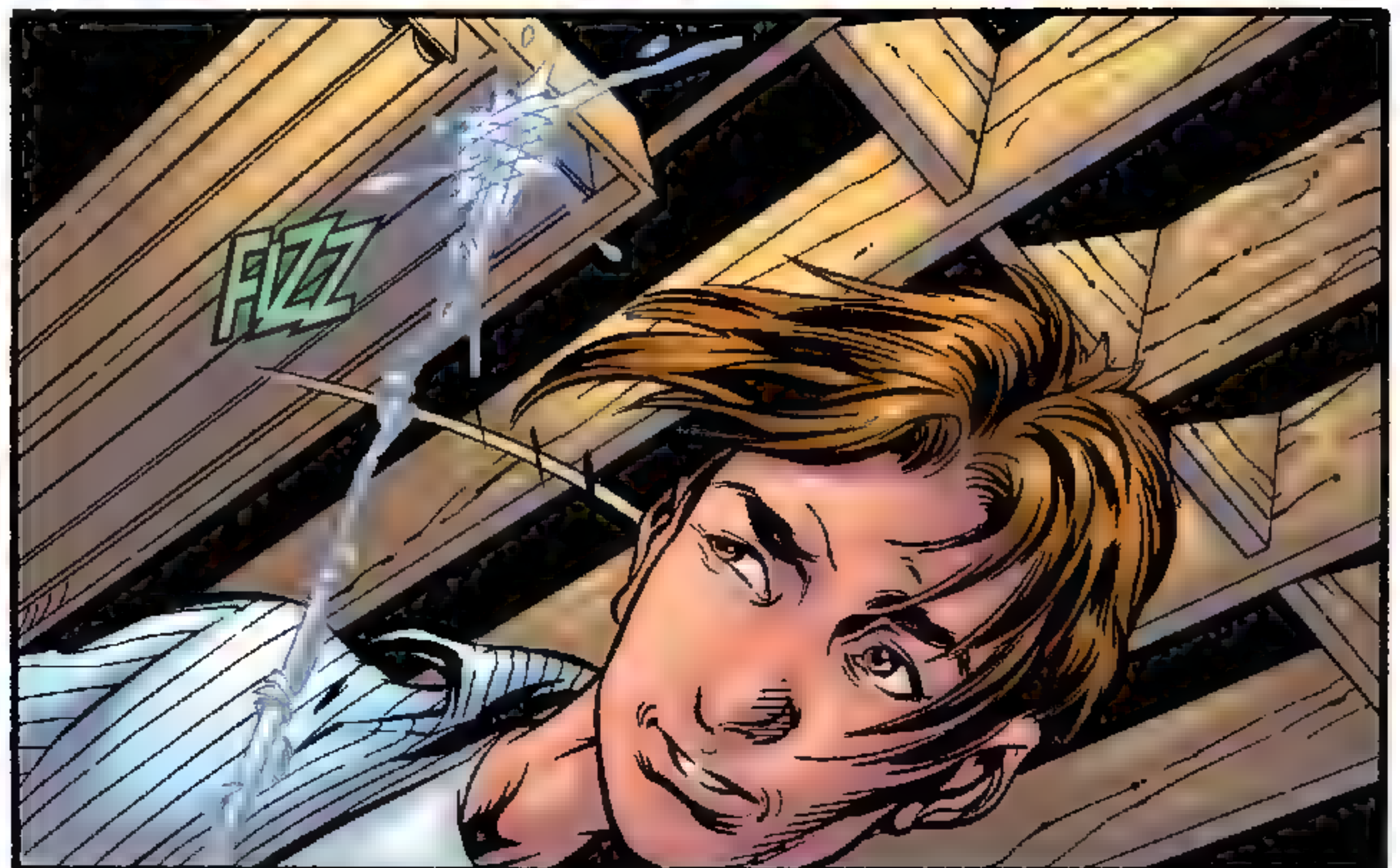
Okay.



Yes, now I am an expert on super hero psychology.

**THWIP!**

Oops.



**FIZZ**



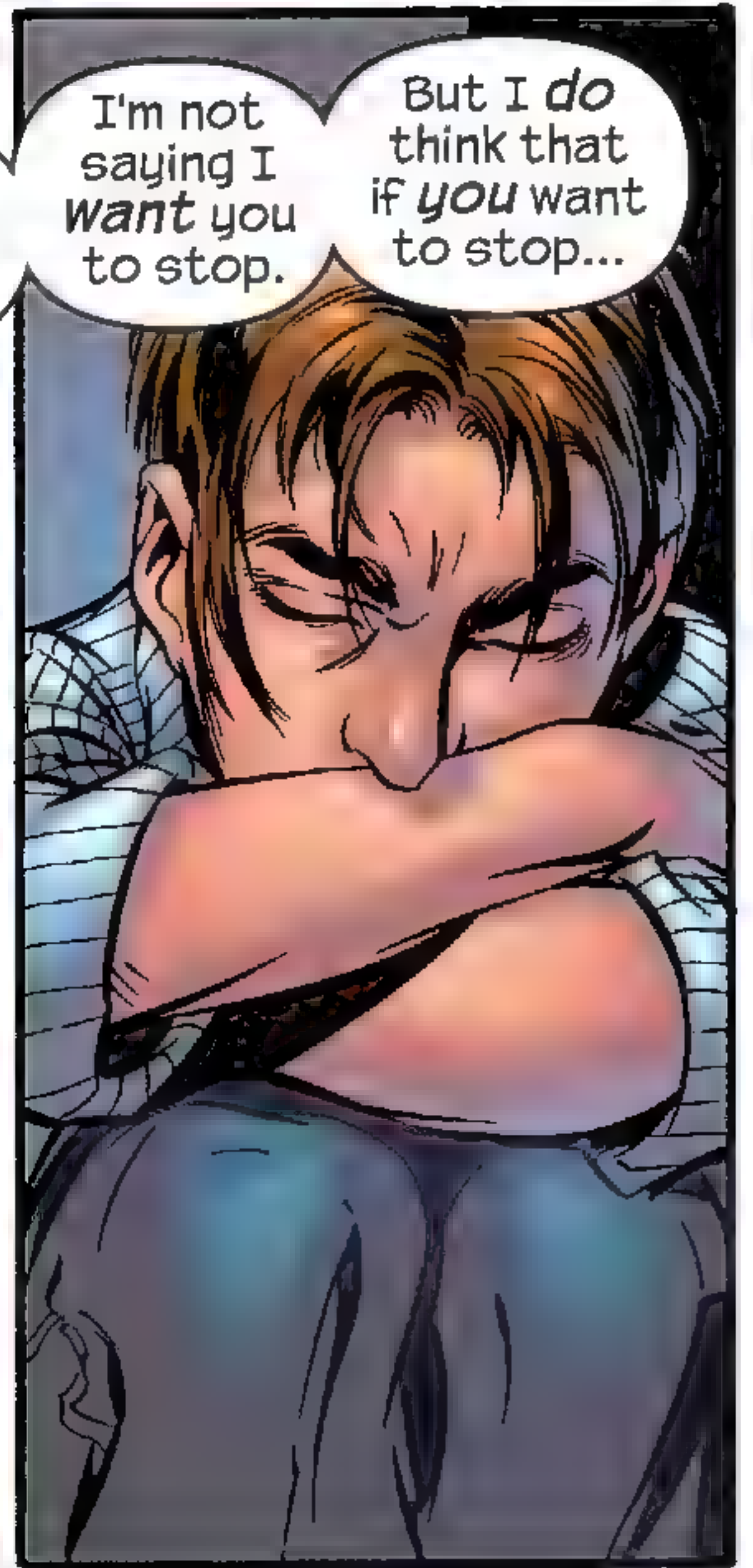
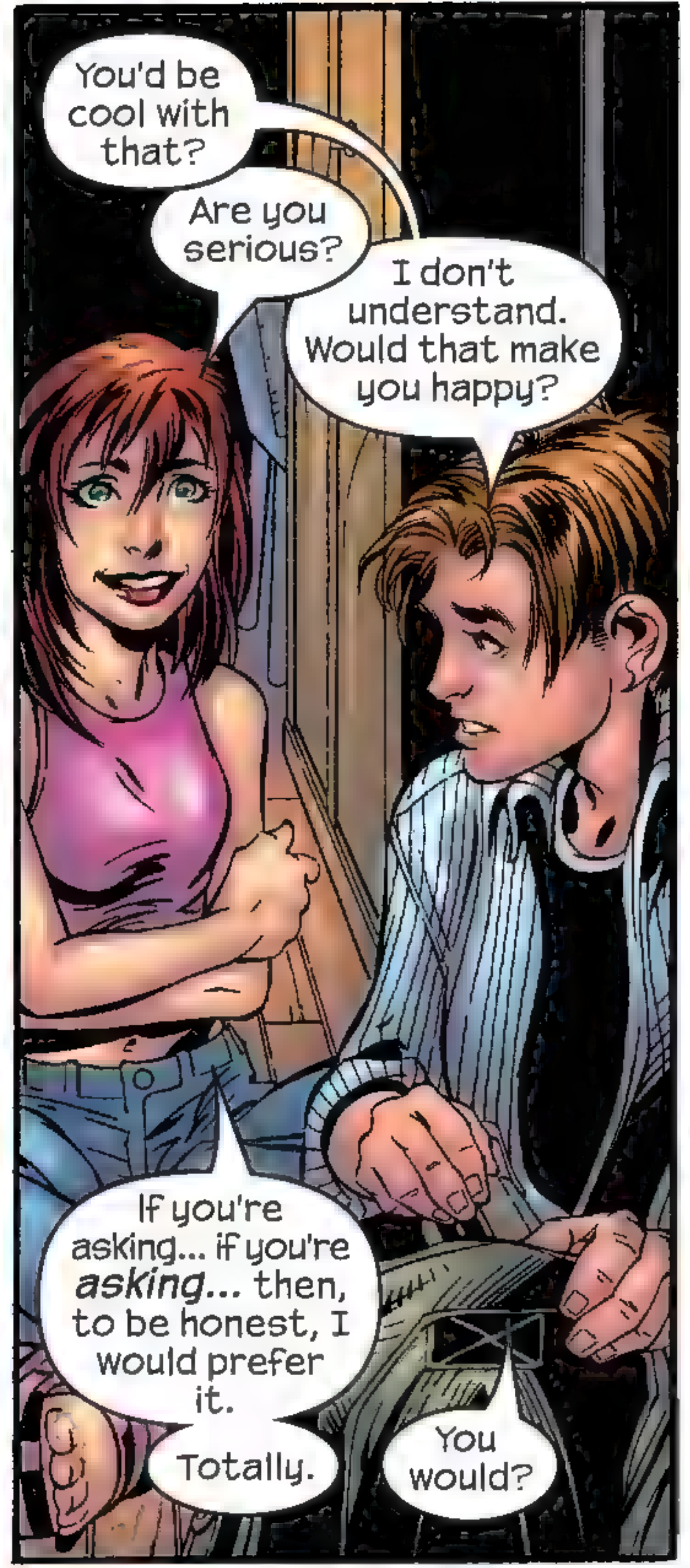
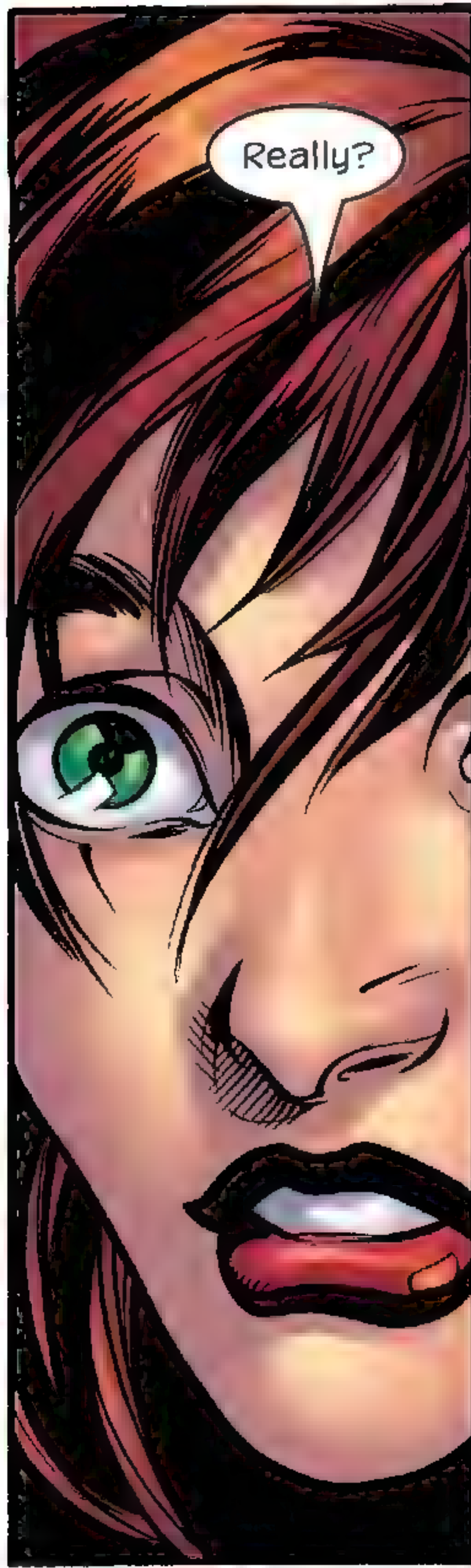
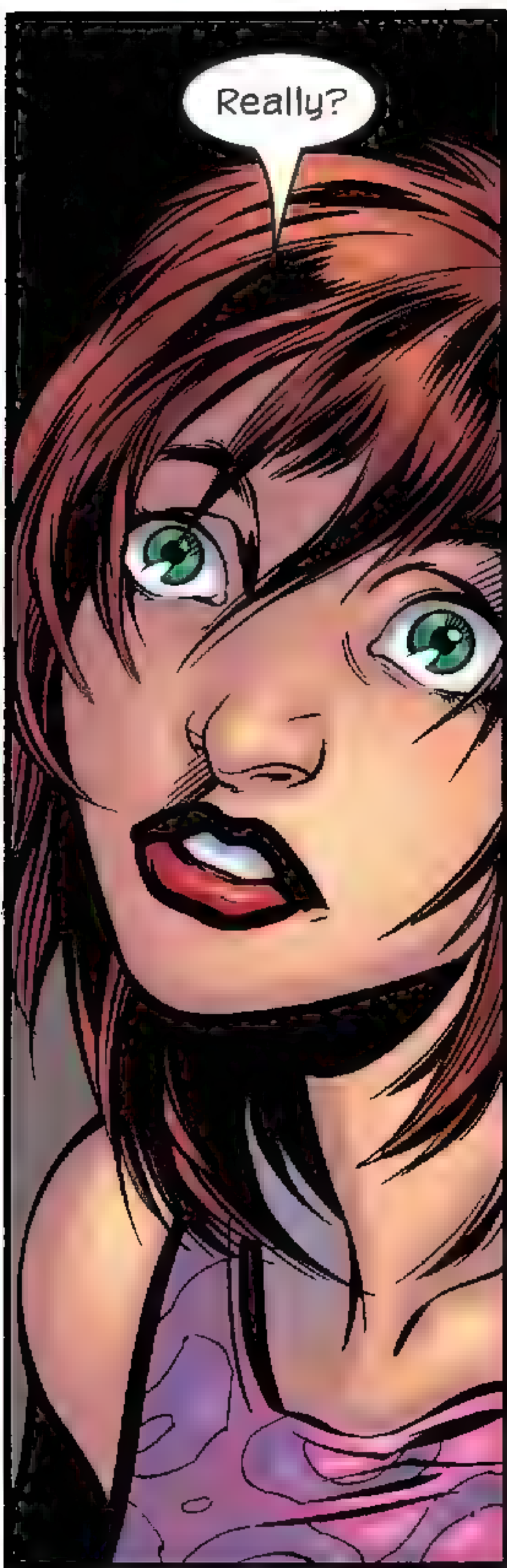
Sorry.

Honestly, I was thinking...

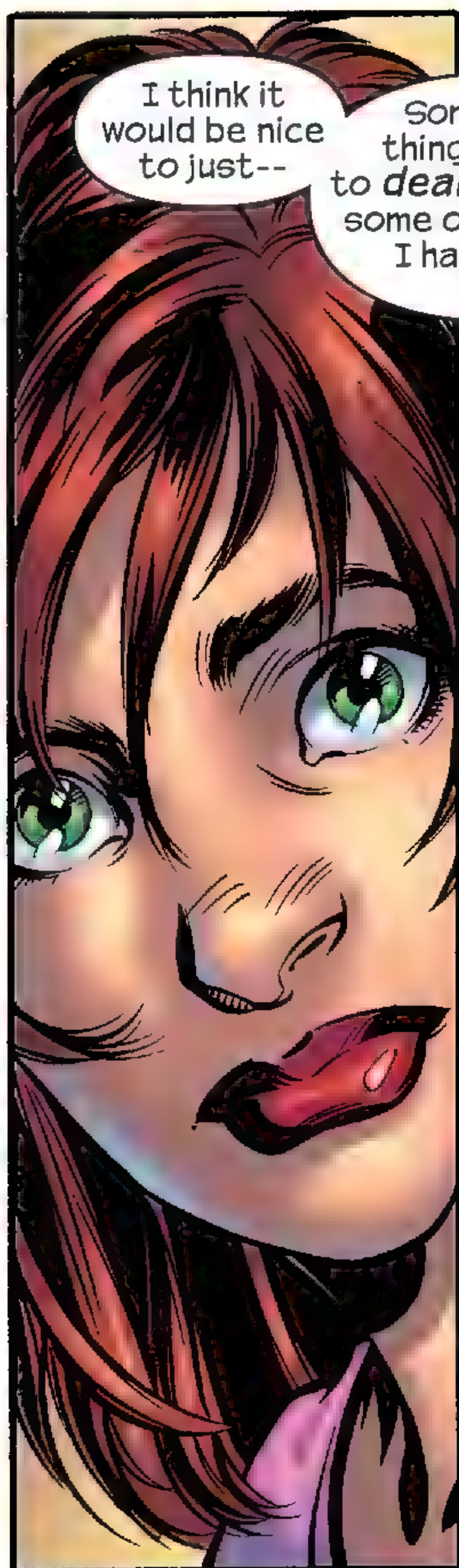
Maybe...

I should put the costume away for awhile and just be a normal guy.



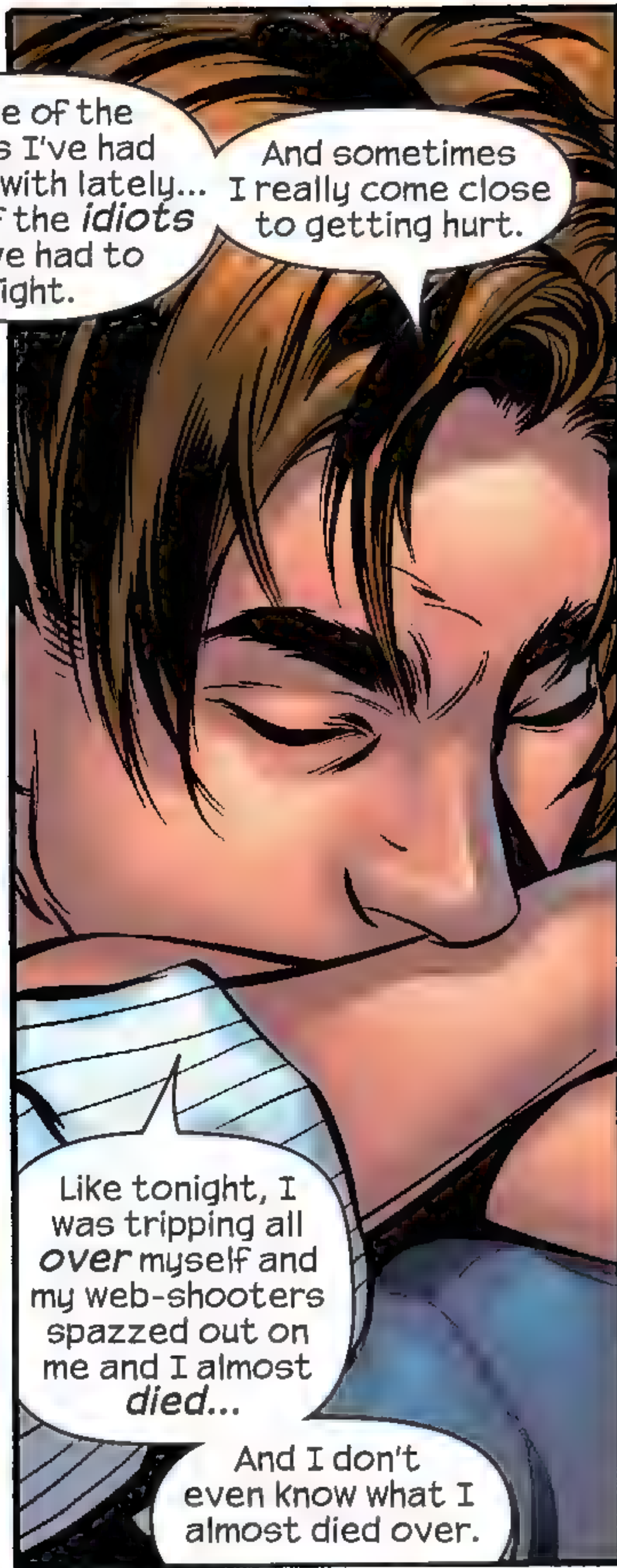






I think it would be nice to just--

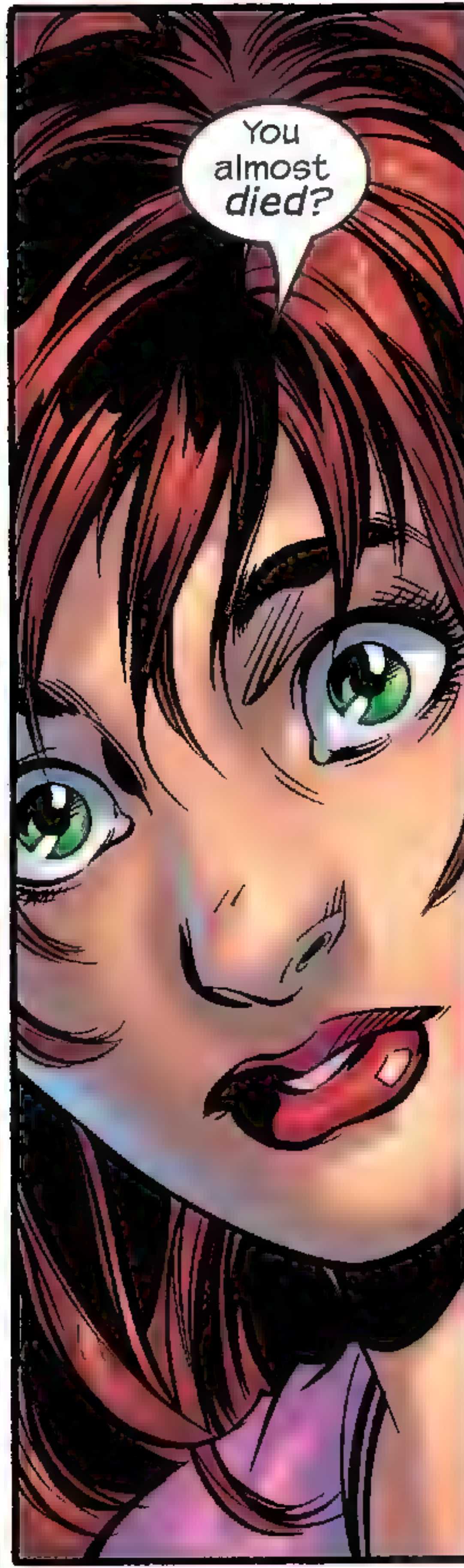
Some of the things I've had to *deal* with lately... some of the *idiots* I have had to fight.



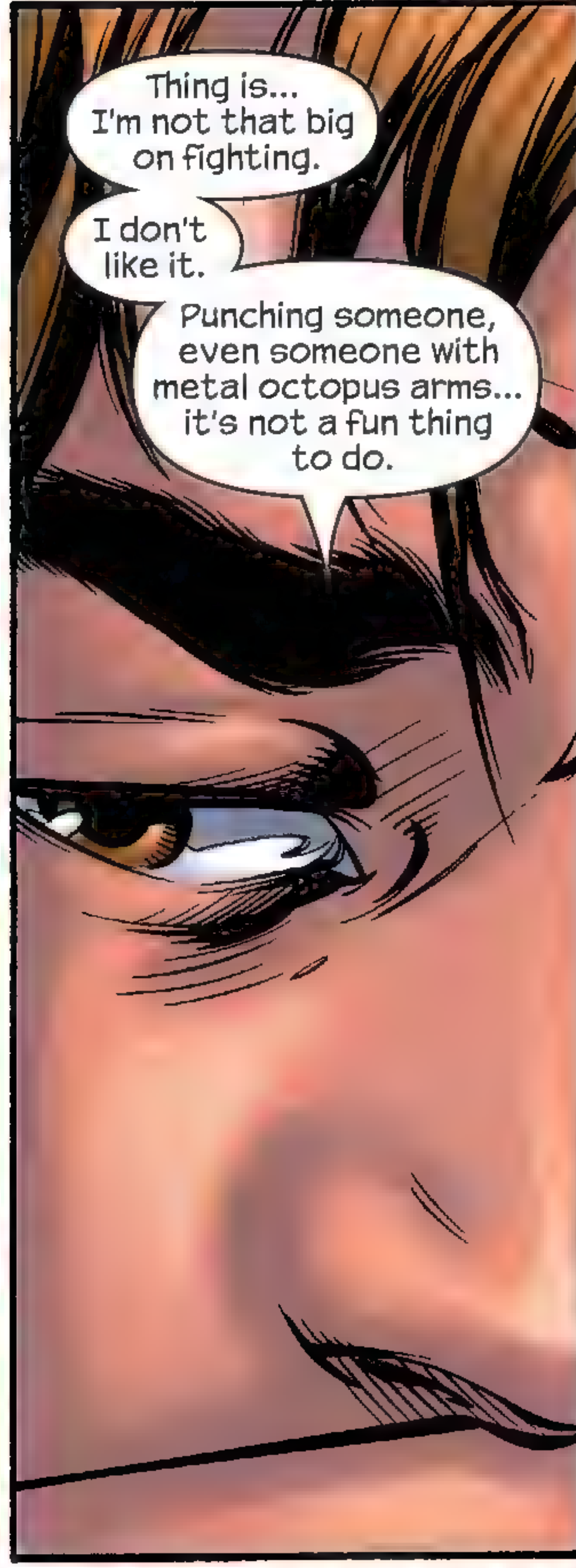
And sometimes I really come close to getting hurt.

Like tonight, I was tripping all *over* myself and my web-shooters spazzed out on me and I almost *died*...

And I don't even know what I almost died over.



You almost died?



Thing is... I'm not that big on fighting.

I don't like it.

Punching someone, even someone with metal octopus arms... it's not a fun thing to do.



Oh, come on, punching Norman Osborn...

*That* was fun. But...

Really...



You know what I would love to do?

I would love to go to the park with you.



I would love to go, like, on a normal date. Just me and you.

That's what I really want.





I-- hey, you know what? I don't want to talk about *me* all the time. I'm *sick* of me.

What's going on with *you*? Are you okay? Your dad?

My dad?

Are things *better* with your dad?



Are things *better*?

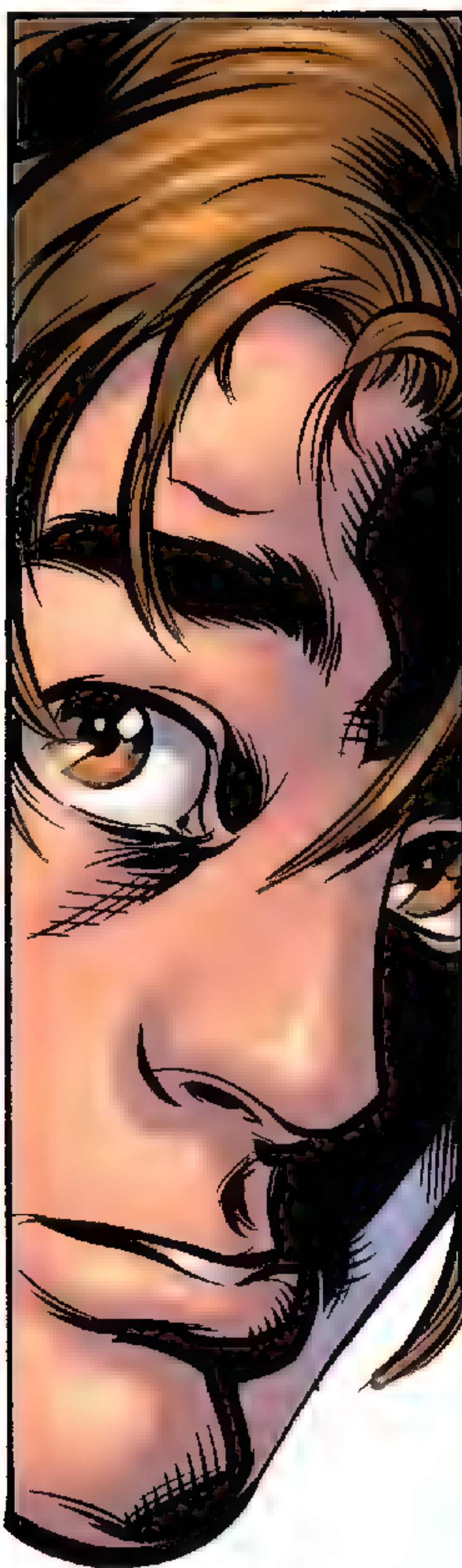
No!

No. My dad's a total *herb*.

Honestly, he totally cheated on my mom, and my mom caught him.

I *hate* him. My mom hates him.

I don't know why he just doesn't *leave*.



I would never do that, you know.

What?

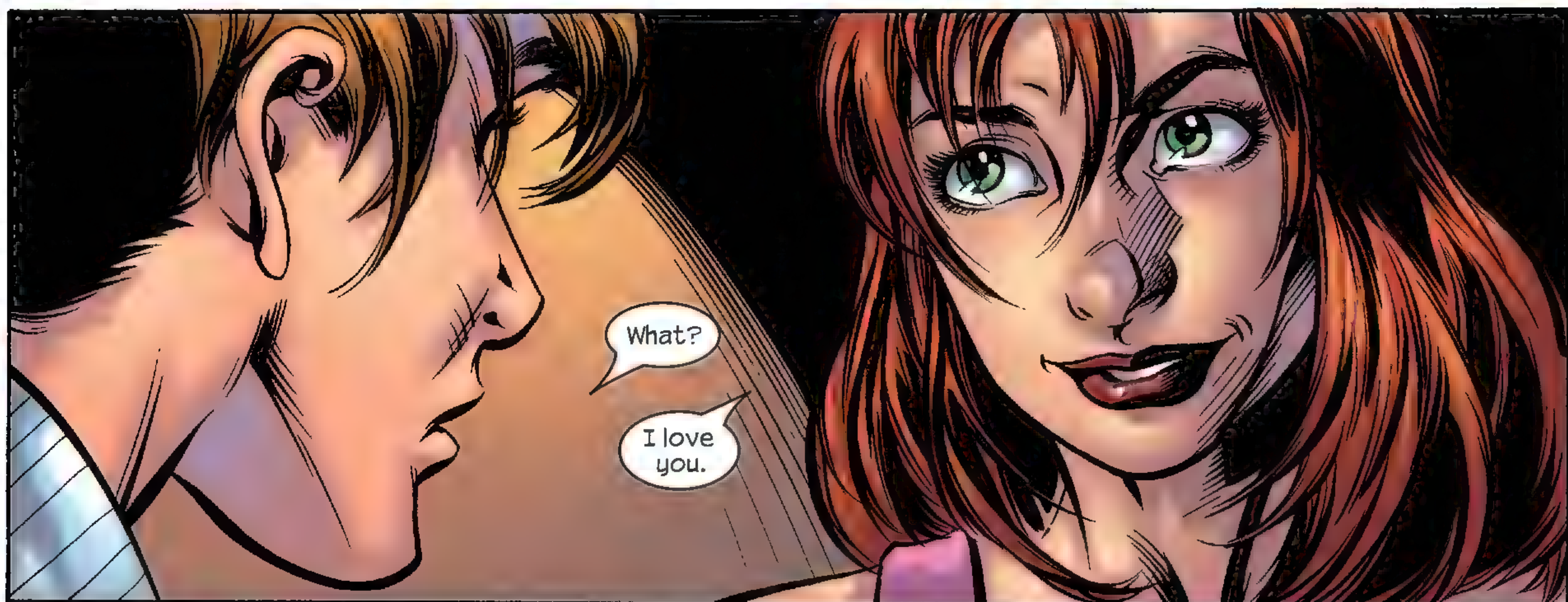
Cheat on you.

I know.



I promise.

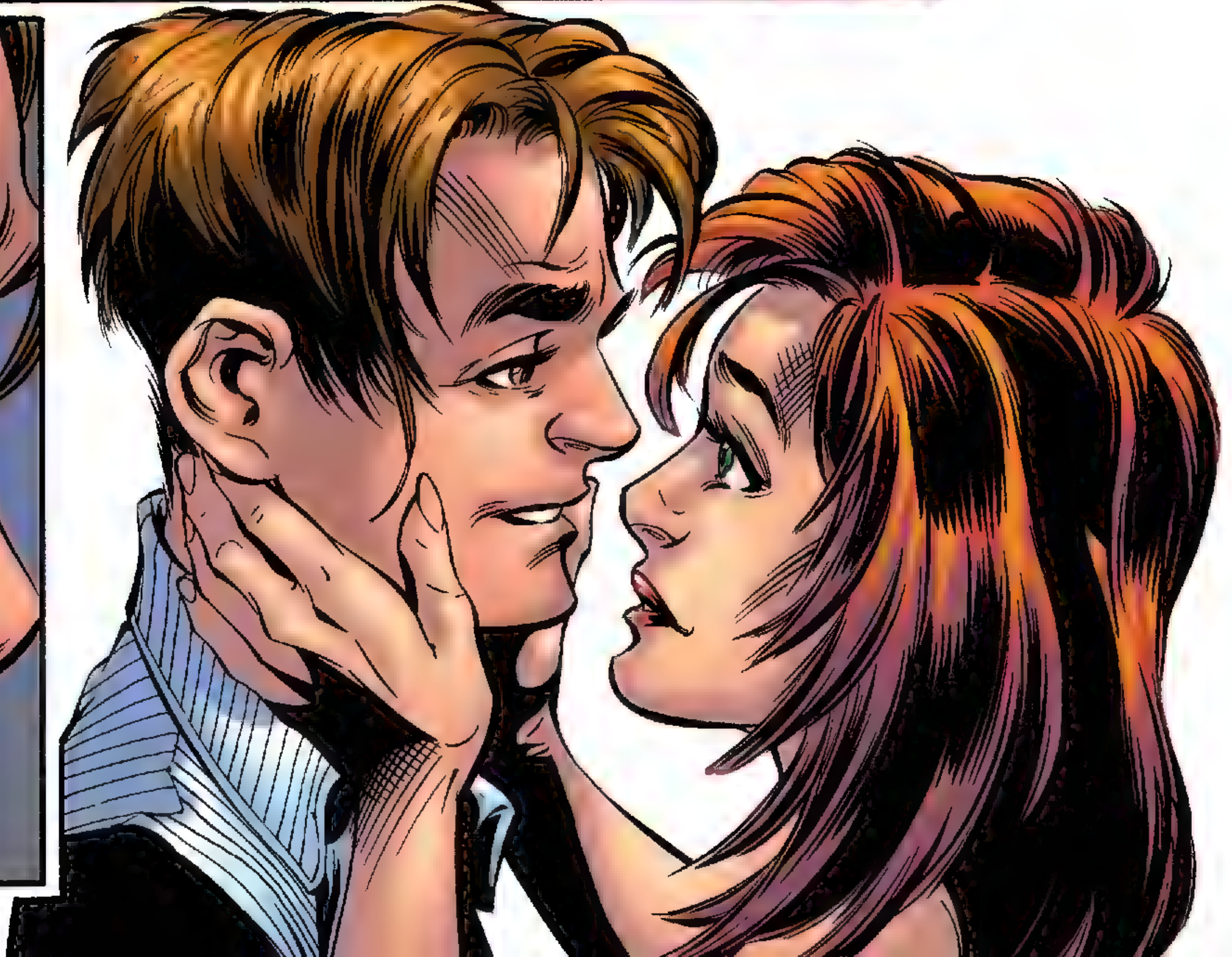
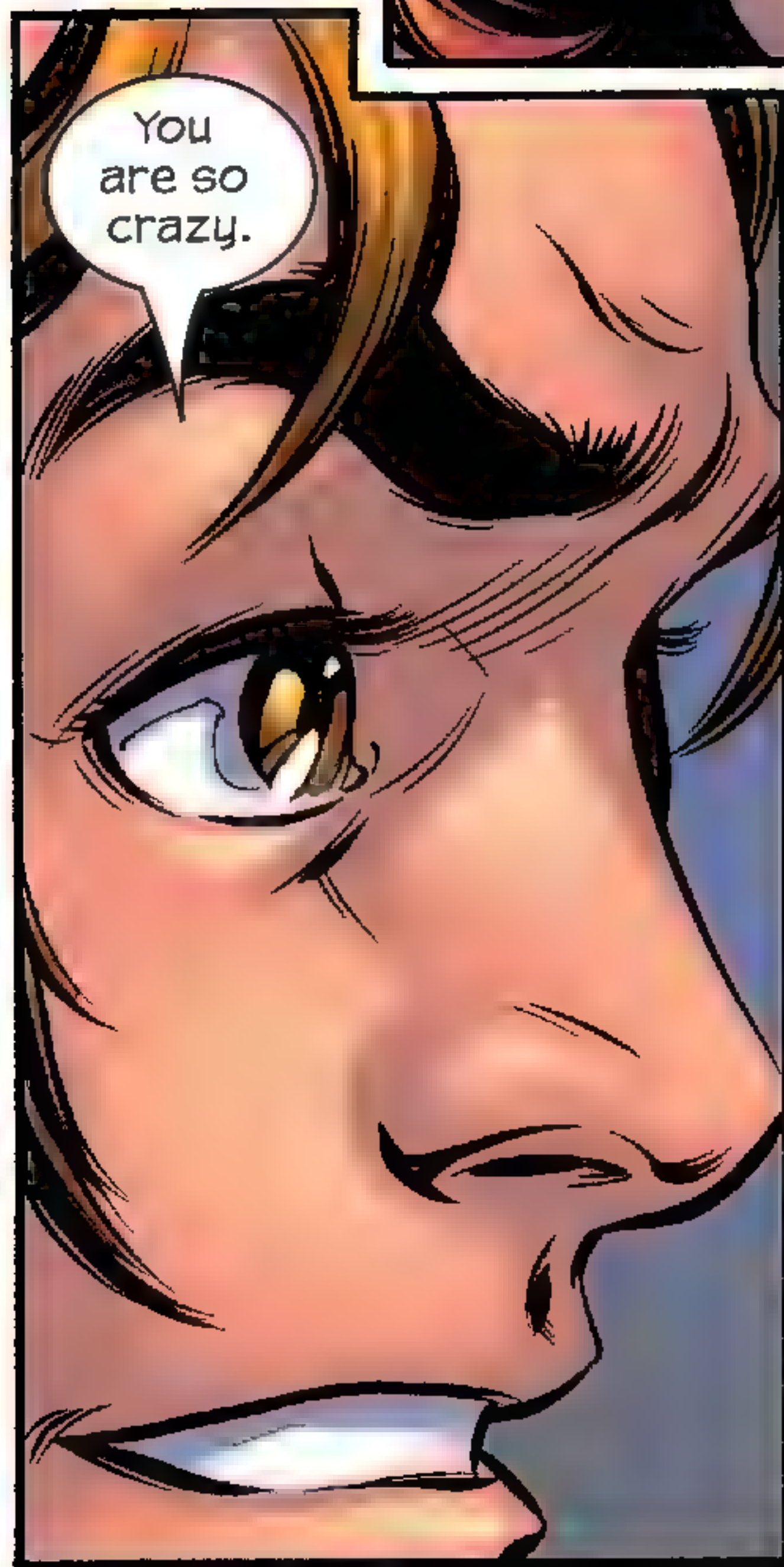
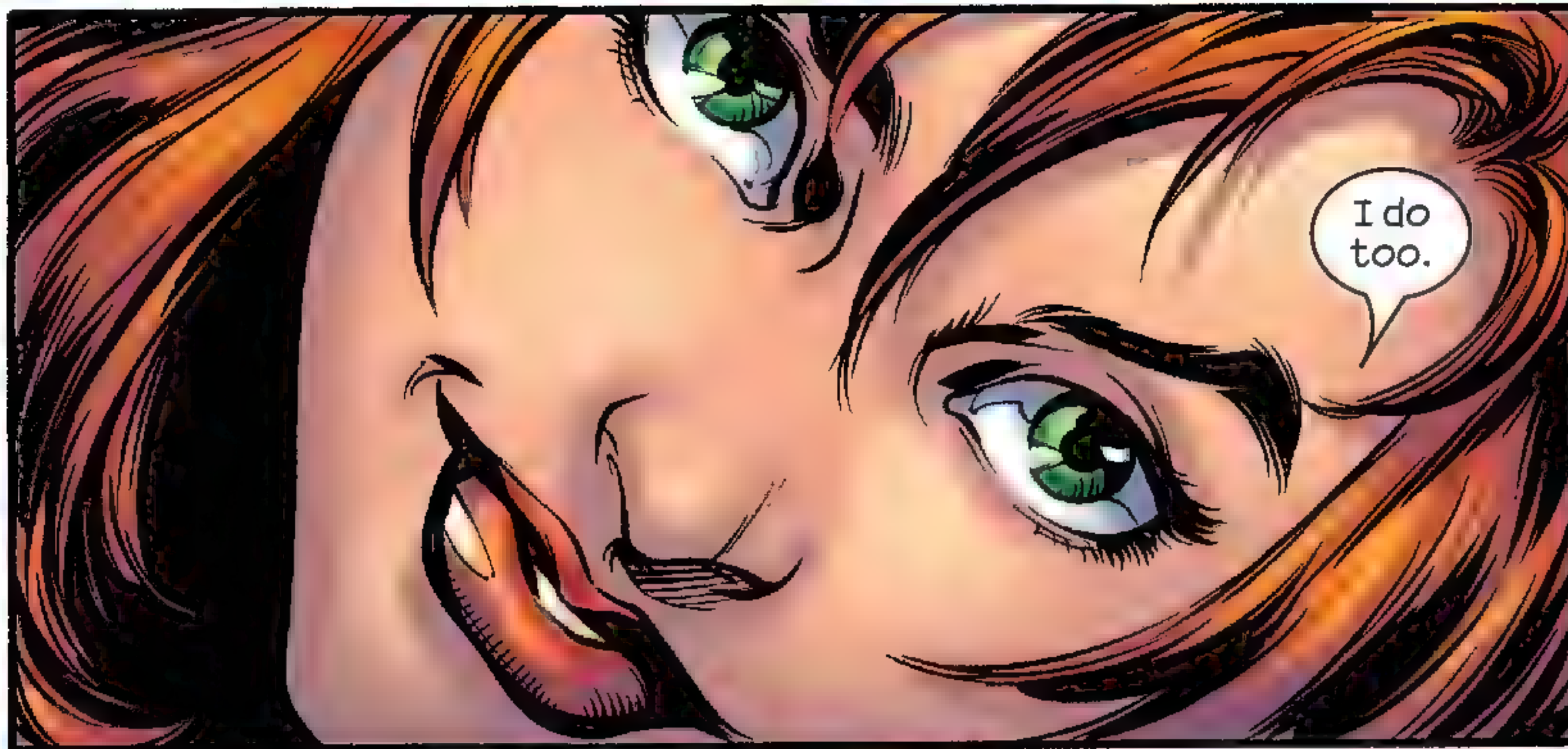
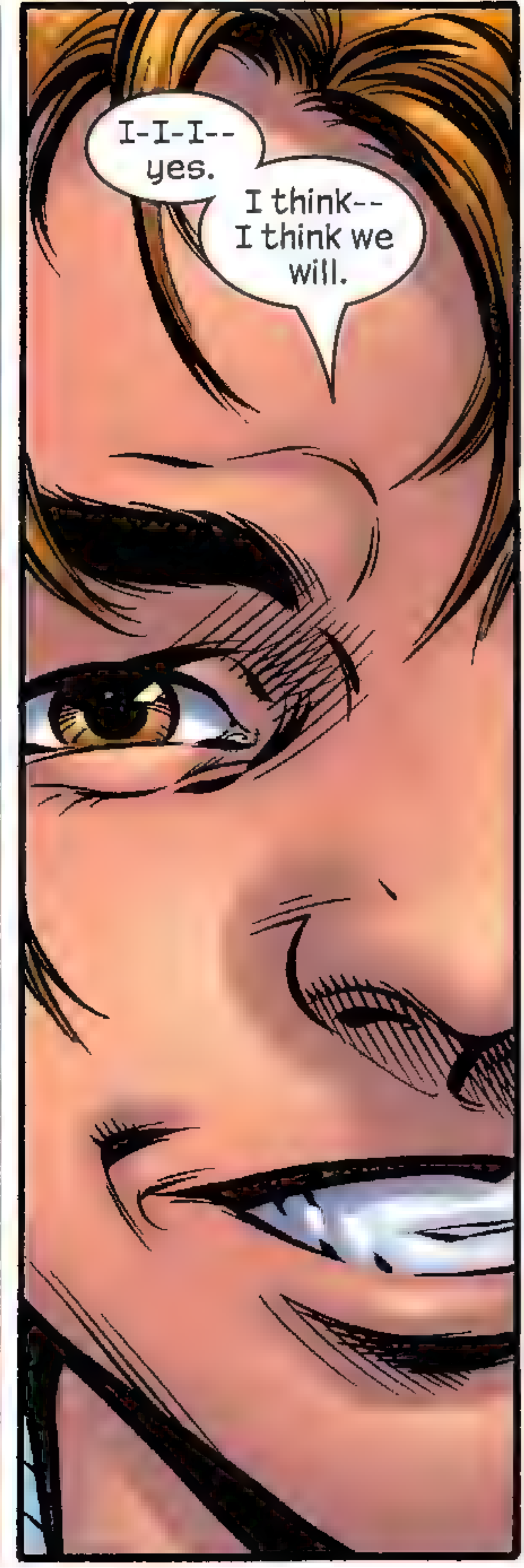
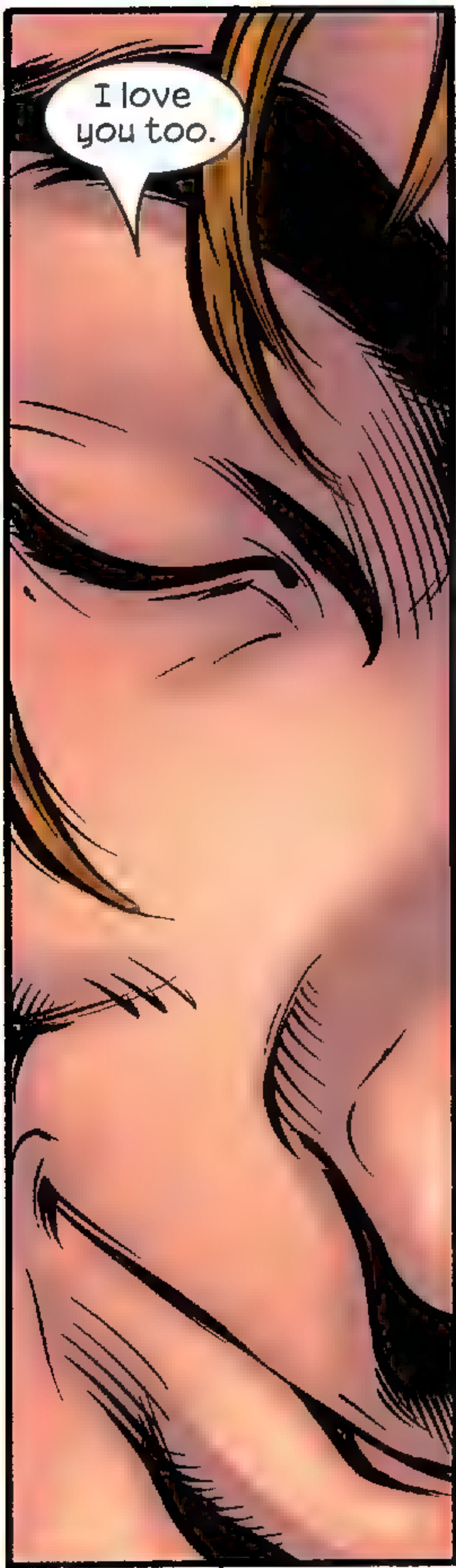
I know.



What?

I love you.

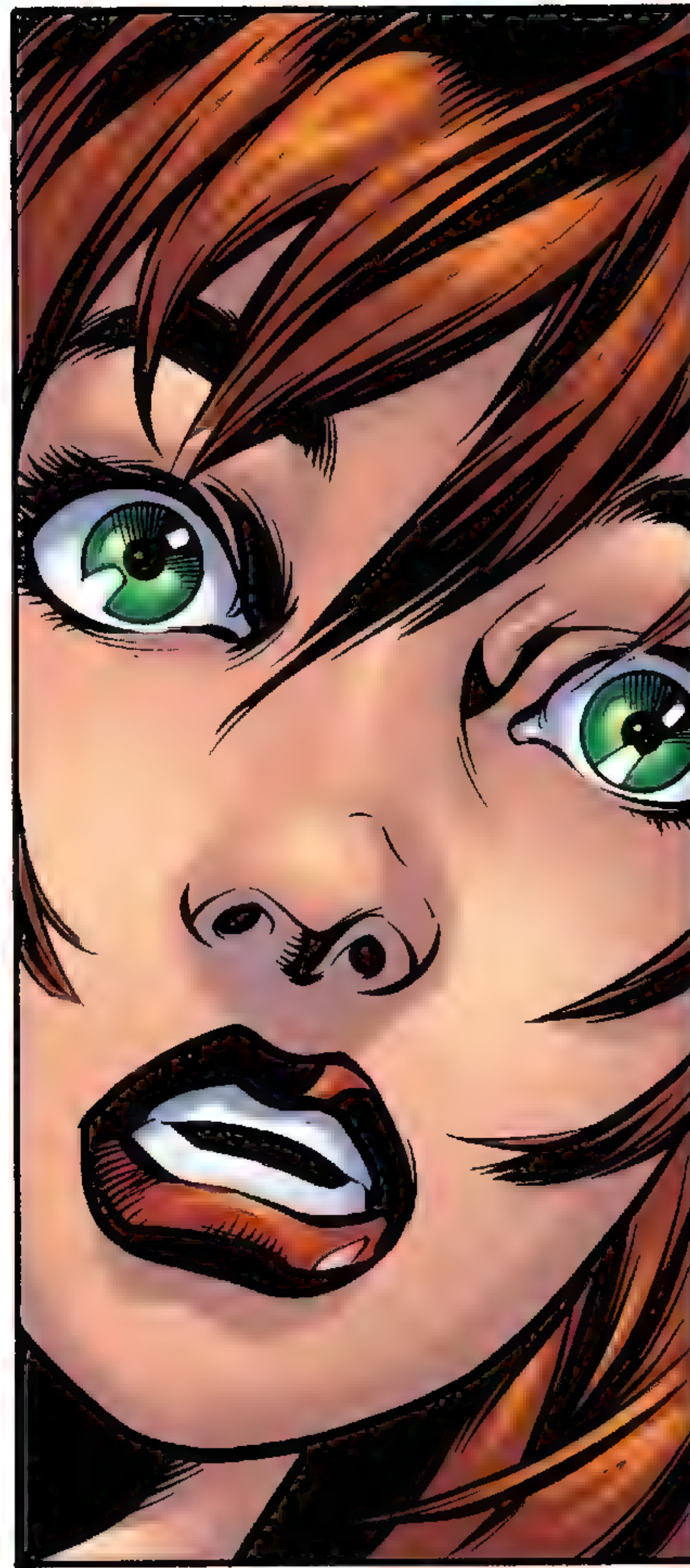








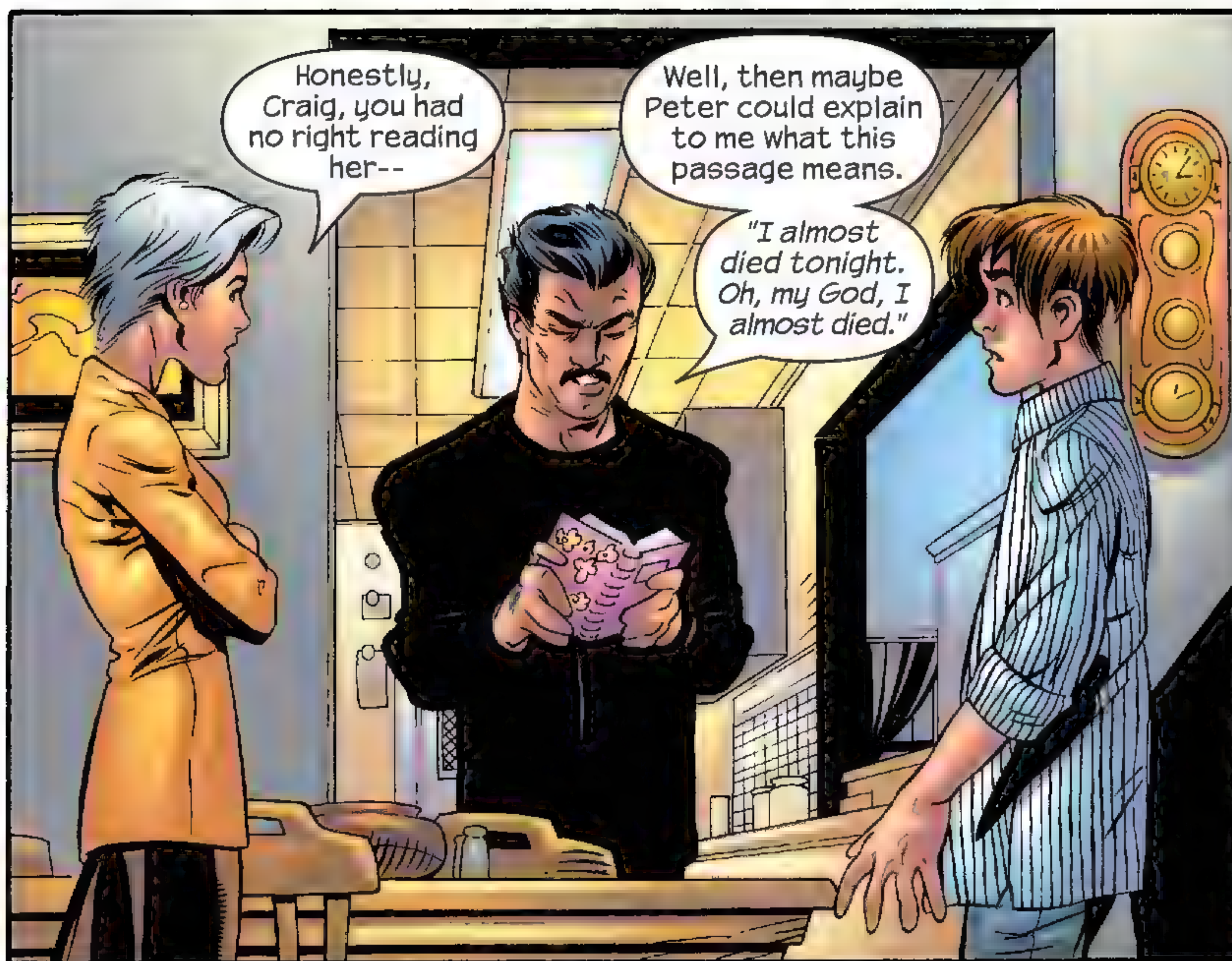








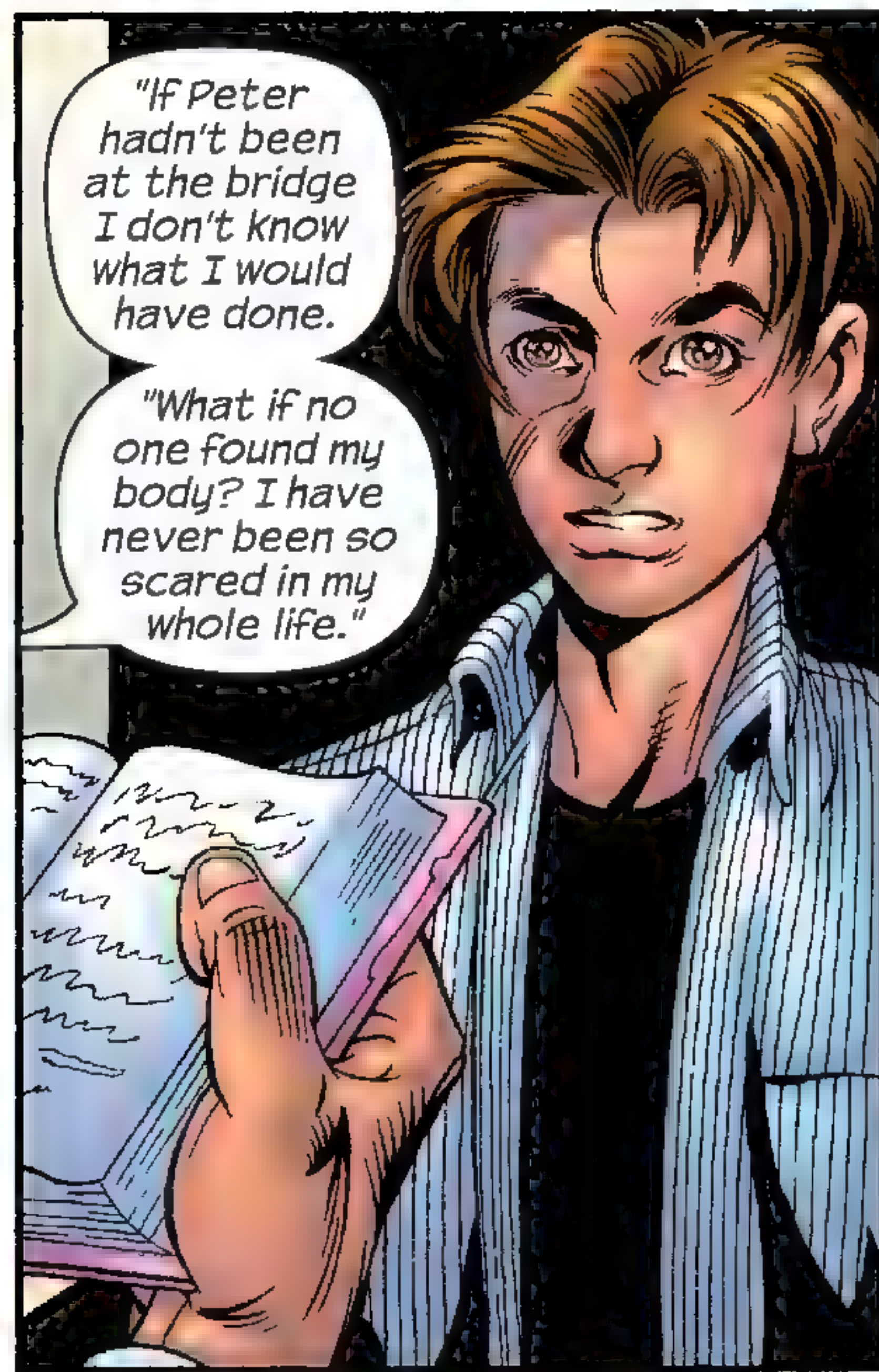




Honestly, Craig, you had no right reading her--

Well, then maybe Peter could explain to me what this passage means.

"I almost died tonight. Oh, my God, I almost died."



"If Peter hadn't been at the bridge I don't know what I would have done."

"What if no one found my body? I have never been so scared in my whole life."

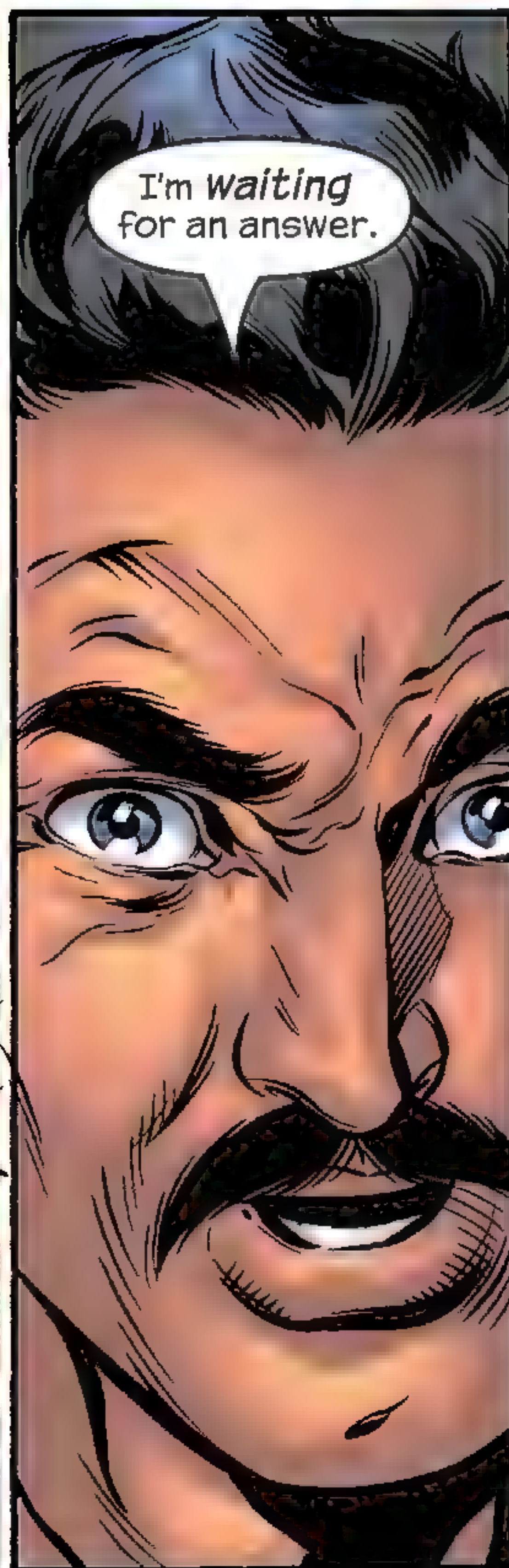
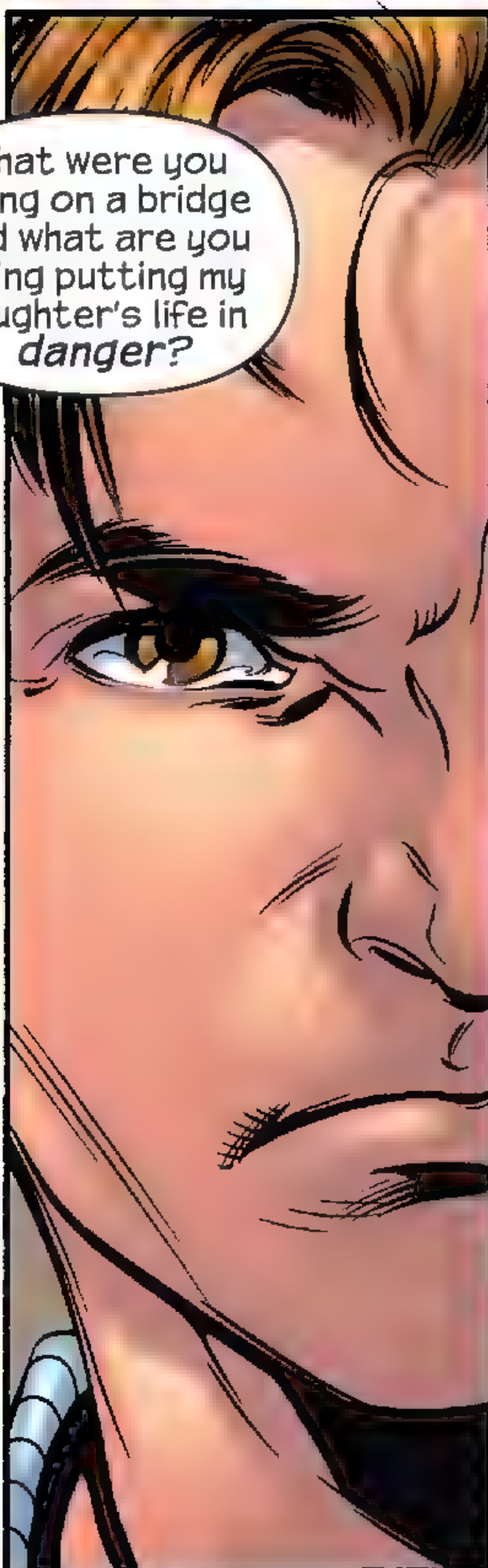


What happened on the bridge, Peter?

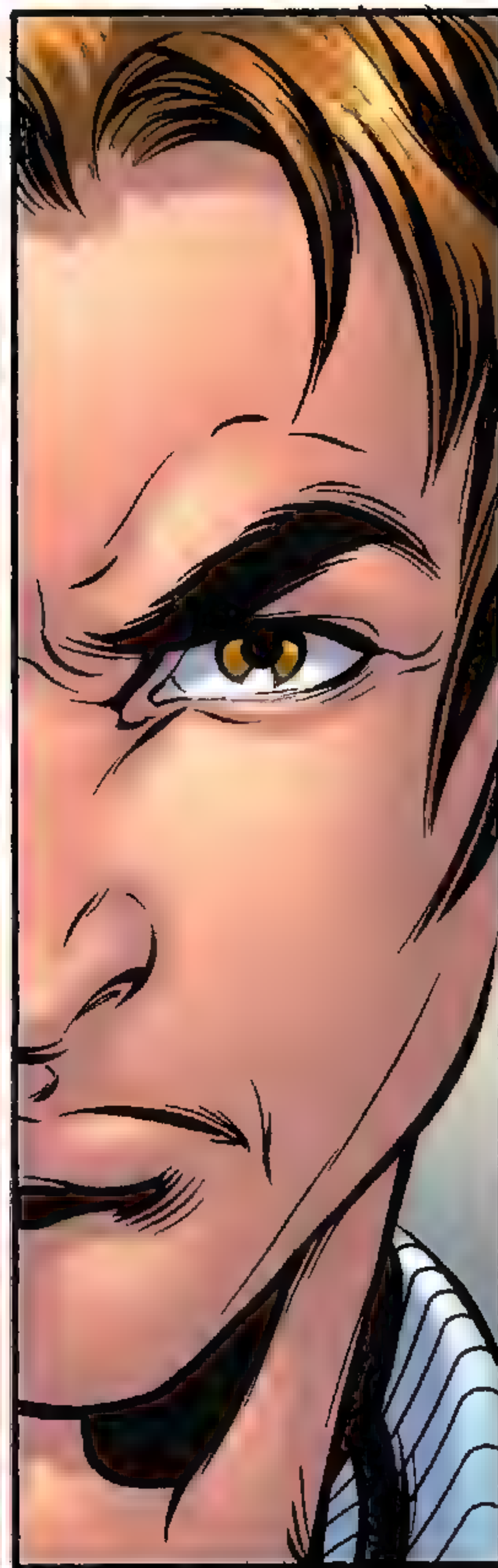
What bridge? What happened?

It's very vague and very cryptic but something happened that almost *killed* my daughter and I want to know *what!!*

What were you doing on a bridge and what are you doing putting my daughter's life in *danger*?



I'm waiting for an answer.



Oh, is *that* how it's going to be?

Well, you listen to me, punk. You two are **THROUGH!!**

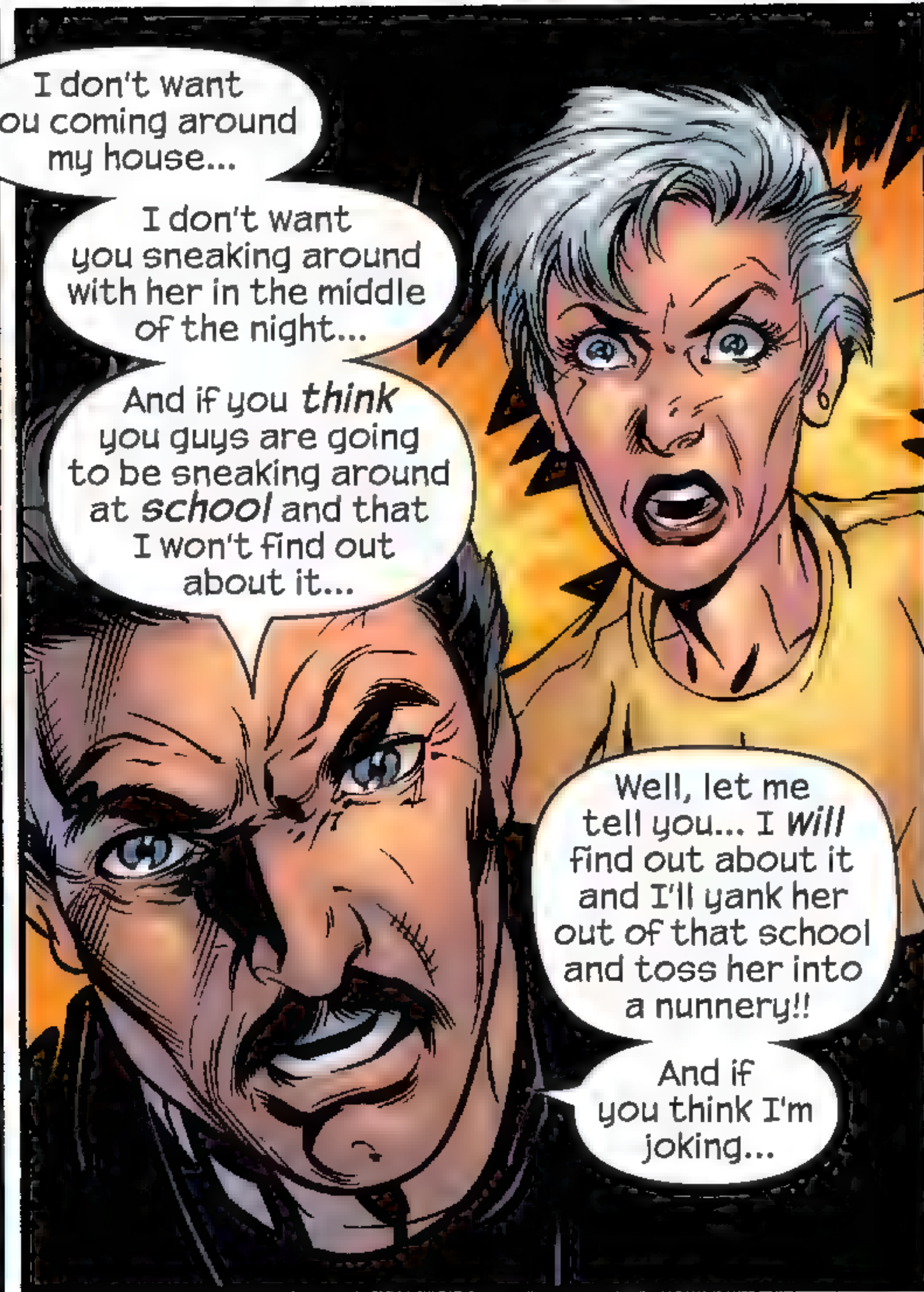
Craig...





That's it.

I don't like whatever these little shenanigans you two are up to in that basement all the time... and now I read *this*??



I don't want you coming around my house...

I don't want you sneaking around with her in the middle of the night...

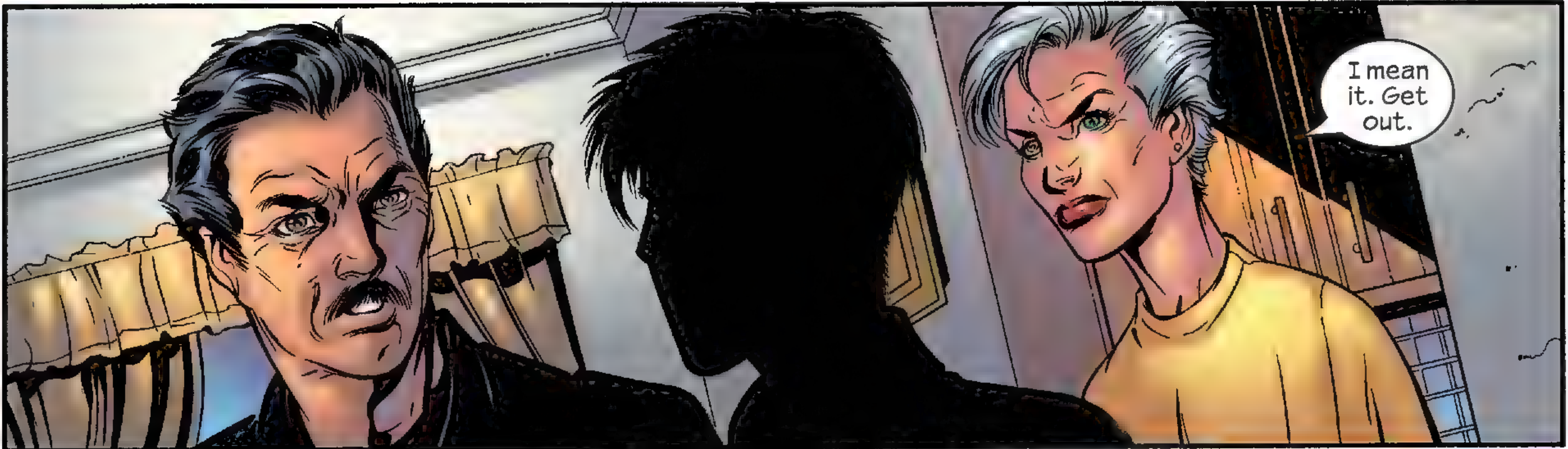
And if you *think* you guys are going to be sneaking around at *school* and that I won't find out about it...

Well, let me tell you... I *will* find out about it and I'll yank her out of that school and toss her into a nunnery!!

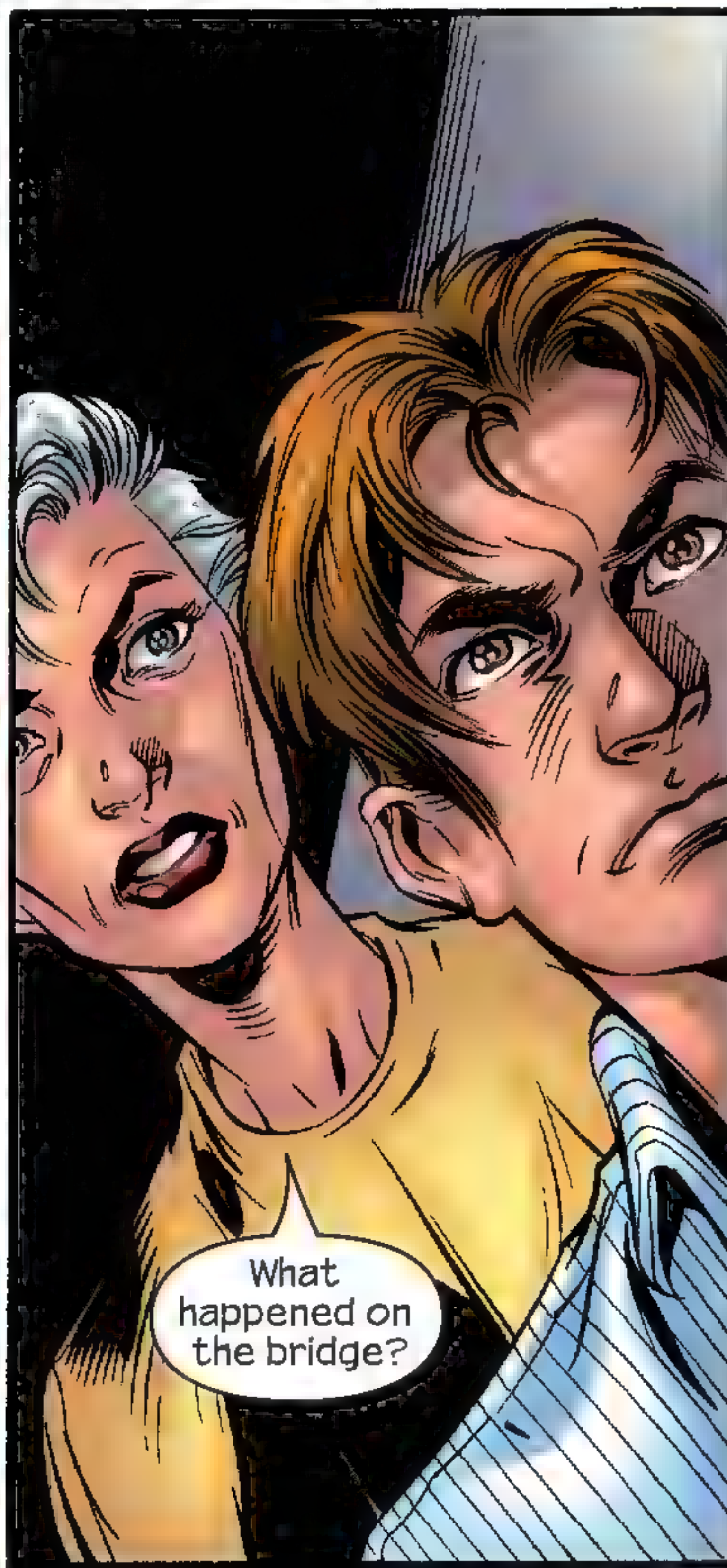
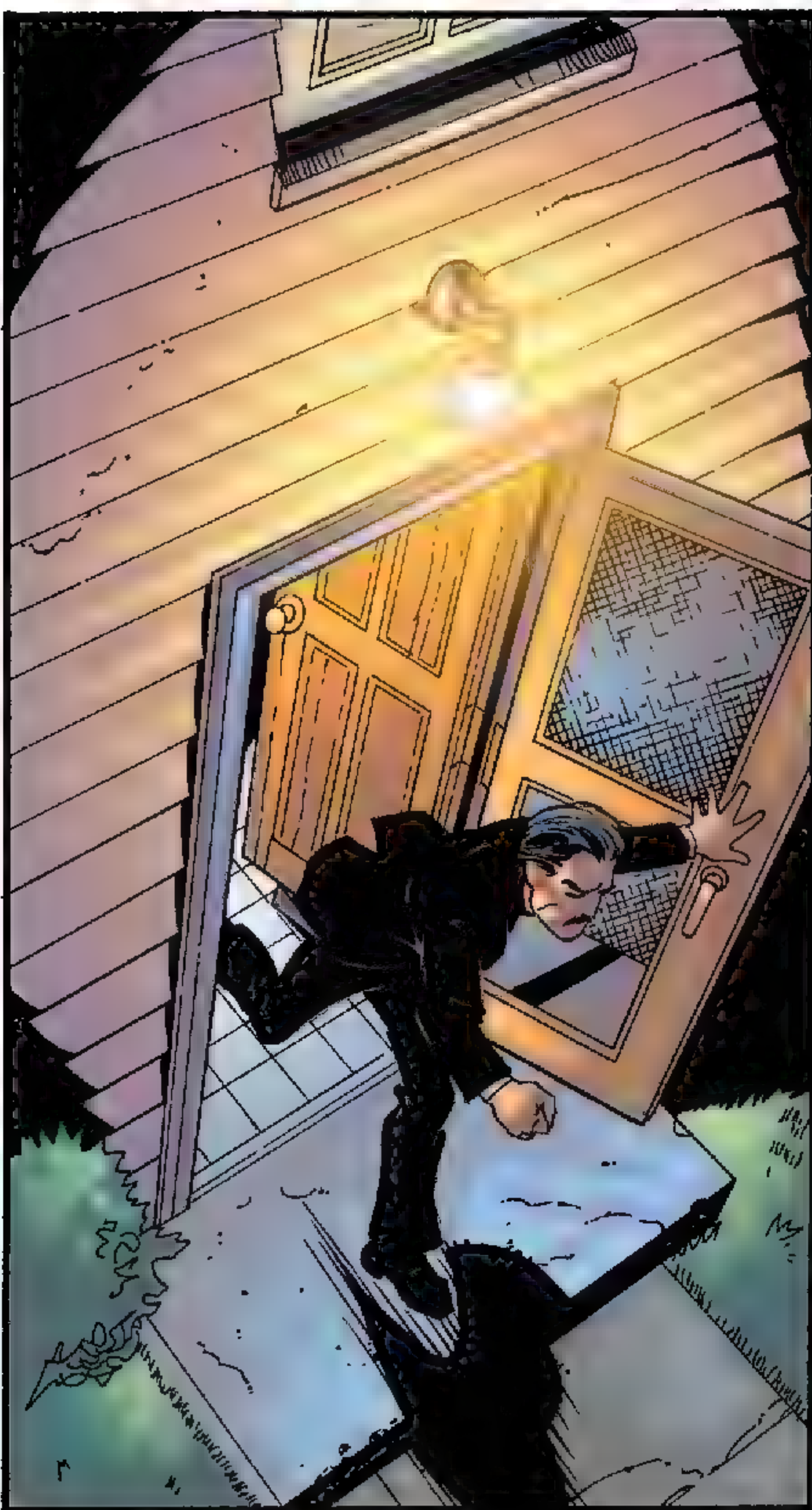
And if you think I'm joking...



Craig, get out of my house. Or I'll call the cops.



I mean it. Get out.



What happened on the bridge?



Peter?  
I asked you--

Nothing.

No.  
Nothing.





We were at the park and she slipped on-- on-- on a thing and she almost fell in.

I-- I caught her by the wrist.

That's it?

That's it.

Why didn't you just tell him that was it?



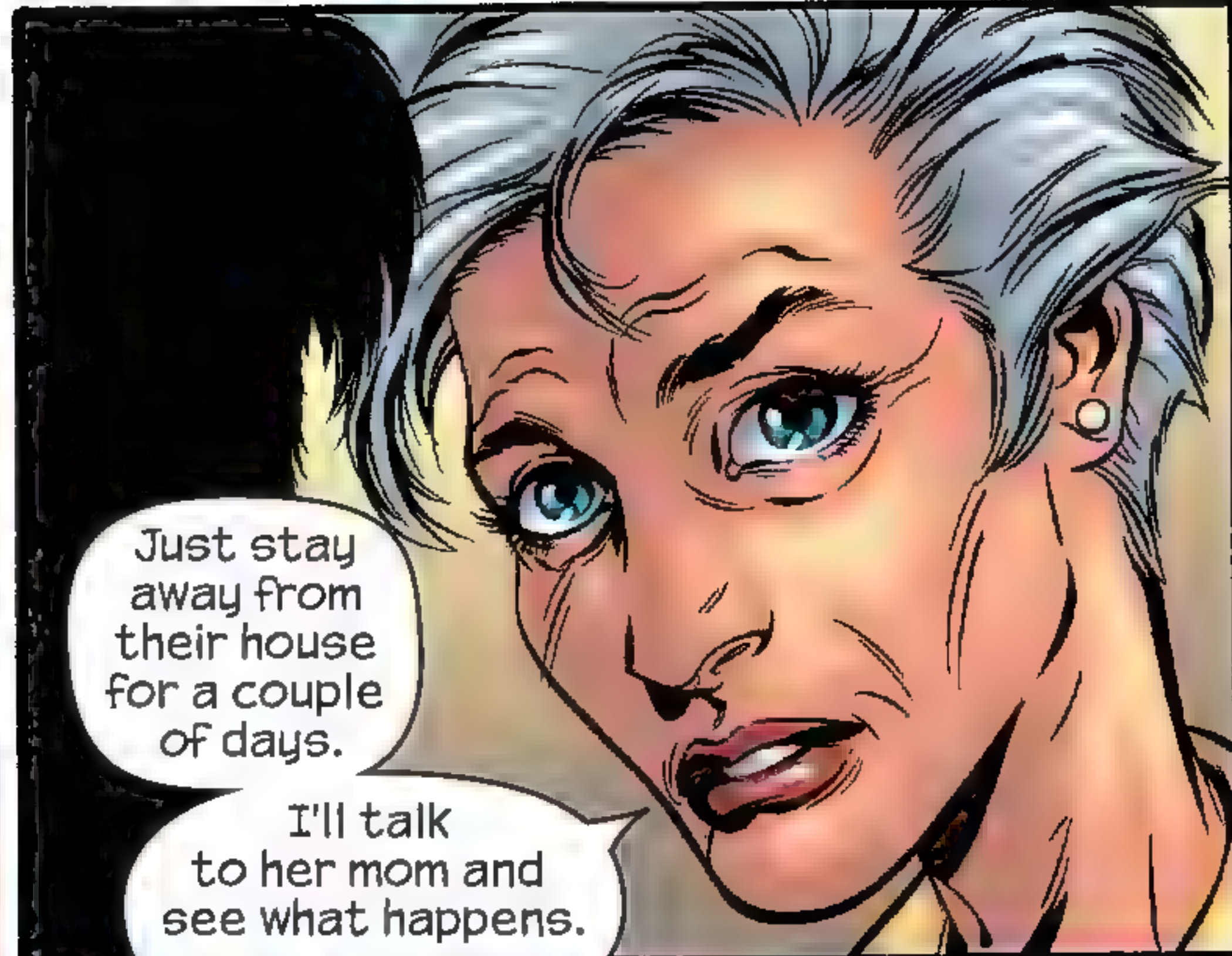
'Cause he's a jerk.

Can't believe what a *jerk* that guy is.

He really is.

I'm sorry, Peter.

I can't believe it.

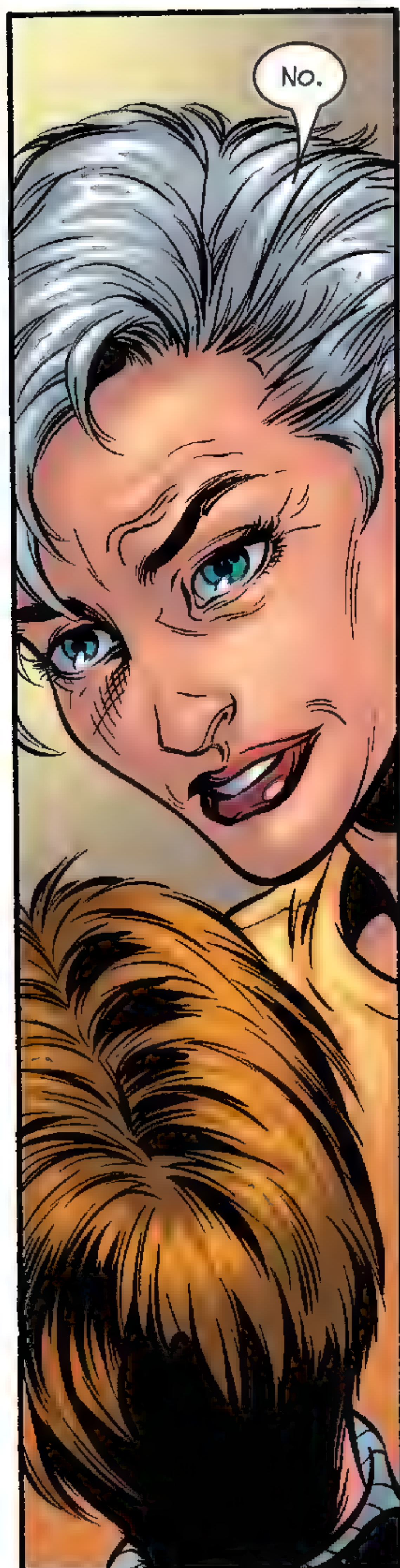


Just stay away from their house for a couple of days.

I'll talk to her mom and see what happens.



He's not going to hurt her, is he?



No.



Gwen?

Everything okay?

Get your shoes. Go for a walk with me.

We'll walk by their house, just casual-like, and if we hear anything we'll call the police.

You stay here.

I want to--

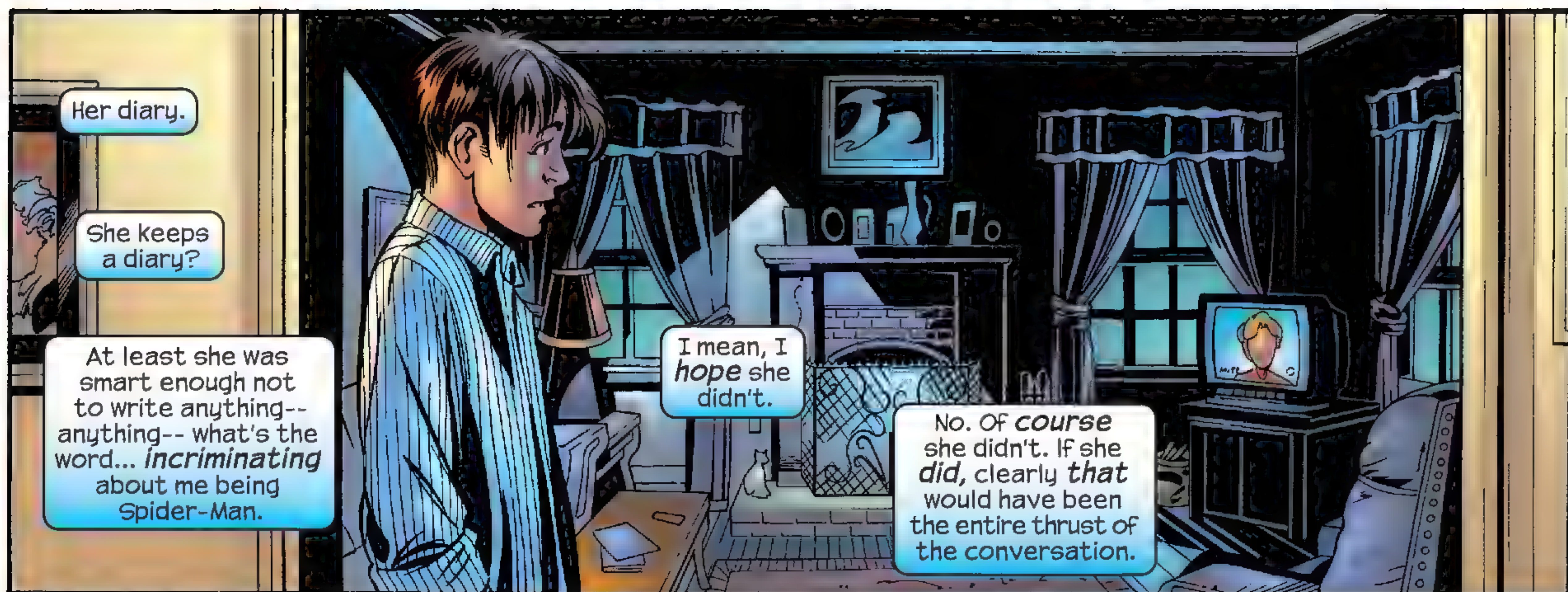
No, it's better you stay here.



What are we doing?

Get your shoes.





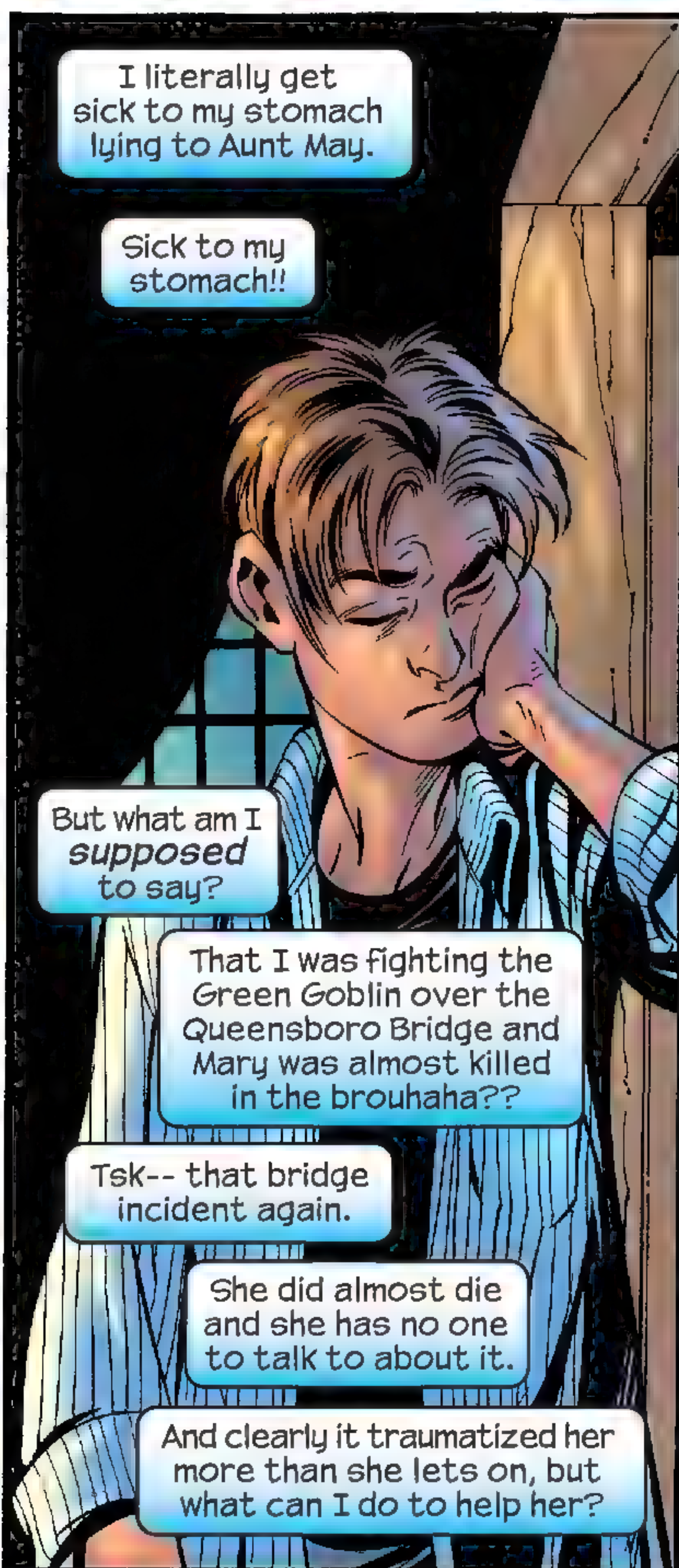
Her diary.

She keeps a diary?

At least she was smart enough not to write anything-- anything-- what's the word... *incriminating* about me being Spider-Man.

I mean, I *hope* she didn't.

No. Of *course* she didn't. If she *did*, clearly *that* would have been the entire thrust of the conversation.



I literally get sick to my stomach lying to Aunt May.

Sick to my stomach!!

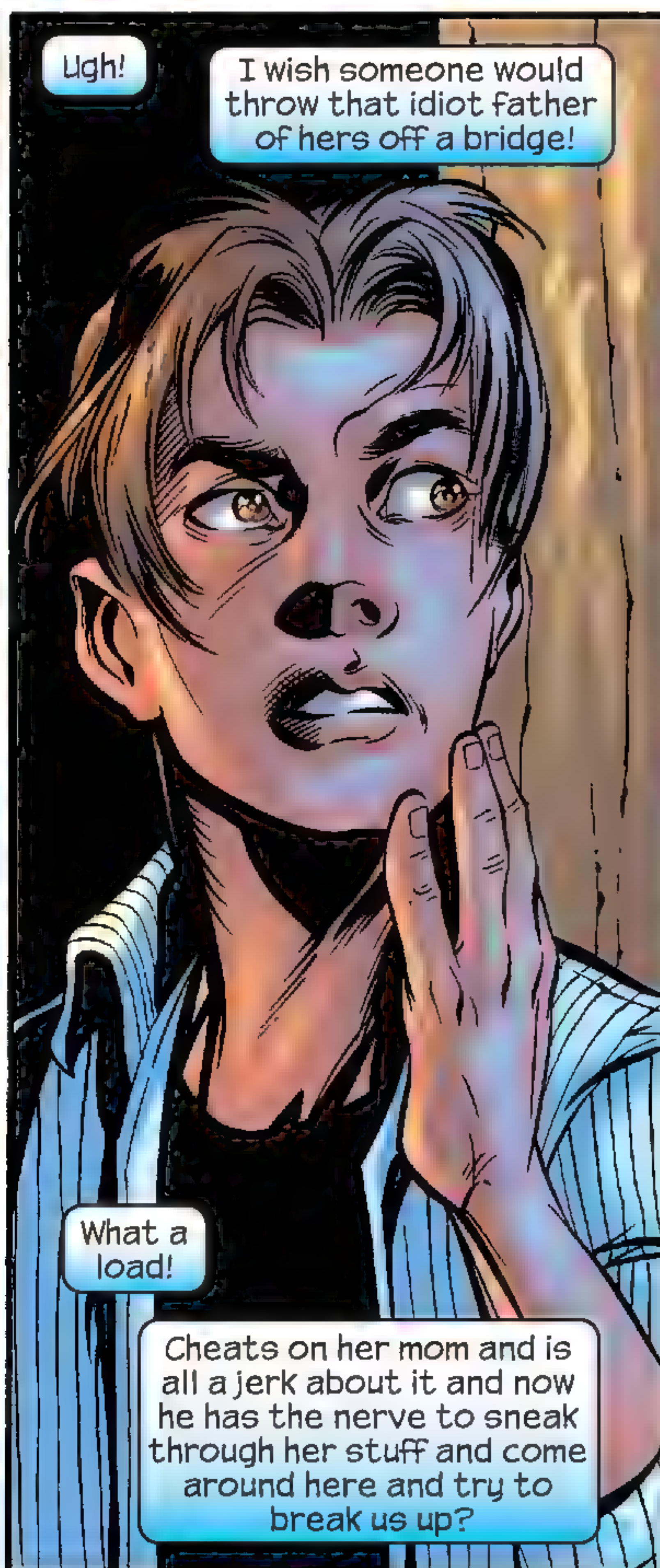
But what am I *supposed* to say?

That I was fighting the Green Goblin over the Queensboro Bridge and Mary was almost killed in the brouhaha??

Tsk-- that bridge incident again.

She did almost die and she has no one to talk to about it.

And clearly it traumatized her more than she lets on, but what can I do to help her?



Ugh!

I wish someone would throw that idiot father of hers off a bridge!

What a load!

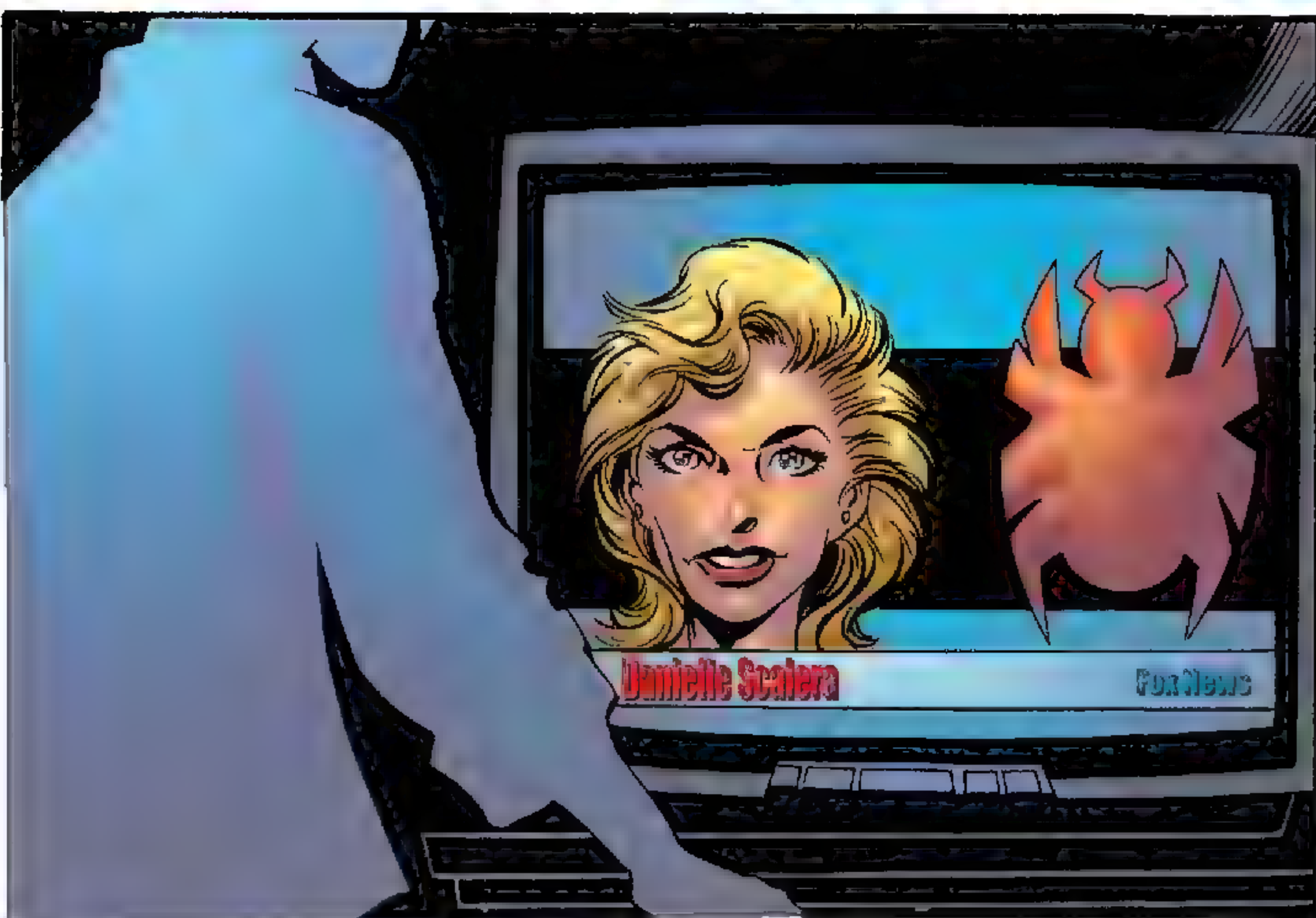
Cheats on her mom and is all a jerk about it and now he has the nerve to sneak through her stuff and come around here and try to break us up?



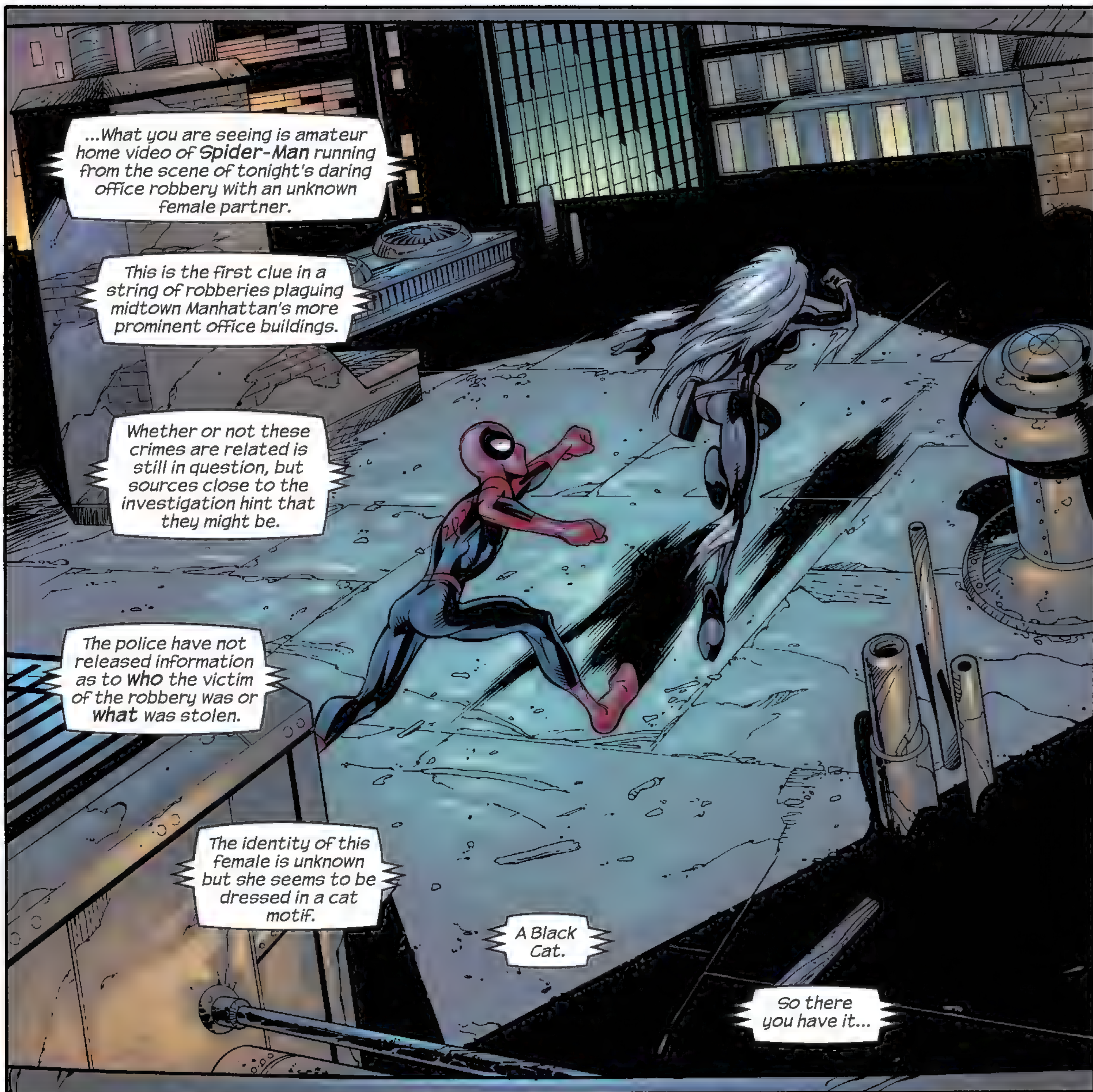
Maybe I will *marry* her.

I'll just go sneak off to wherever it is around here you sneak off to and I'll just marry her and tell him to go--

Oh, no...







...What you are seeing is amateur home video of Spider-Man running from the scene of tonight's daring office robbery with an unknown female partner.

This is the first clue in a string of robberies plaguing midtown Manhattan's more prominent office buildings.

Whether or not these crimes are related is still in question, but sources close to the investigation hint that they might be.

The police have not released information as to who the victim of the robbery was or what was stolen.

The identity of this female is unknown but she seems to be dressed in a cat motif.

A Black Cat.

So there you have it...



A brief glimpse at the terror that stalks our city when the sun goes down.

And it looks like his name is Spider-Man after all.

And that seven years' bad luck starts...

...right now.









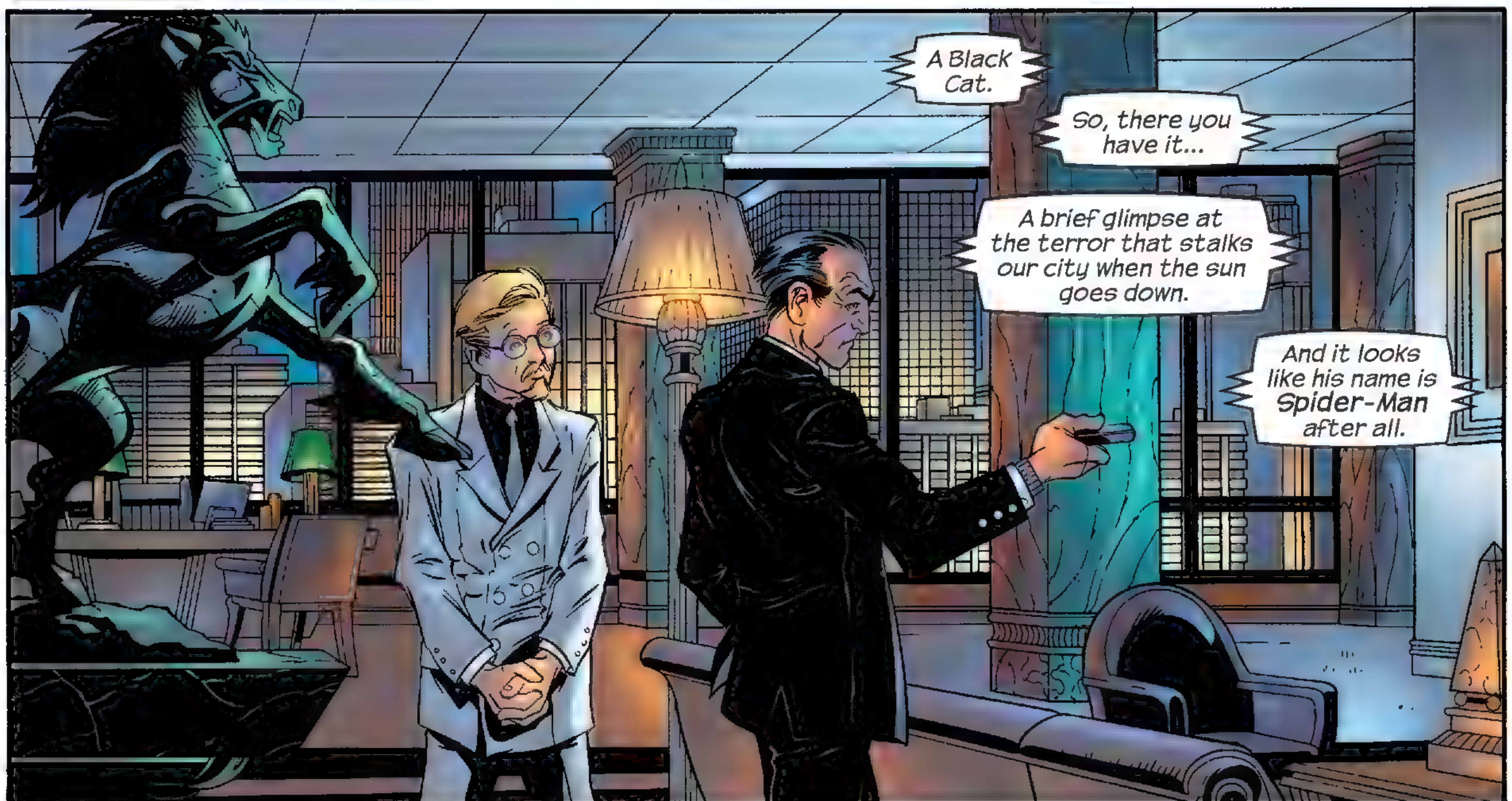
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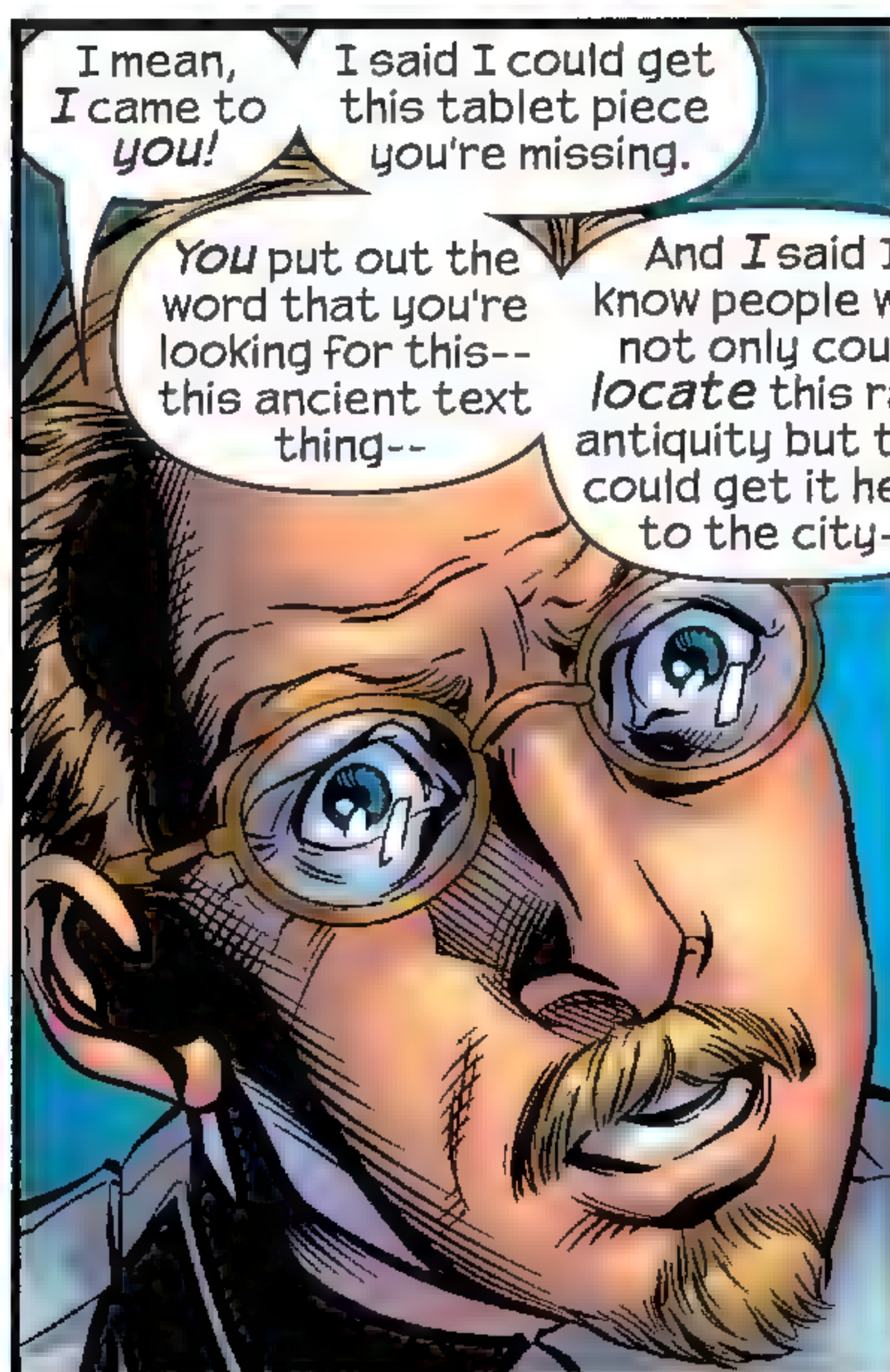
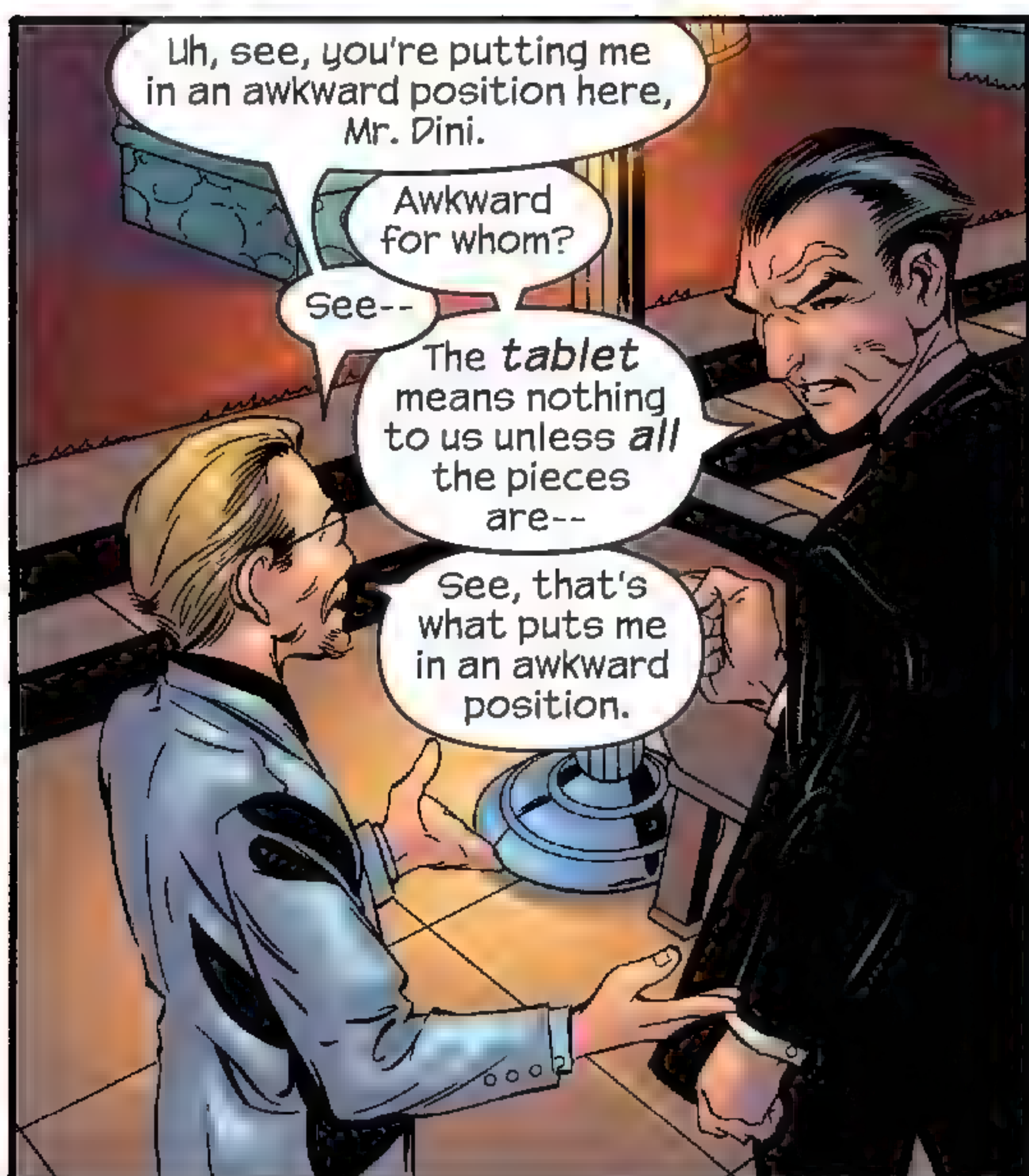
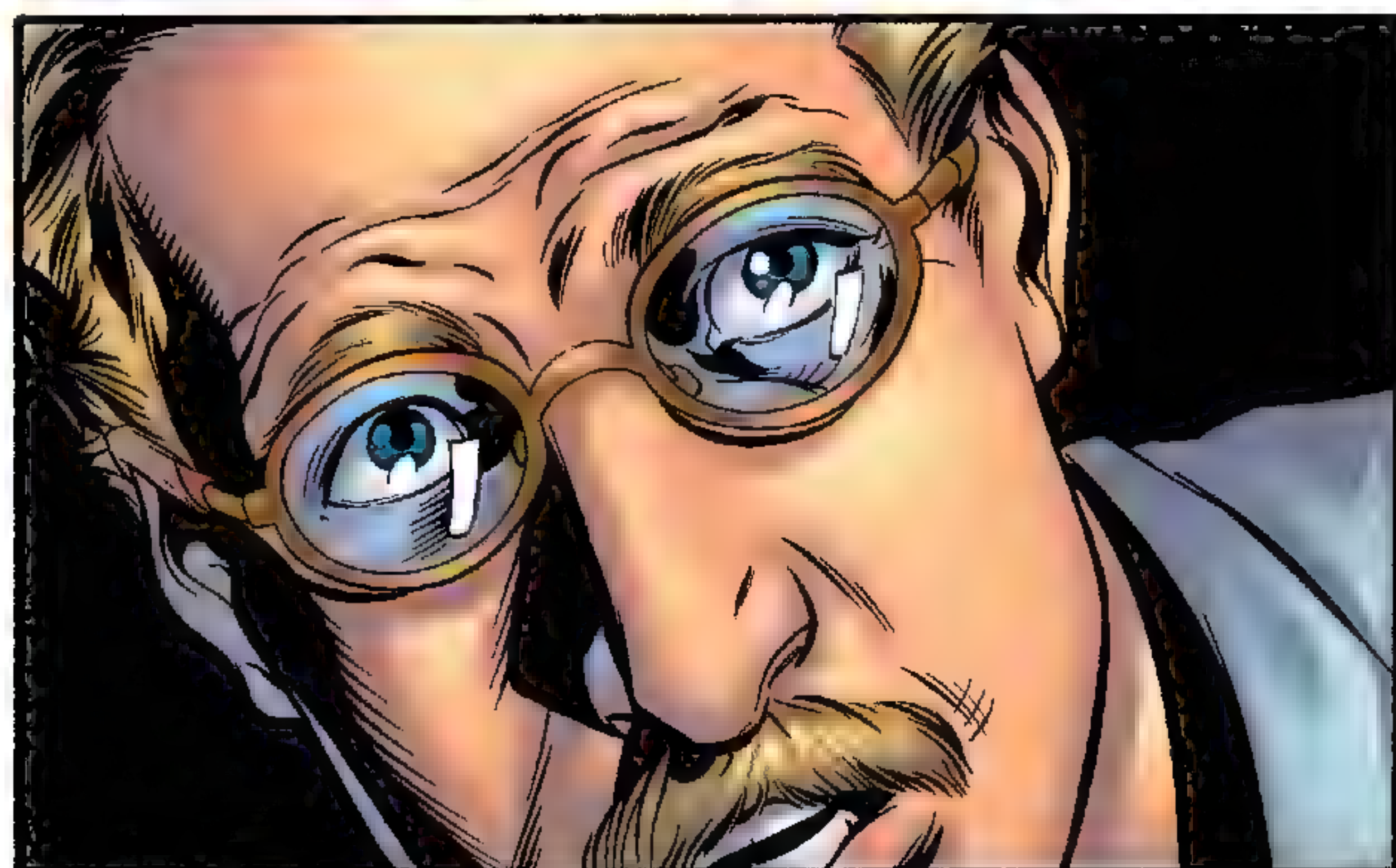
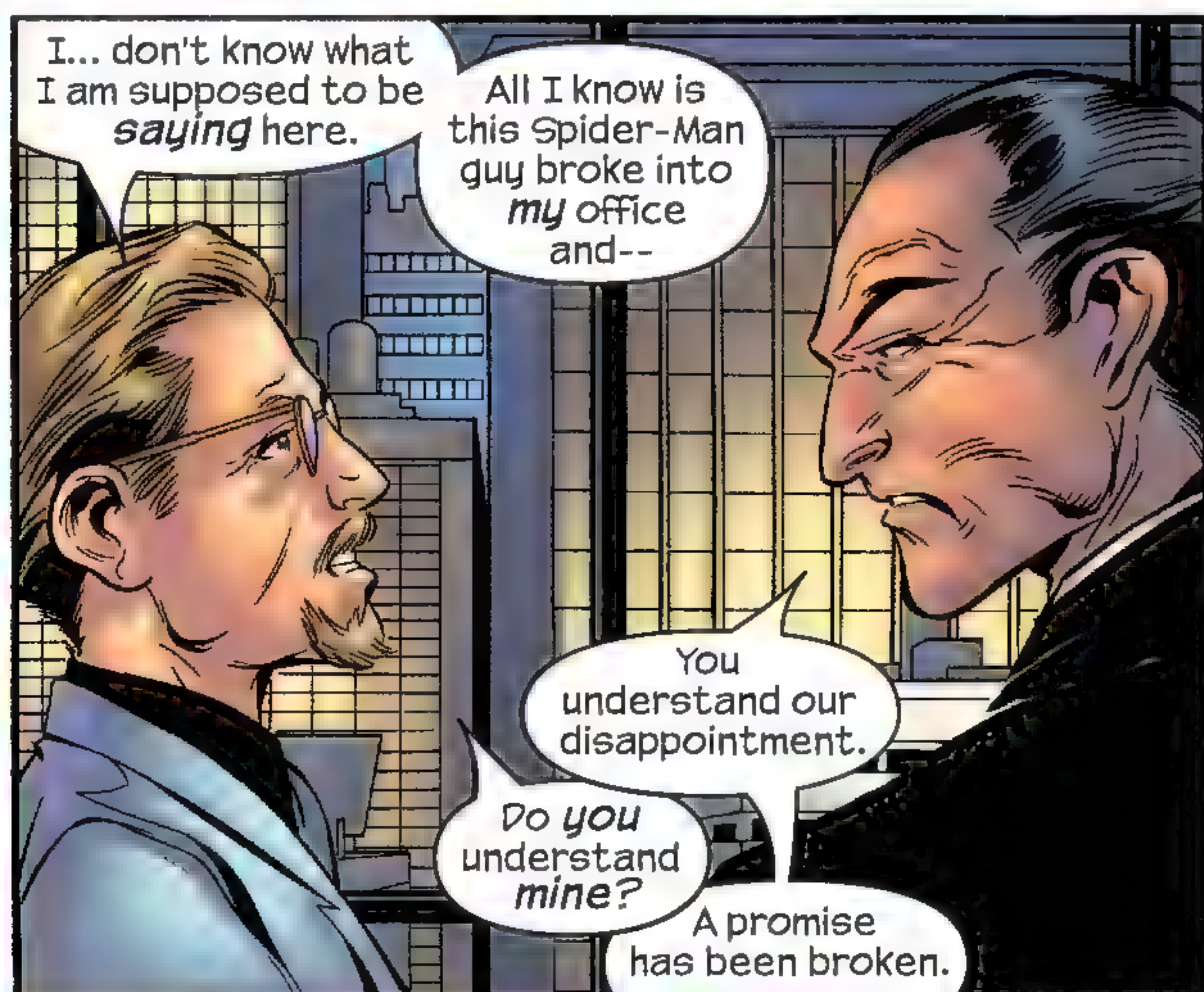
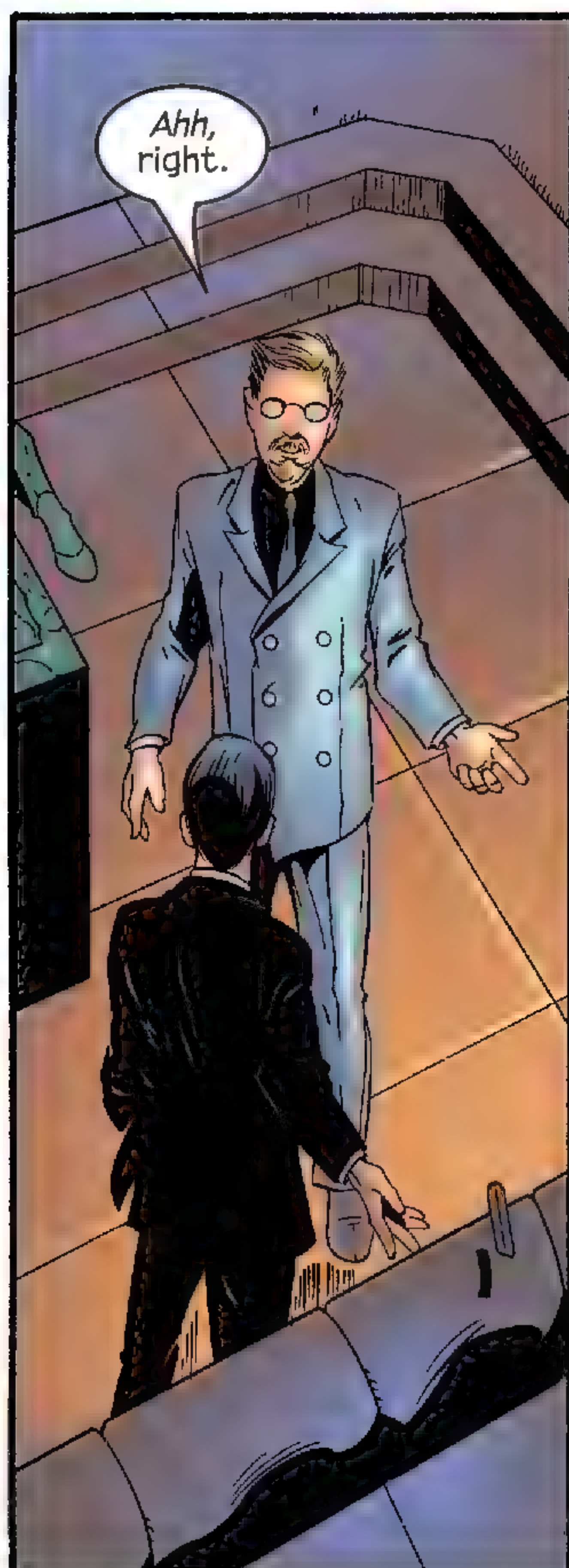
A Black Cat.

So, there you have it...

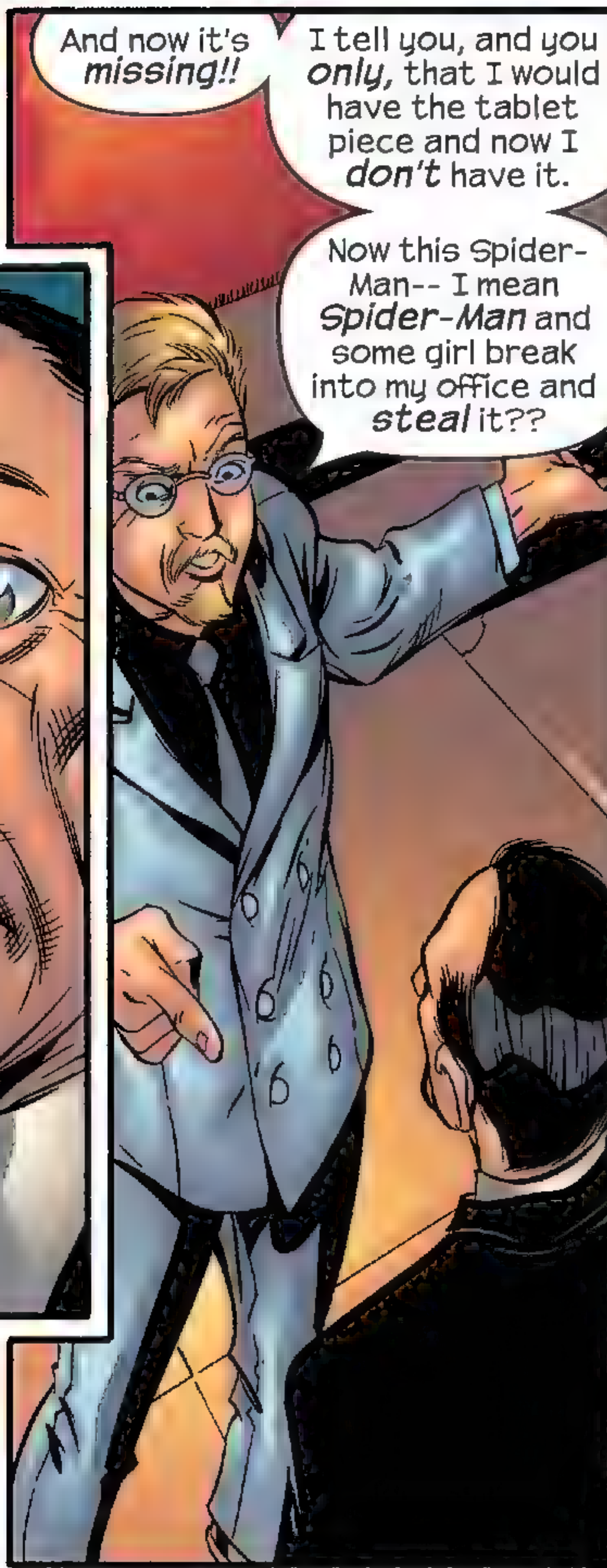
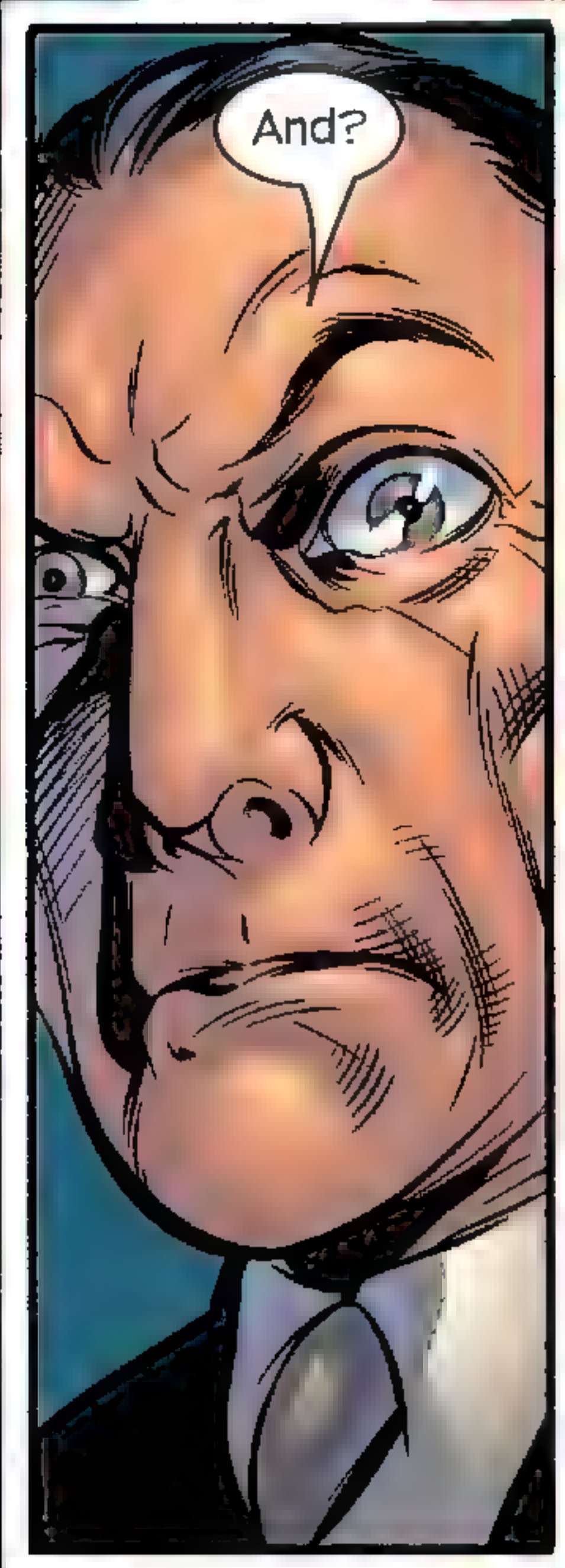
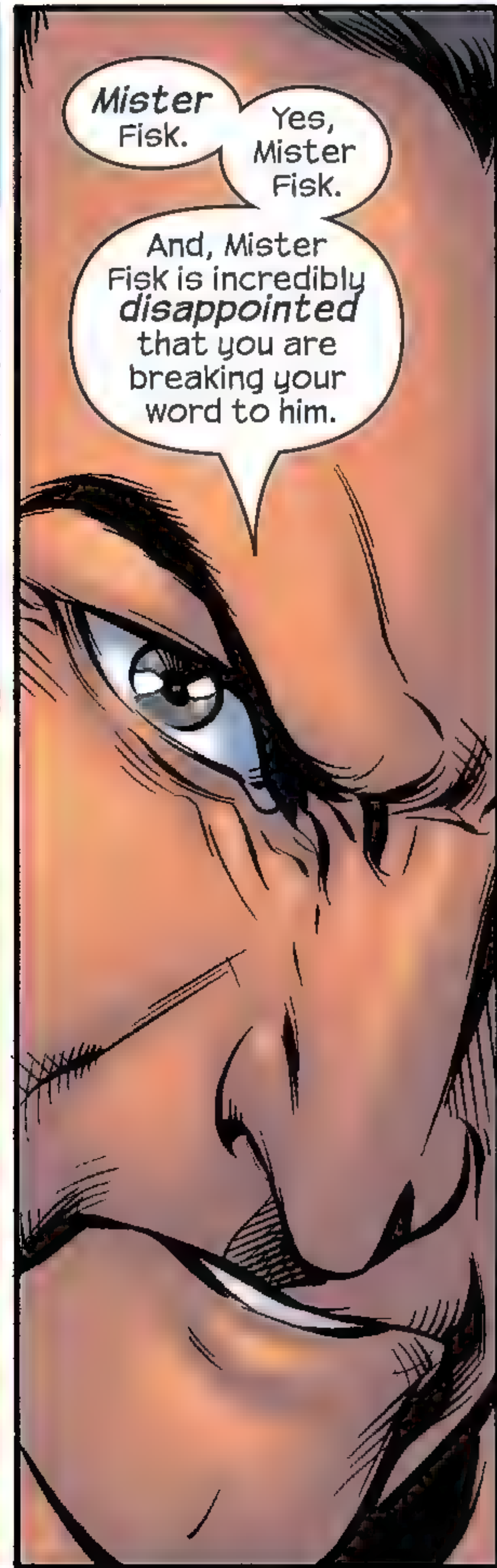
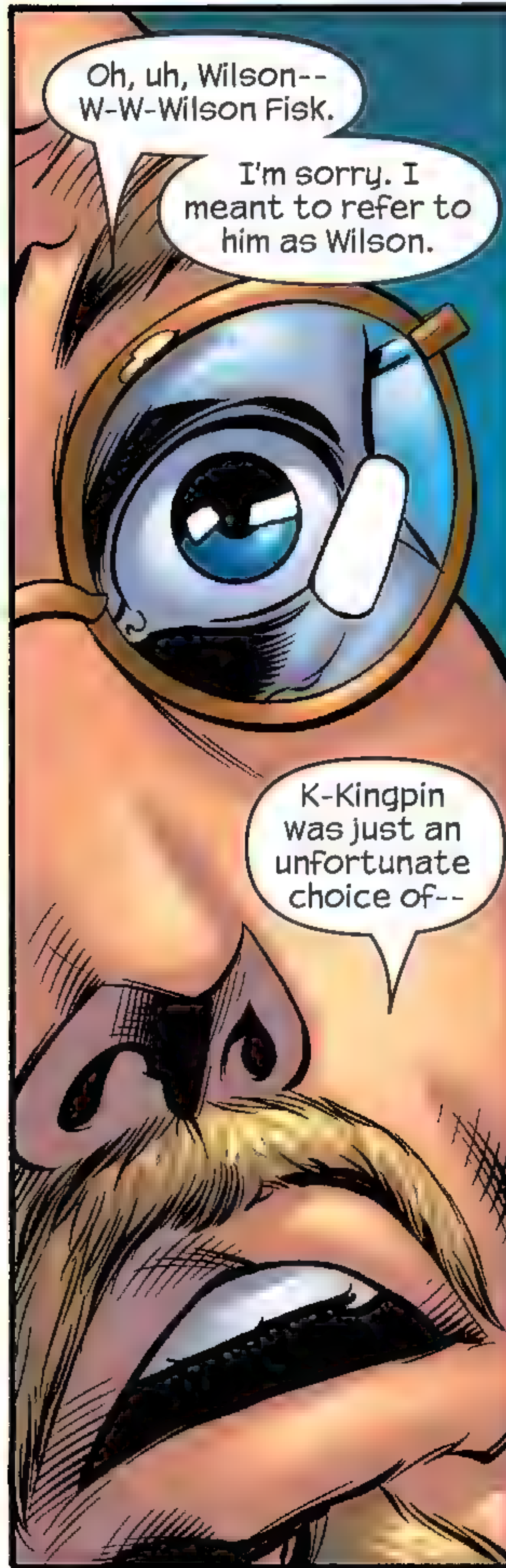
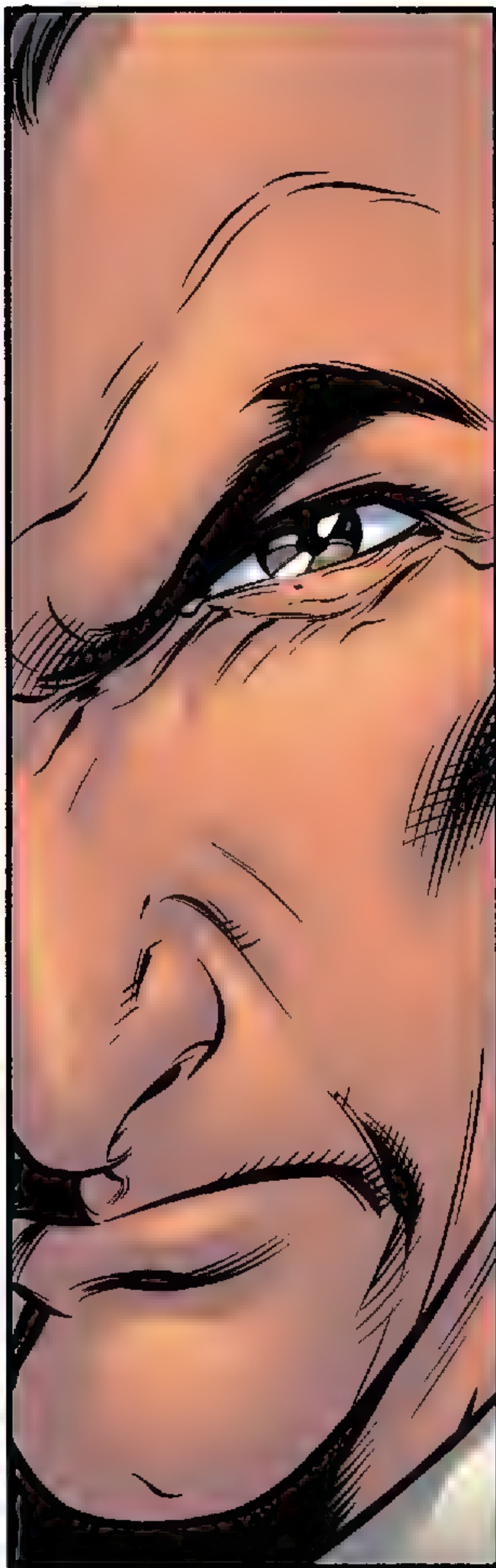
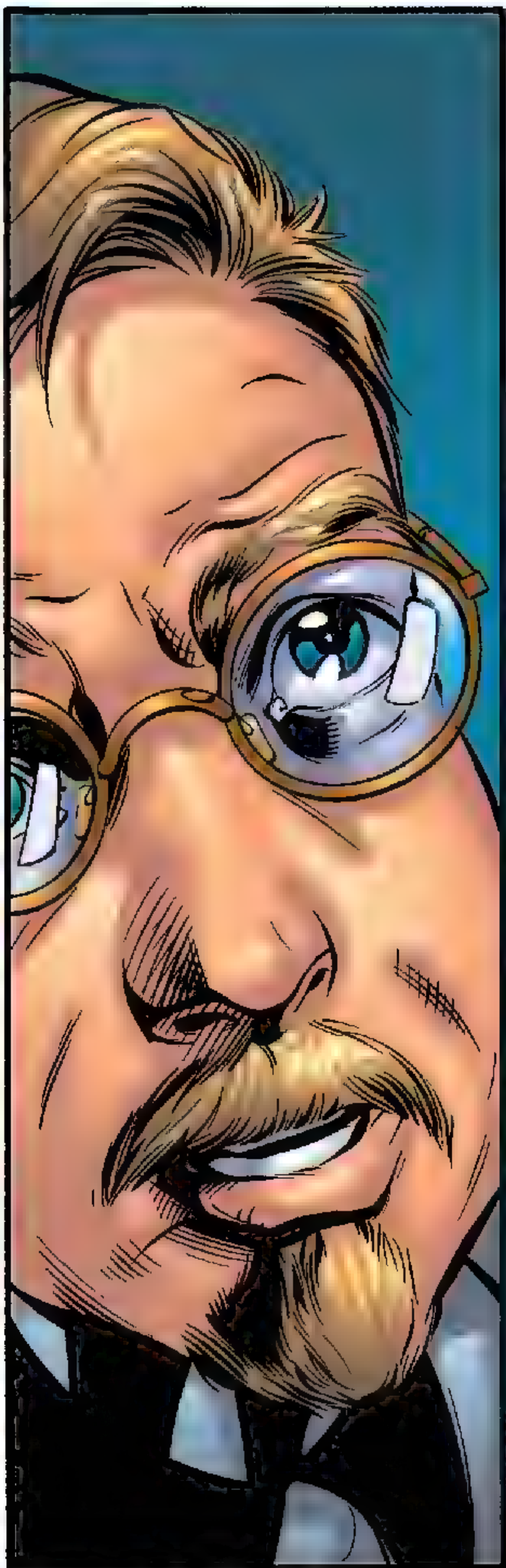
A brief glimpse at the terror that stalks our city when the sun goes down.

And it looks like his name is Spider-Man after all.









Oh, uh, Wilson--  
W-W-Wilson Fisk.

I'm sorry. I  
meant to refer to  
him as Wilson.

K-Kingpin  
was just an  
unfortunate  
choice of--

Mister  
Fisk.

Yes,  
Mister  
Fisk.

And, Mister  
Fisk is incredibly  
**disappointed**  
that you are  
breaking your  
word to him.

Well, what I am  
saying is, I tell *you*  
I am acquiring it.

Where and  
when.

I tell you  
that I will  
have it this  
week...

And  
**now** it's  
missing.

And now it's  
**missing!!**

I tell you, and you  
**only**, that I would  
have the tablet  
piece and now I  
**don't** have it.

Now this Spider-  
Man-- I mean  
**Spider-Man** and  
some girl break  
into my office and  
**steal** it??

And?

Are you  
insinuating--?





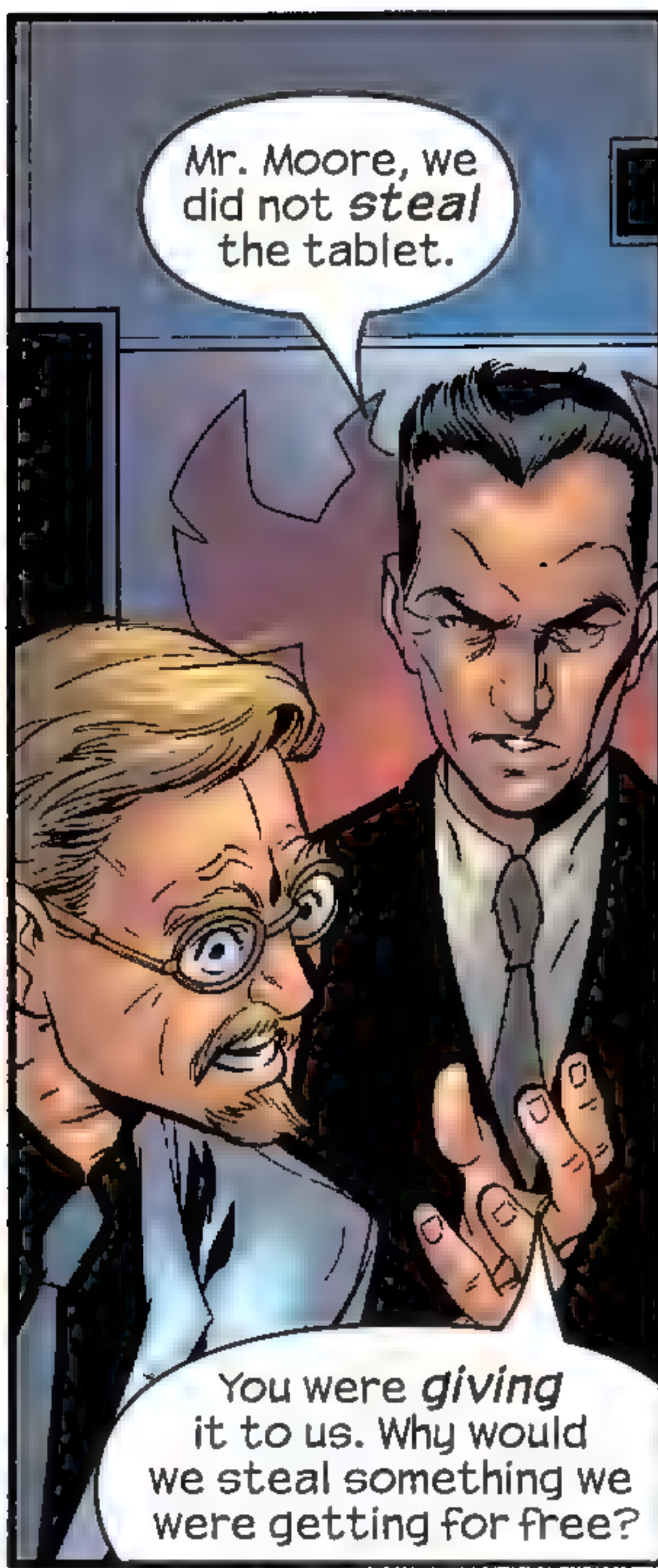
Insinuating?  
No, no!

Okay,  
**yes!!** Yes, of  
course.

See, I told **no**  
**one** about the  
tablet. No one but  
**you** and Mr. Fisk.

So, I mean,  
listen, let's call  
it what it **is**.

I have pretty  
heavy-duty custom  
security and these freaks  
just slid right past it like--  
like I don't **know** what.



Mr. Moore, we  
did not **steal**  
the tablet.

You were **giving**  
it to us. Why would  
we steal something we  
were getting for free?



I don't know. Listen,  
you're the King- you're  
Mr. Fisk's **guy**, you're  
the **man**.

I'm saying- I'm not  
necessarily saying **you**  
or-or Mr. Fisk **did** this  
to me...

I'm saying  
somebody in this  
**organization**...



No one in this organization  
does anything unless  
**told** to.

Well, all I know  
is I told you and  
you **only**, and now  
it's **gone**.

And now you're  
all giving me the  
snake-eye like I  
did something  
**wrong** here.

Mr. Fisk  
wants the tablet  
piece, **tonight**, and he  
doesn't care **how** he gets it.



What am I supposed  
to do? I'm an investment  
banker who knows a guy  
at the museum who  
knows a guy.

That's  
**it!!**

I don't know  
anything about  
spider-men and  
cat burglars!!

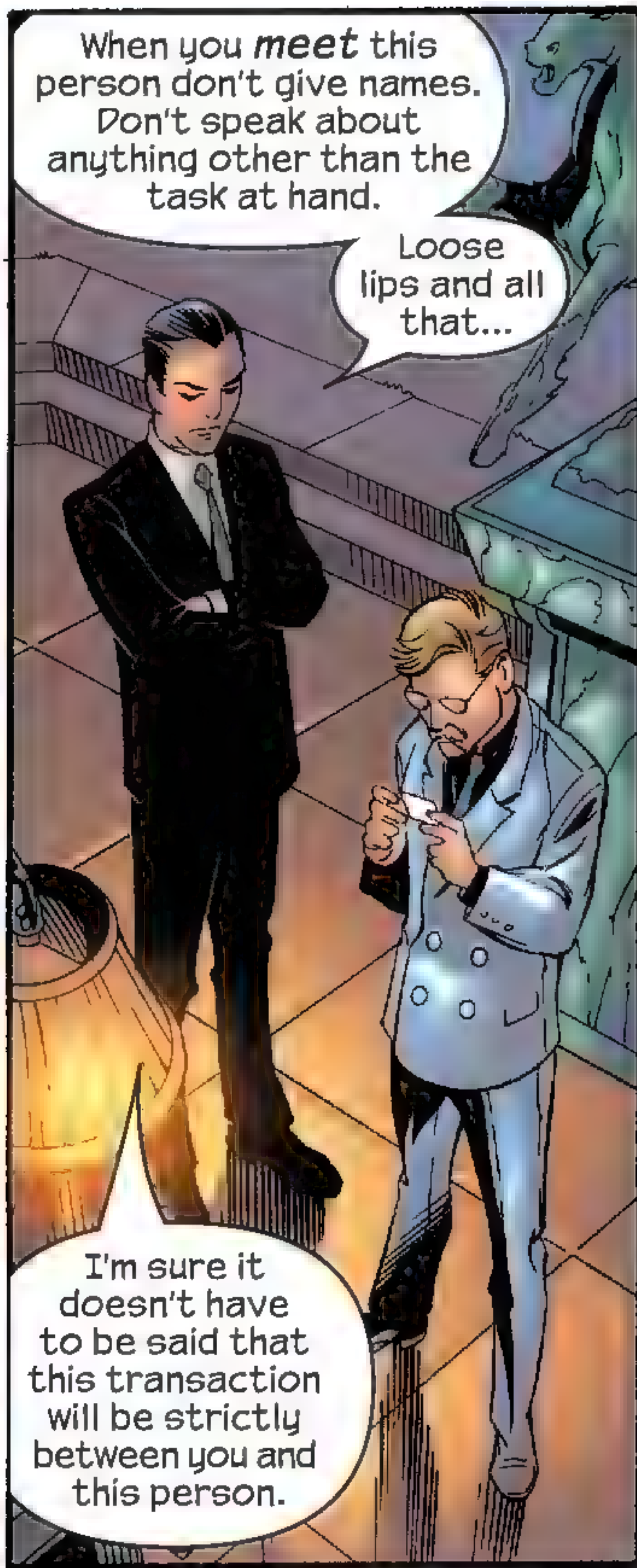
I don't have  
a costume or  
mutant powers or  
the resources  
to--



Call this  
number.

No one will  
answer. Leave  
a message.

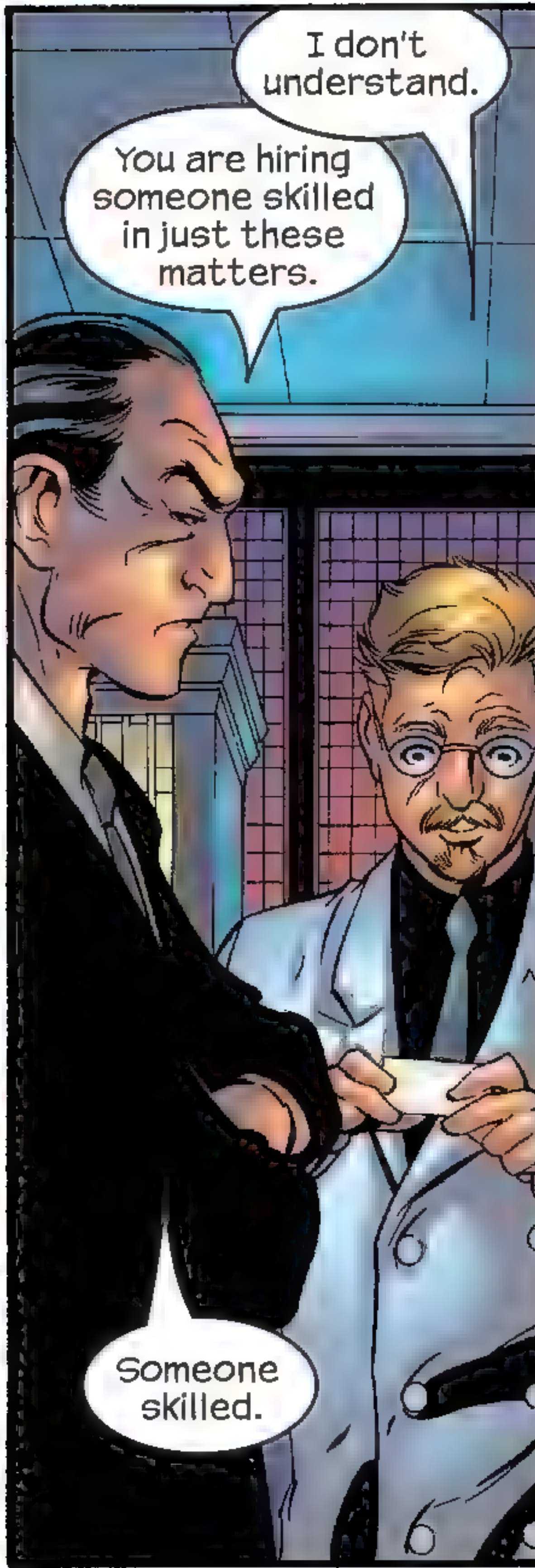
Someone  
will call you back  
and name a place  
and time and tell  
you how much to bring.



When you **meet** this  
person don't give names.  
Don't speak about  
anything other than the  
task at hand.

Loose  
lips and all  
that...

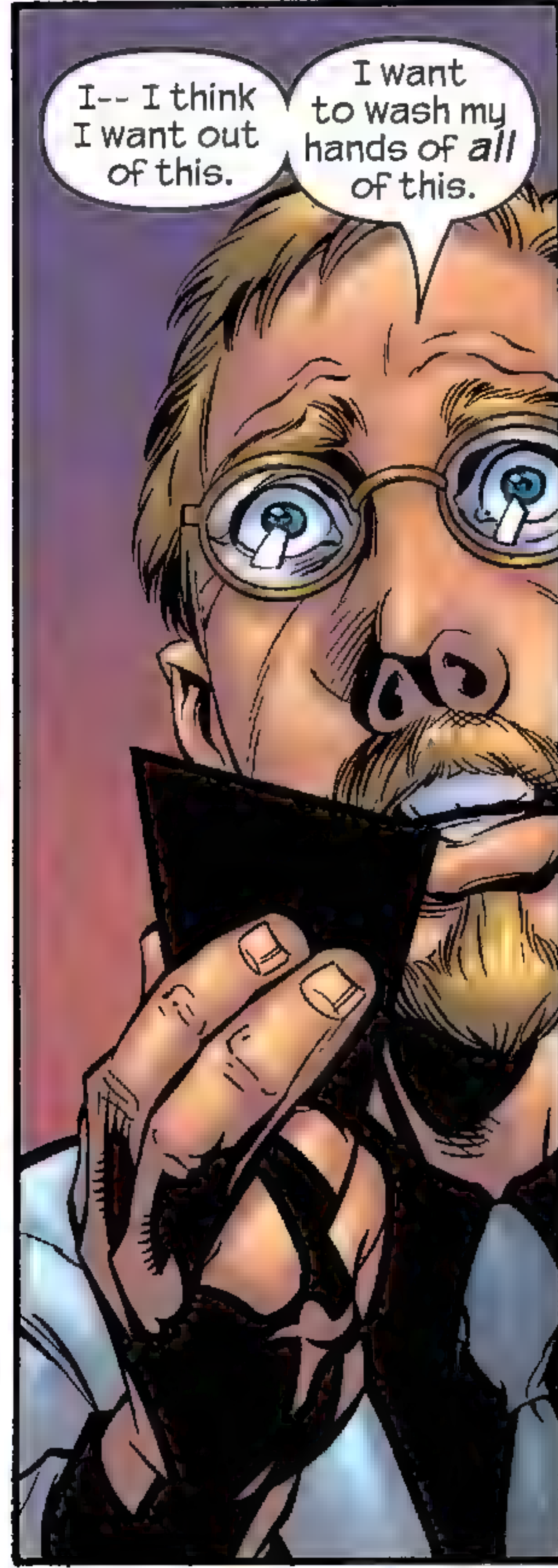
I'm sure it  
doesn't have  
to be said that  
this transaction  
will be strictly  
between you and  
this person.



I don't  
understand.

You are hiring  
someone skilled  
in just these  
matters.

Someone  
skilled.



I-- I think  
I want out of  
this.

I want  
to wash my  
hands of **all**  
of this.



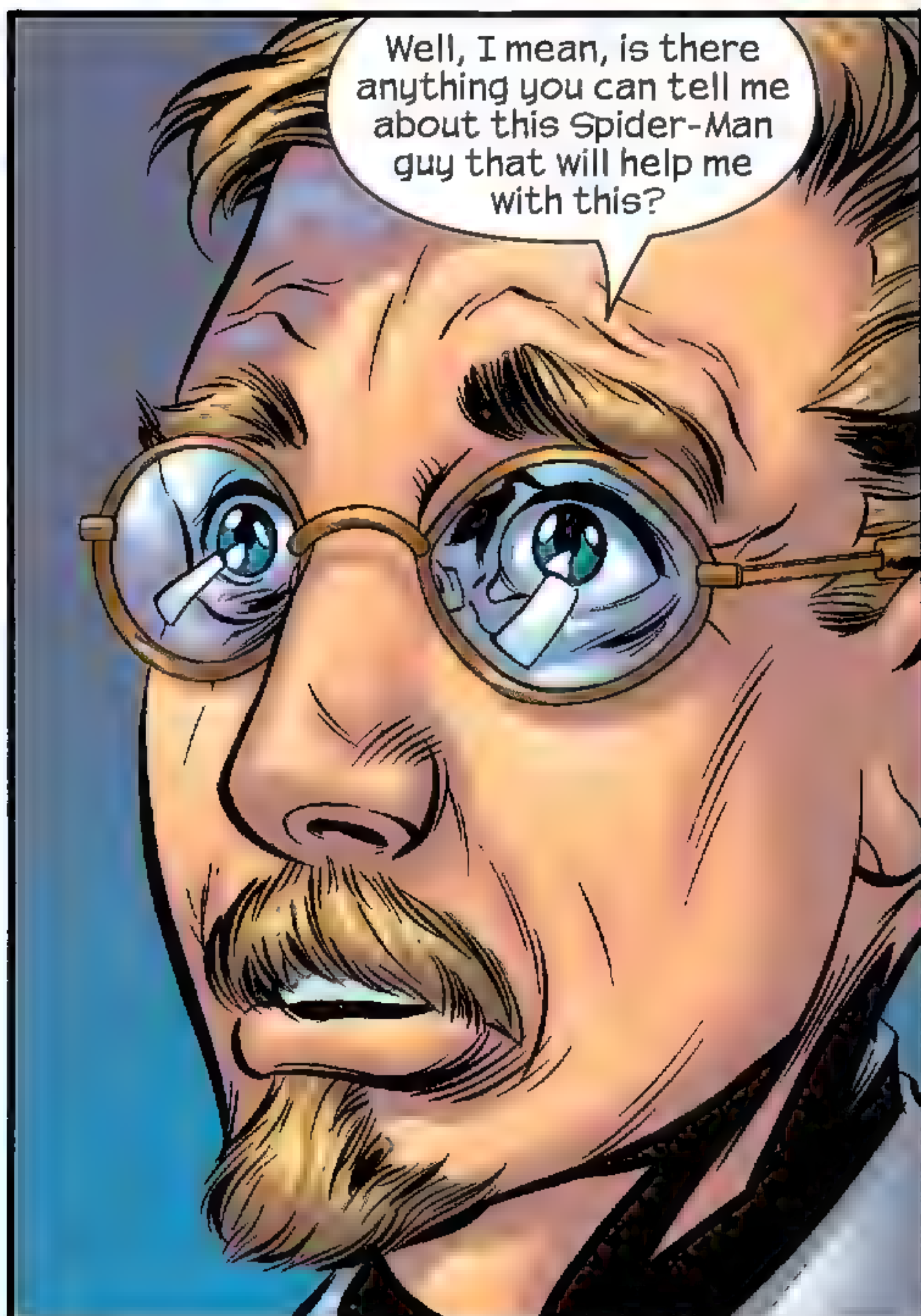
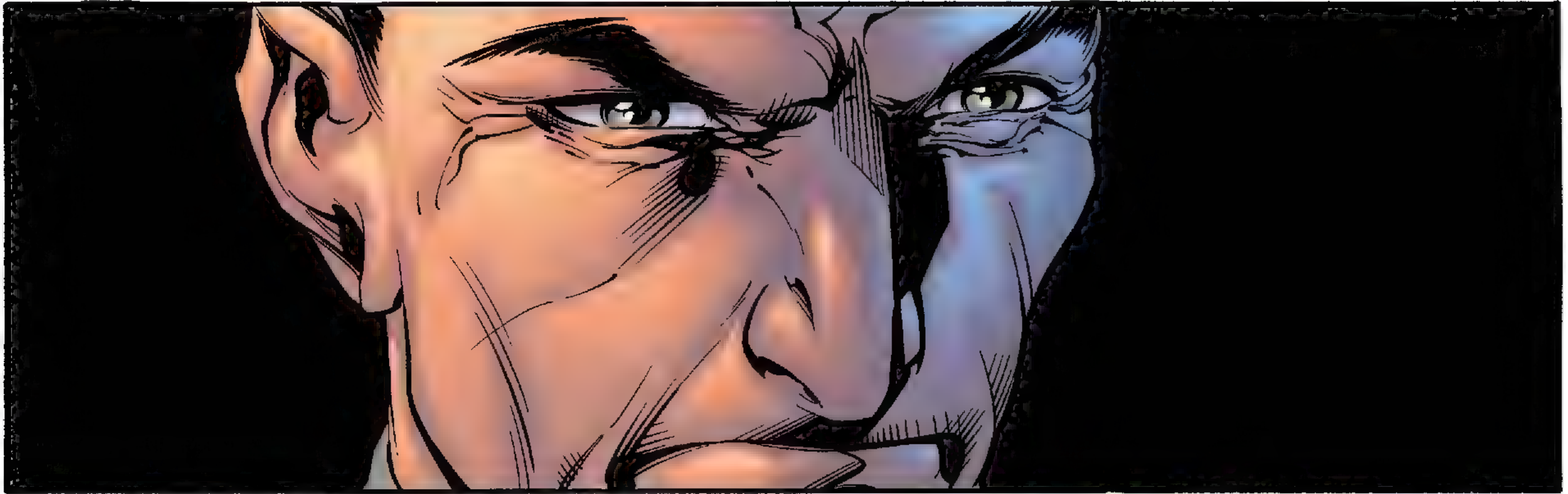


You came to Mr. Fisk with a promise.

I think it best that you follow through with that promise.

As I am sure you have heard, he doesn't take well to disappointment.

I don't suppose you want to tell me what is so *important* about this *tablet* that all this crazy stuff is happening to me and my life.



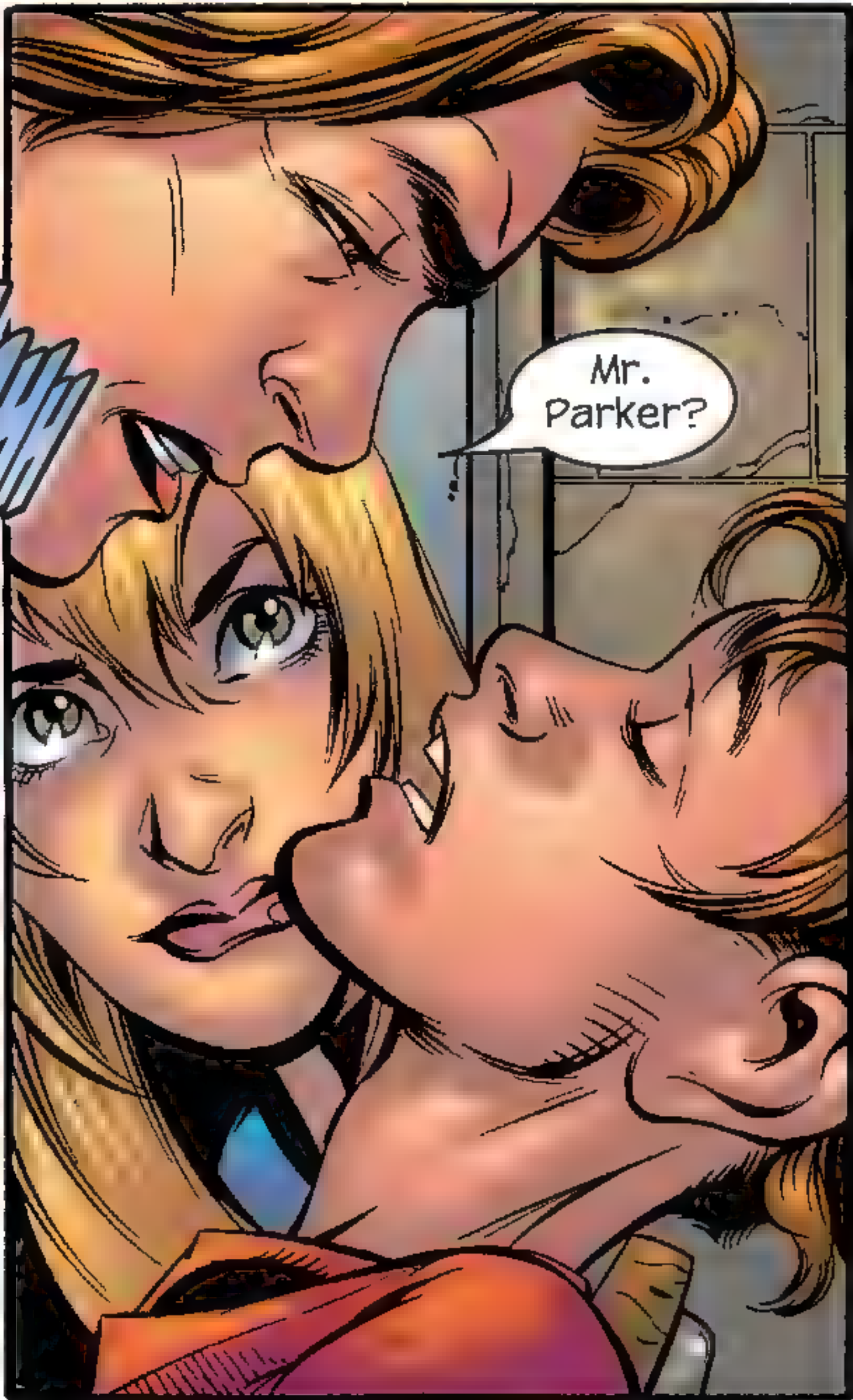
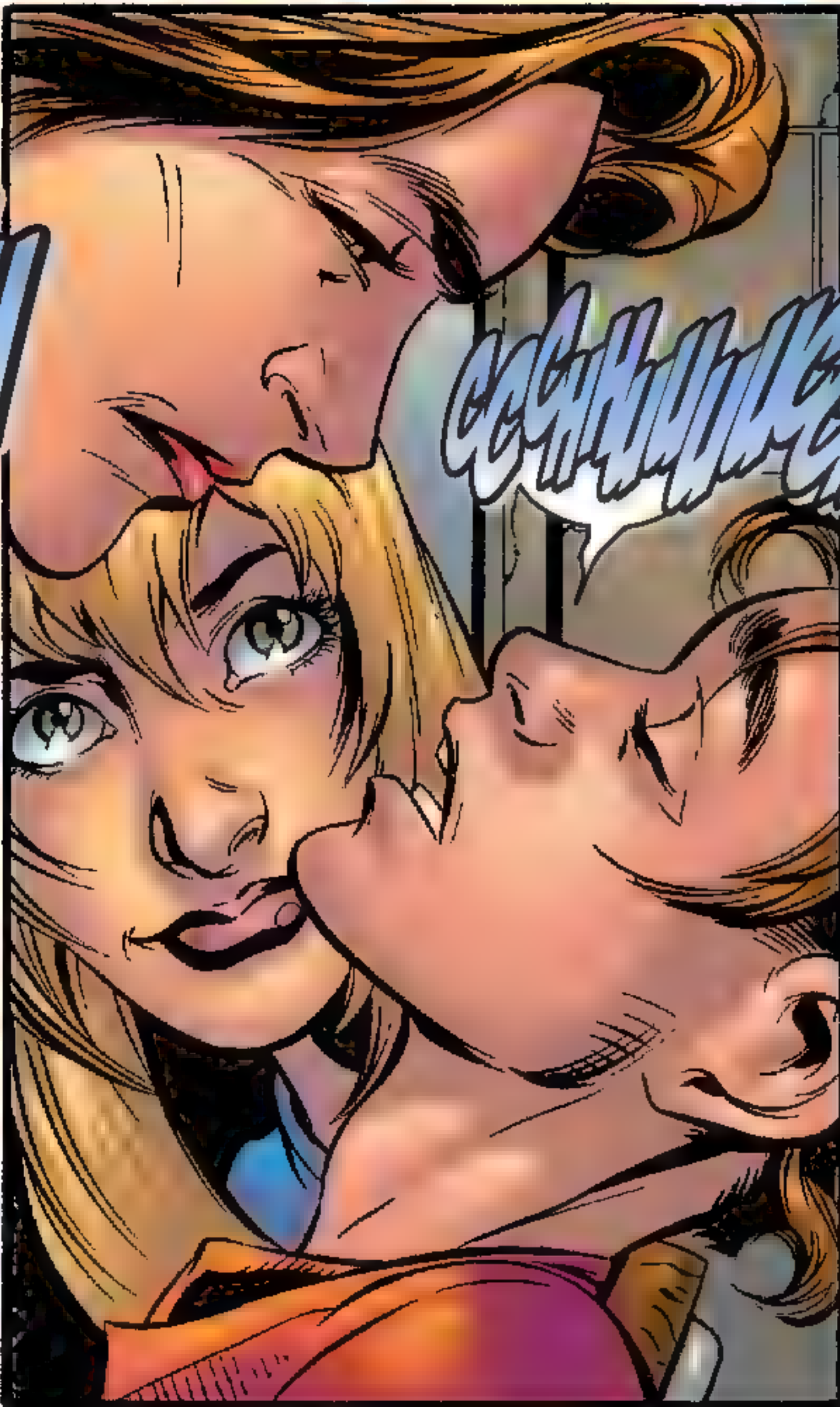
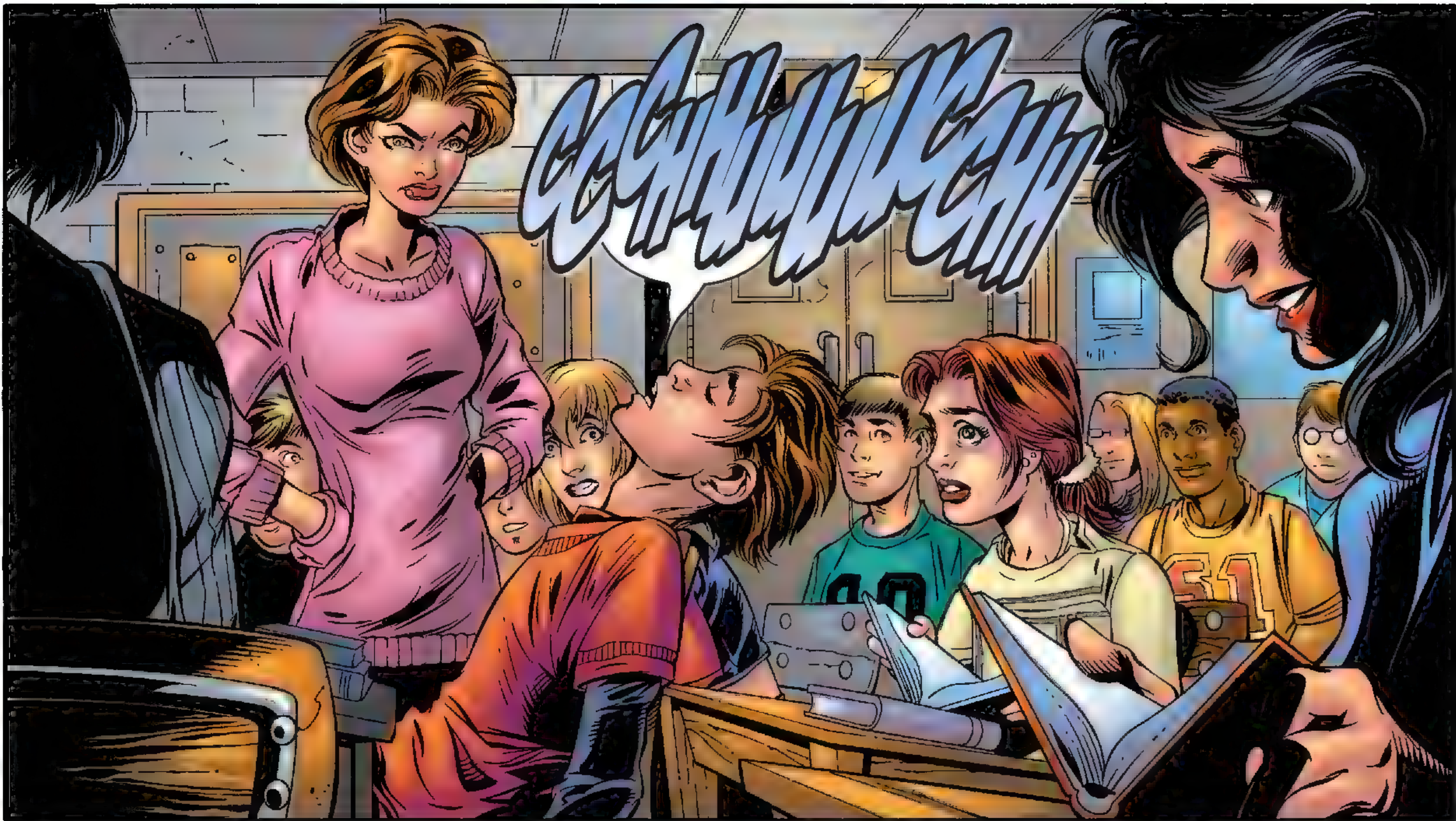
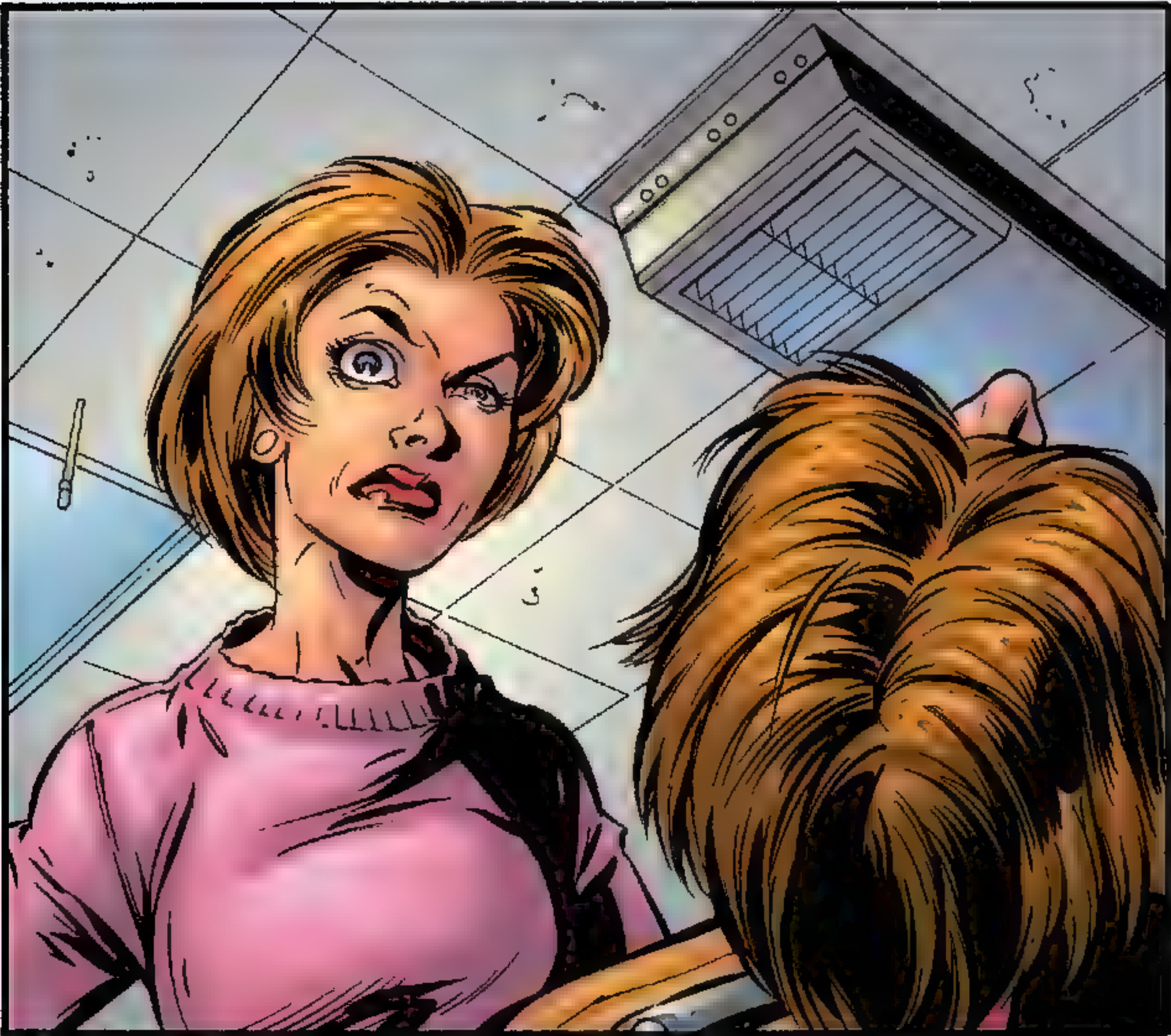
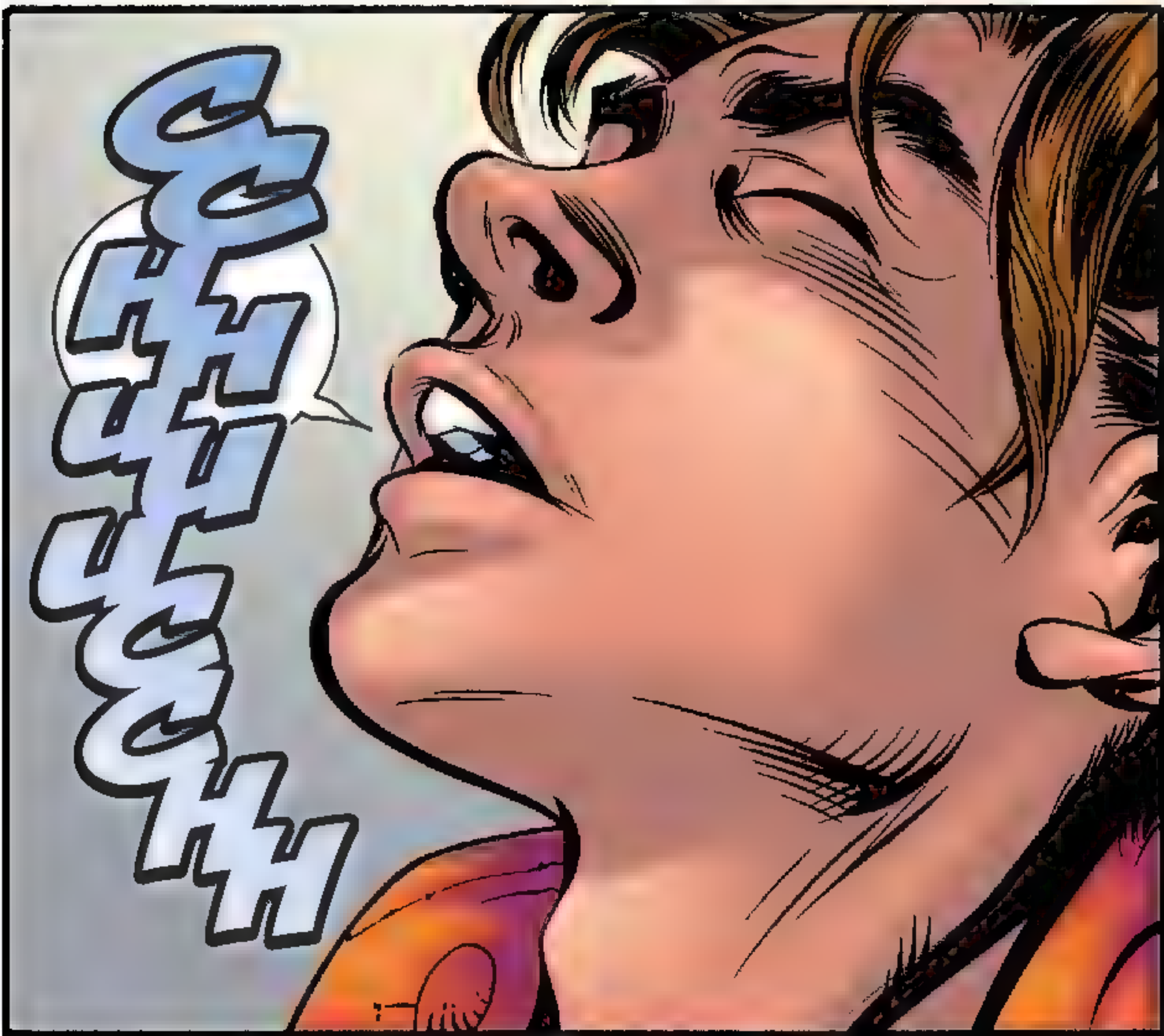
Well, I mean, is there anything you can tell me about this Spider-Man guy that will help me with this?



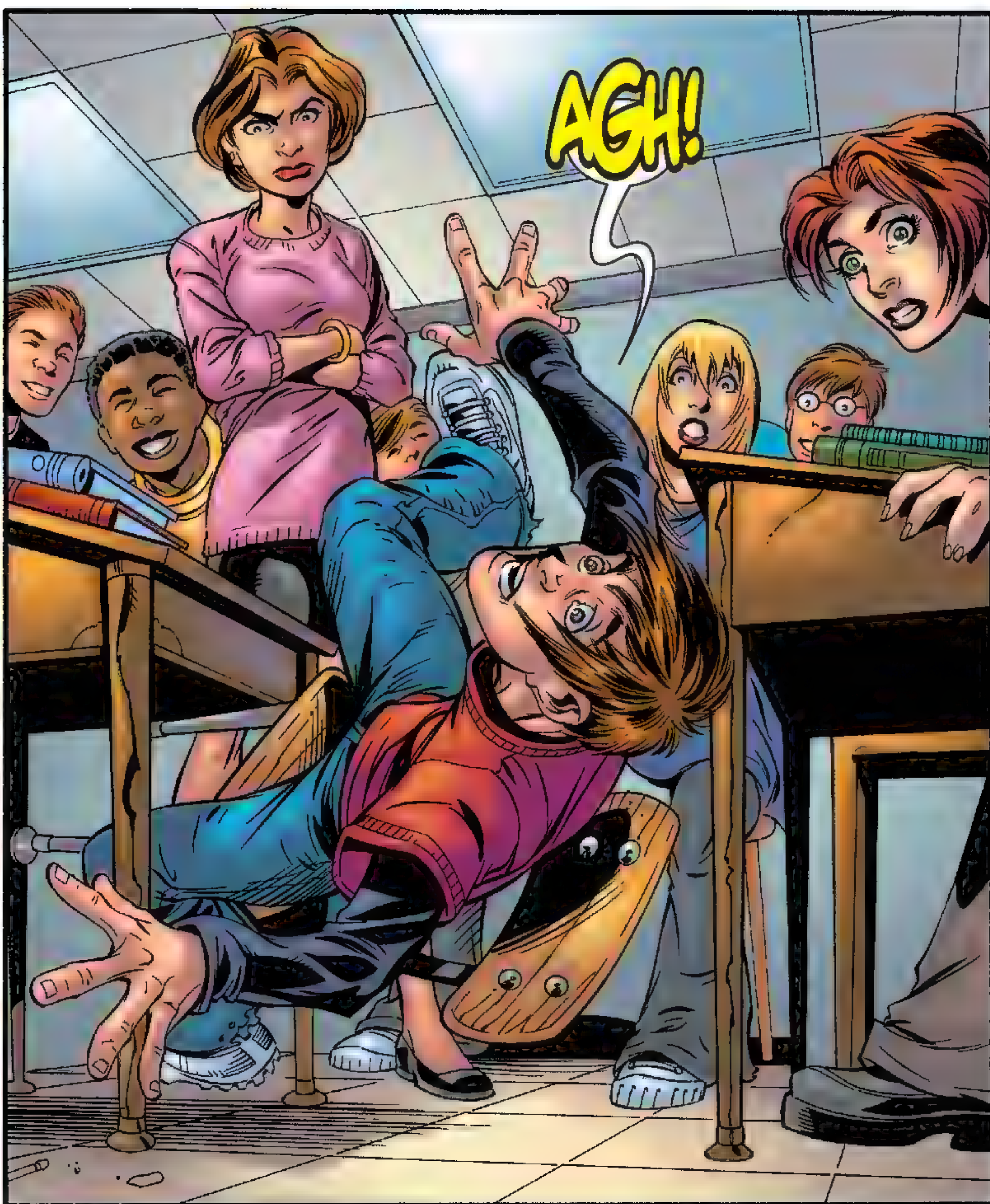
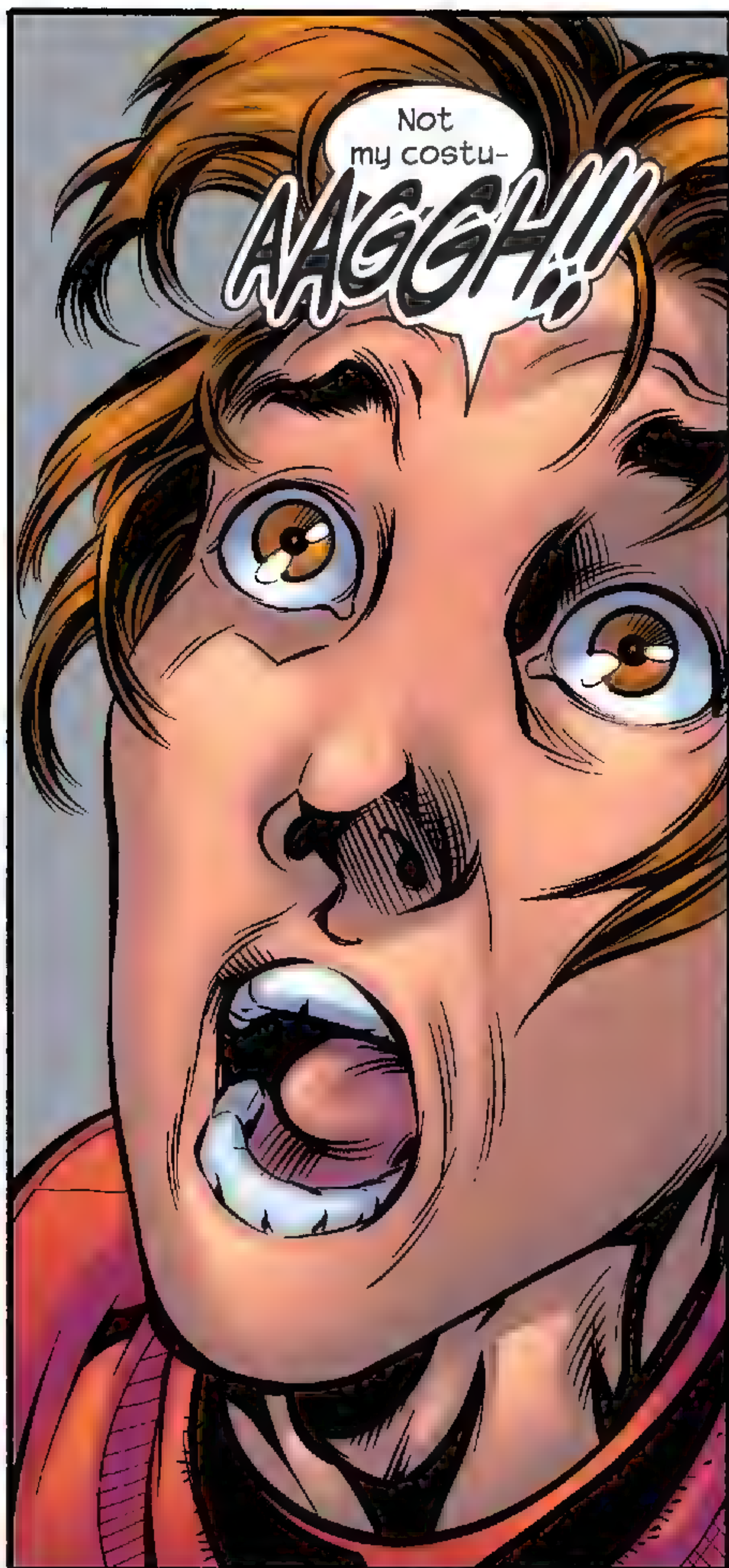
All I know about him is that as far as the Fisk organization is concerned...

...he is the most dangerous man on the face of the earth.













Well, *that* was embarrassing,

I just could not get to *sleep* last night.

Did you *see* what was on TV about that burglary, MJ?

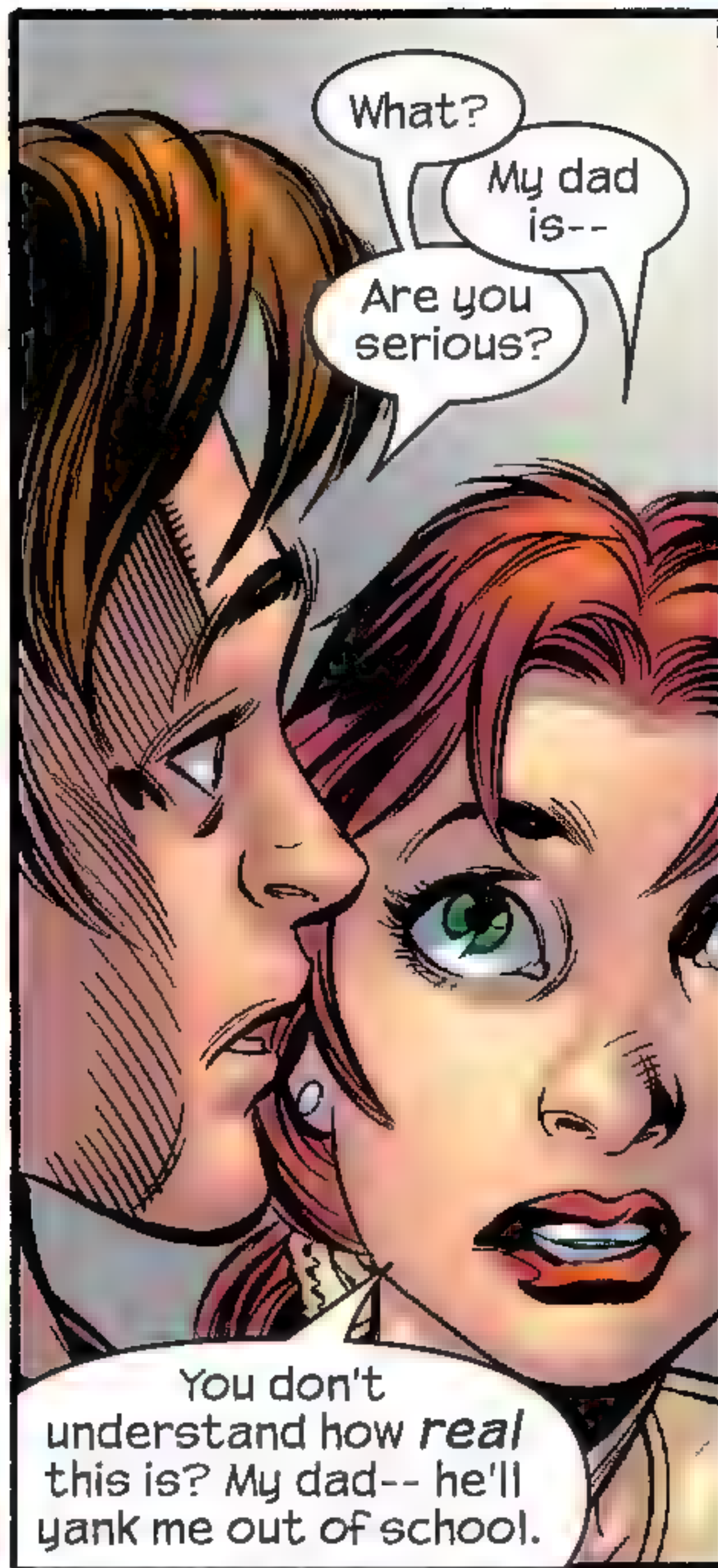
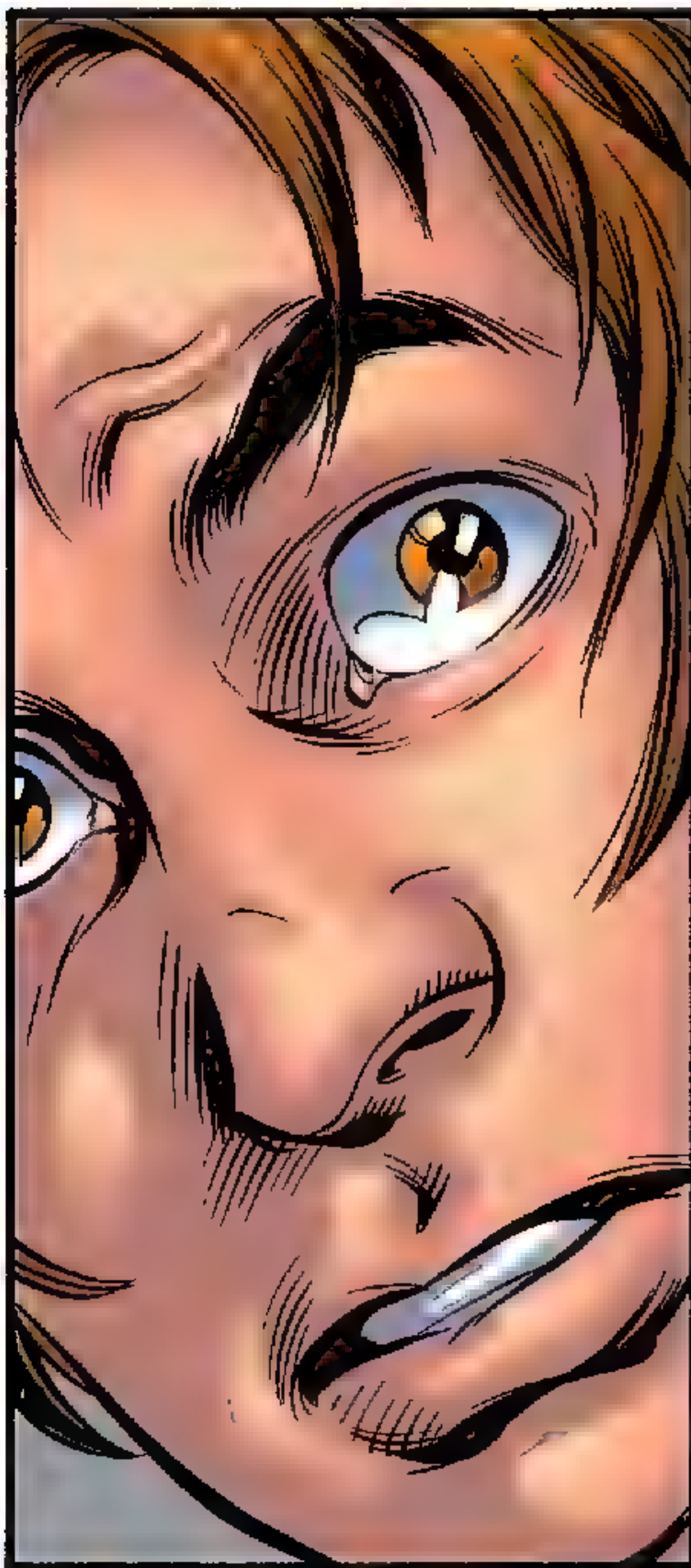
Did you see that?



Now I'm a *cat burglar*.

I was trying to *stop* this crazy girl from-- what?

We shouldn't be talking.



What?

My dad is--

Are you serious?

You don't understand how *real* this is? My dad-- he'll yank me out of school.



He's full of--

He's-- he's crazy.

This morning he was already on the phone to private schools--

He's bluffing you, MJ.



You don't *understand*.

I can't believe you.

You don't live how I live. You don't--

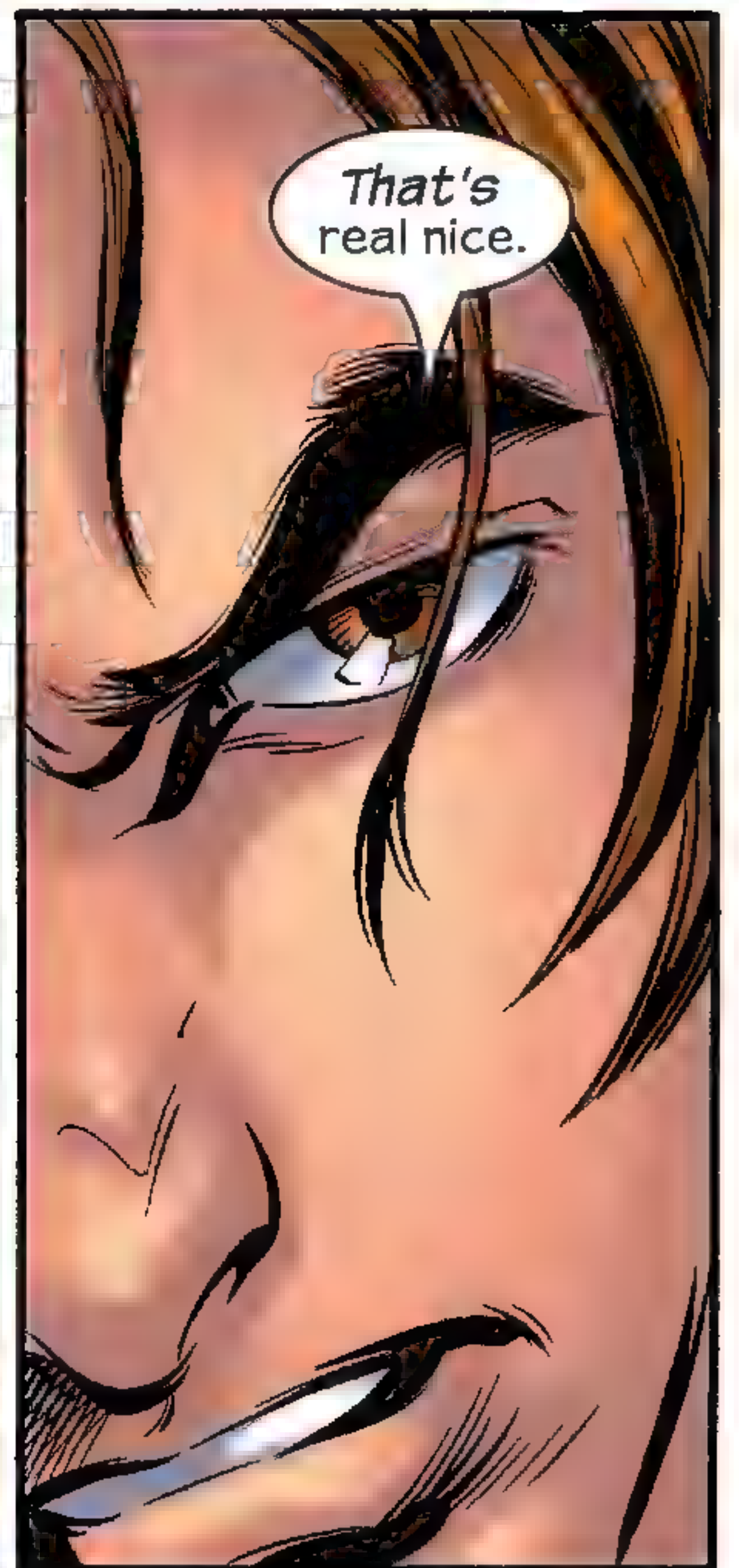


Don't *what*? Tell him to--



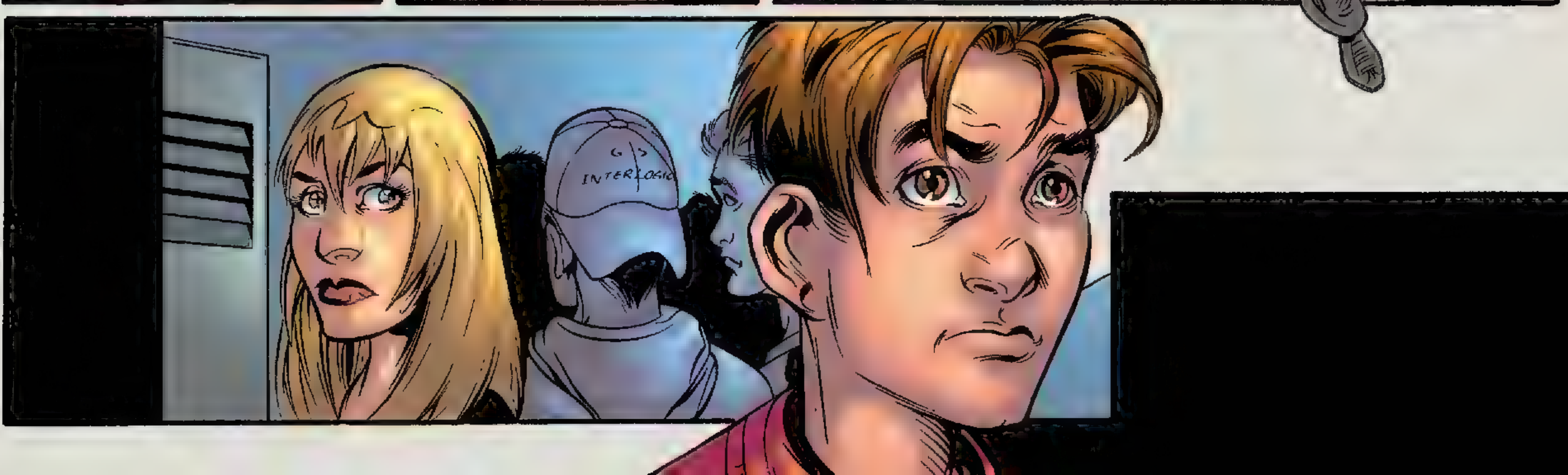
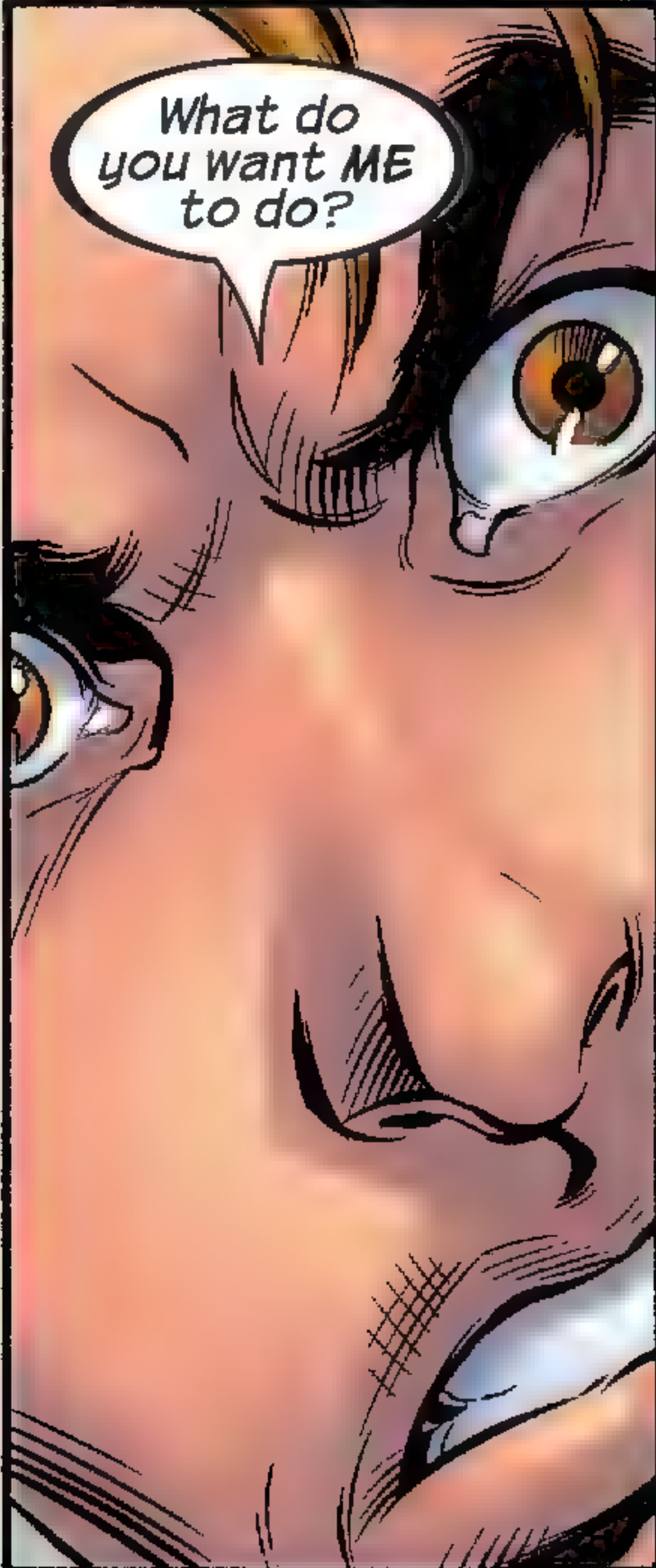
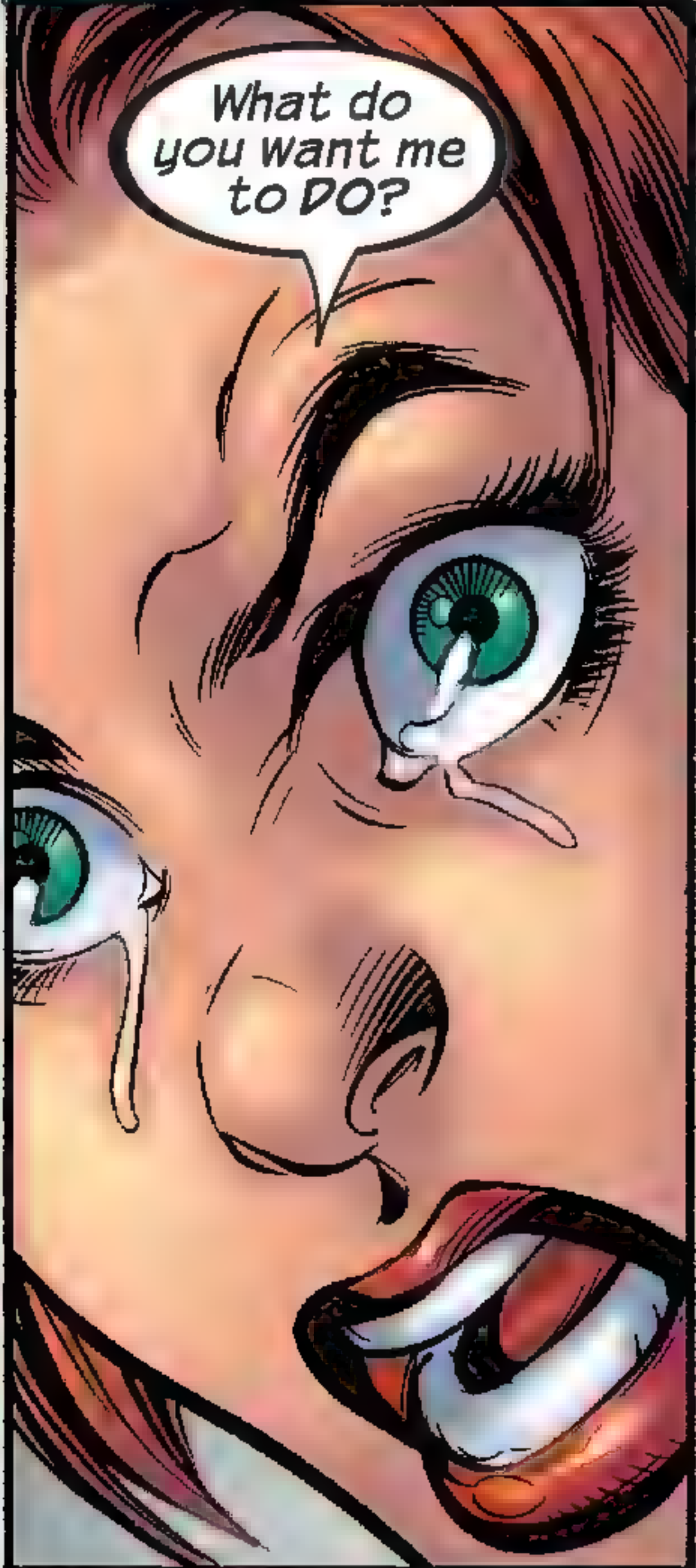
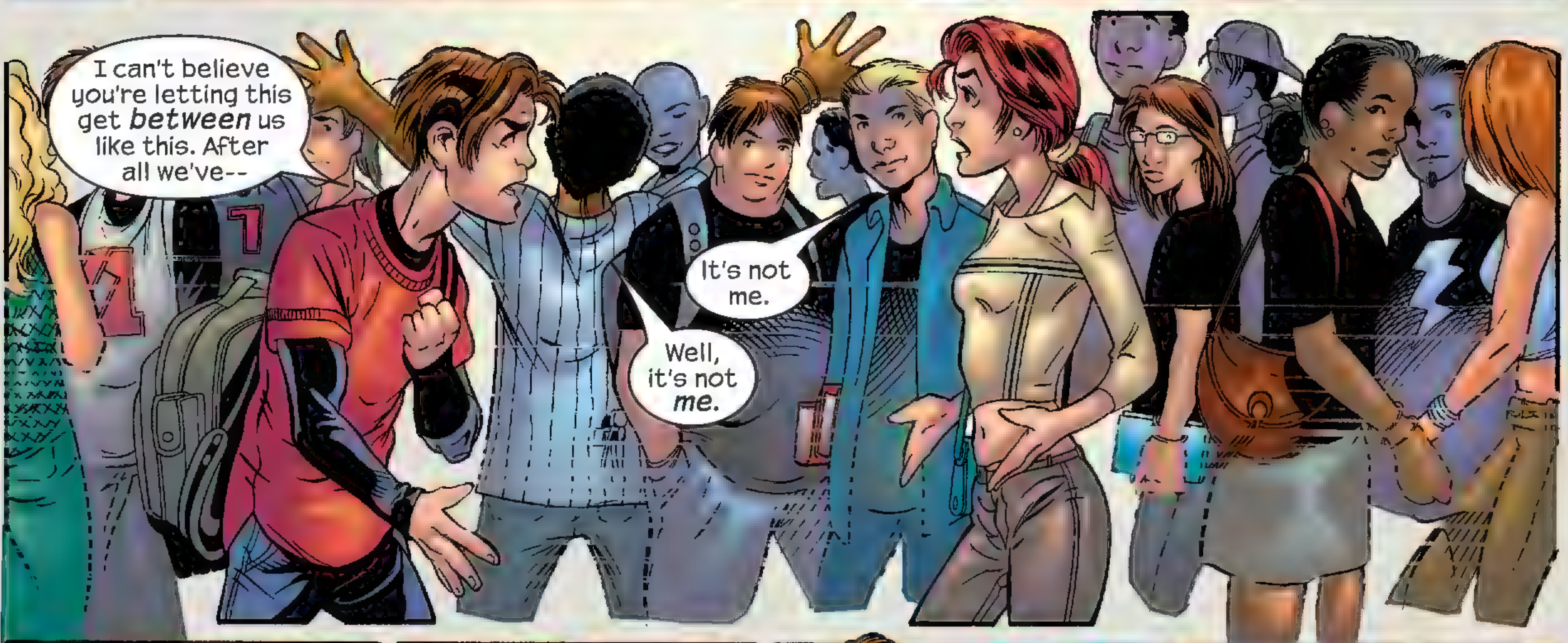
You don't have a *father*.

You don't understand the--

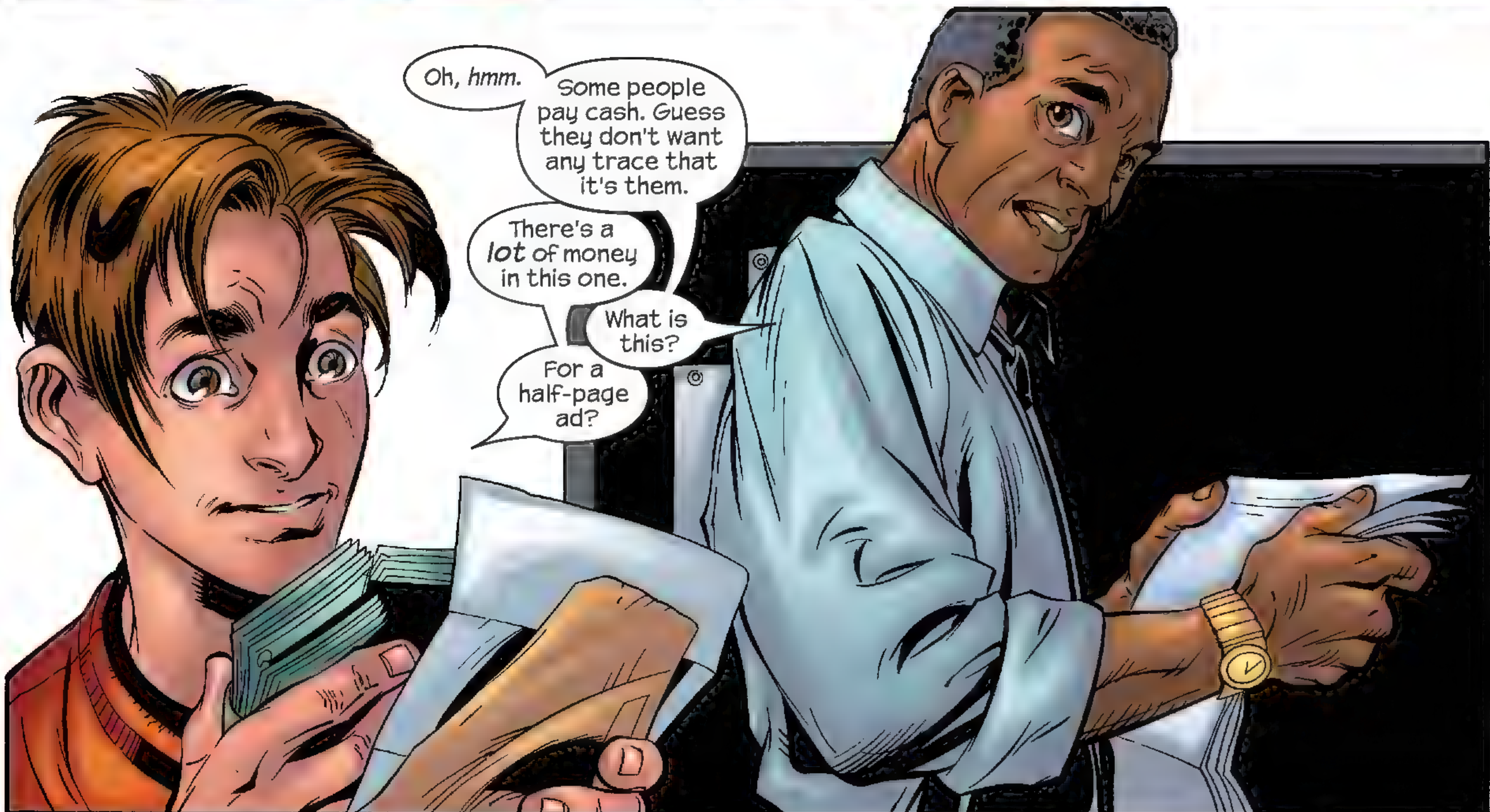
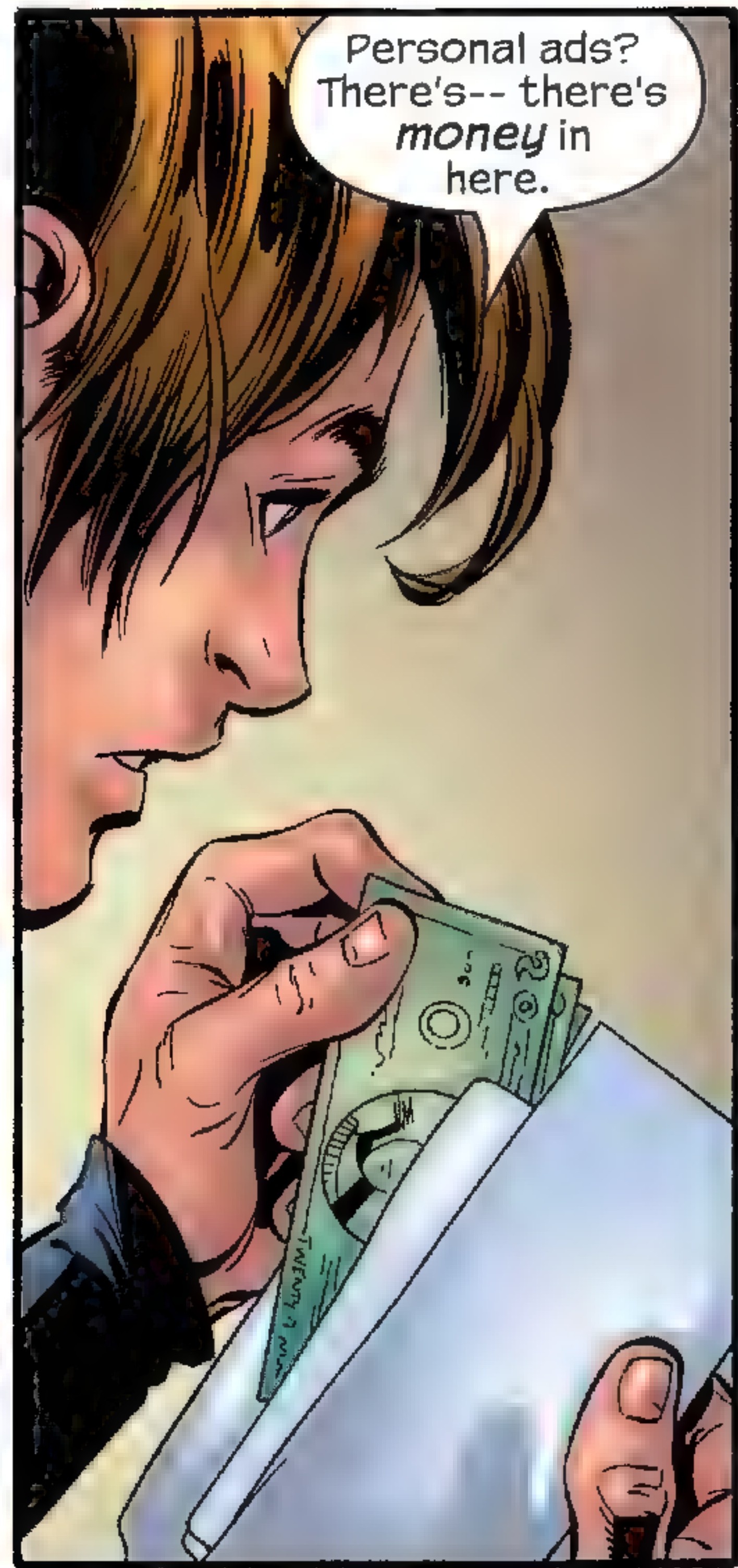
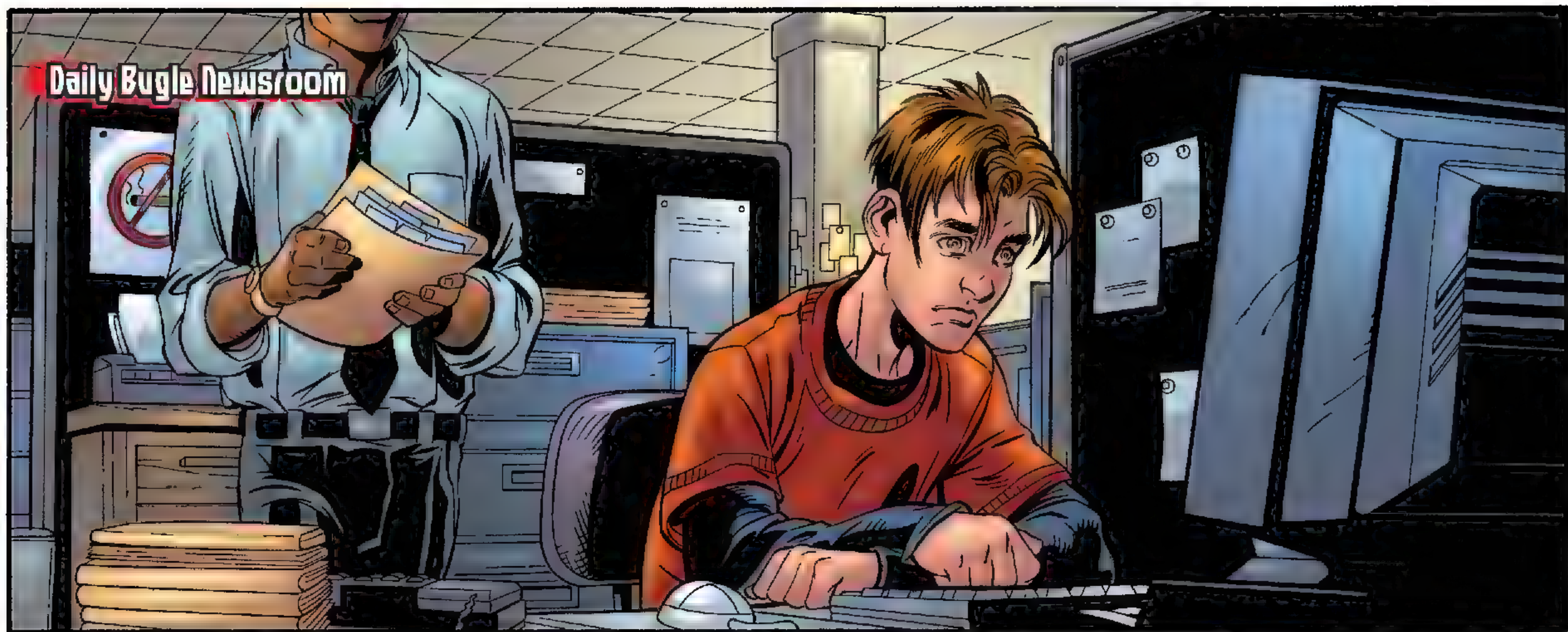


*That's* real nice.

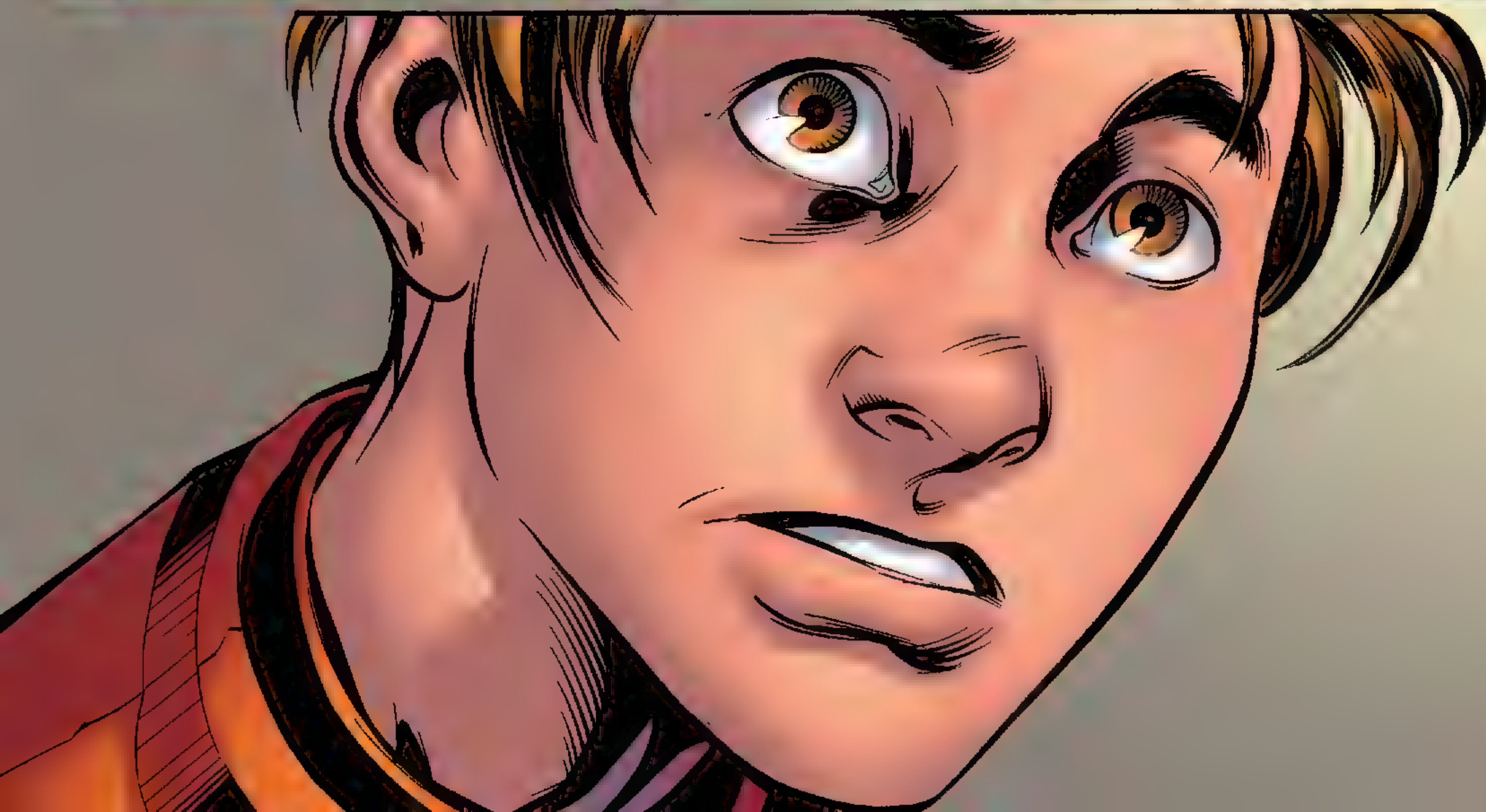
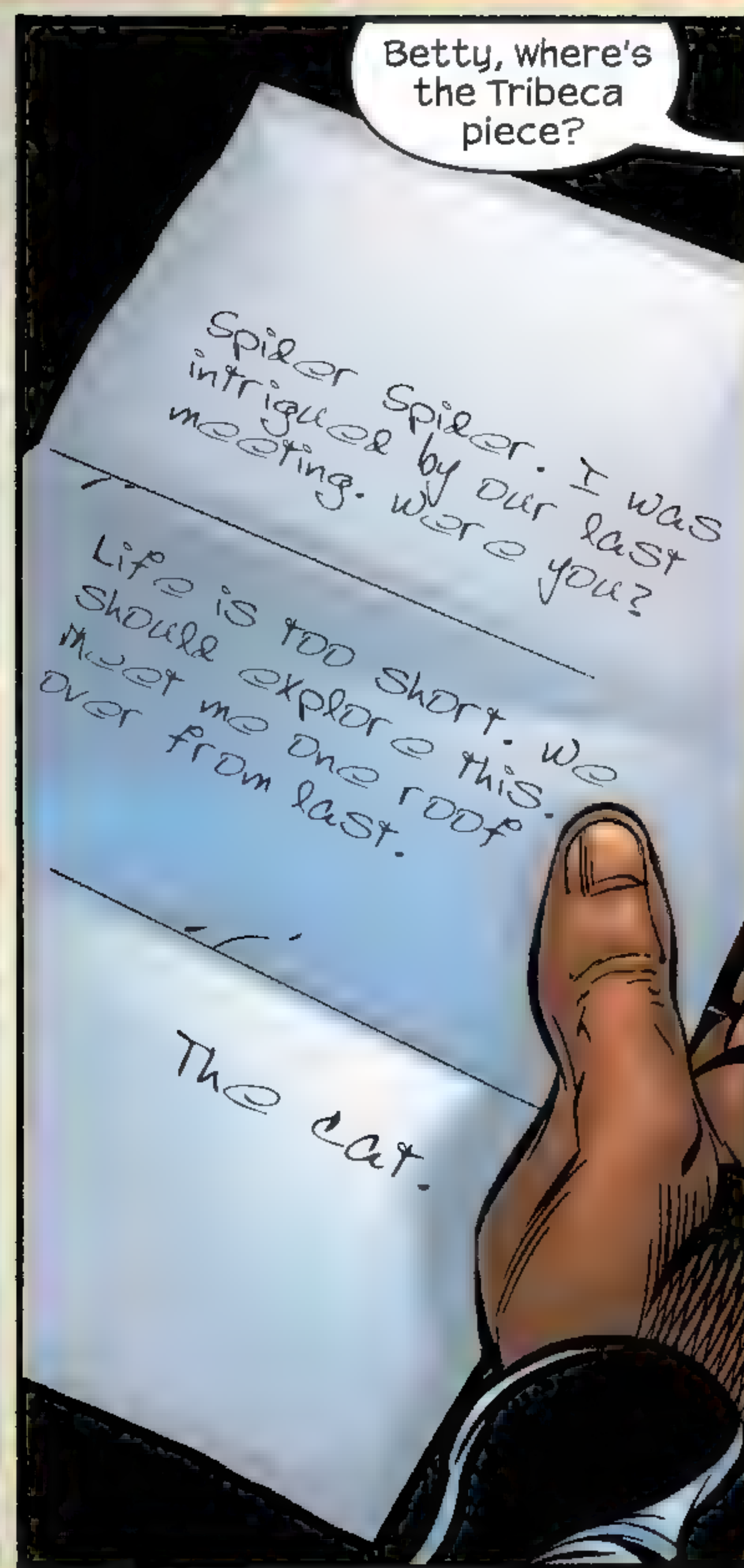
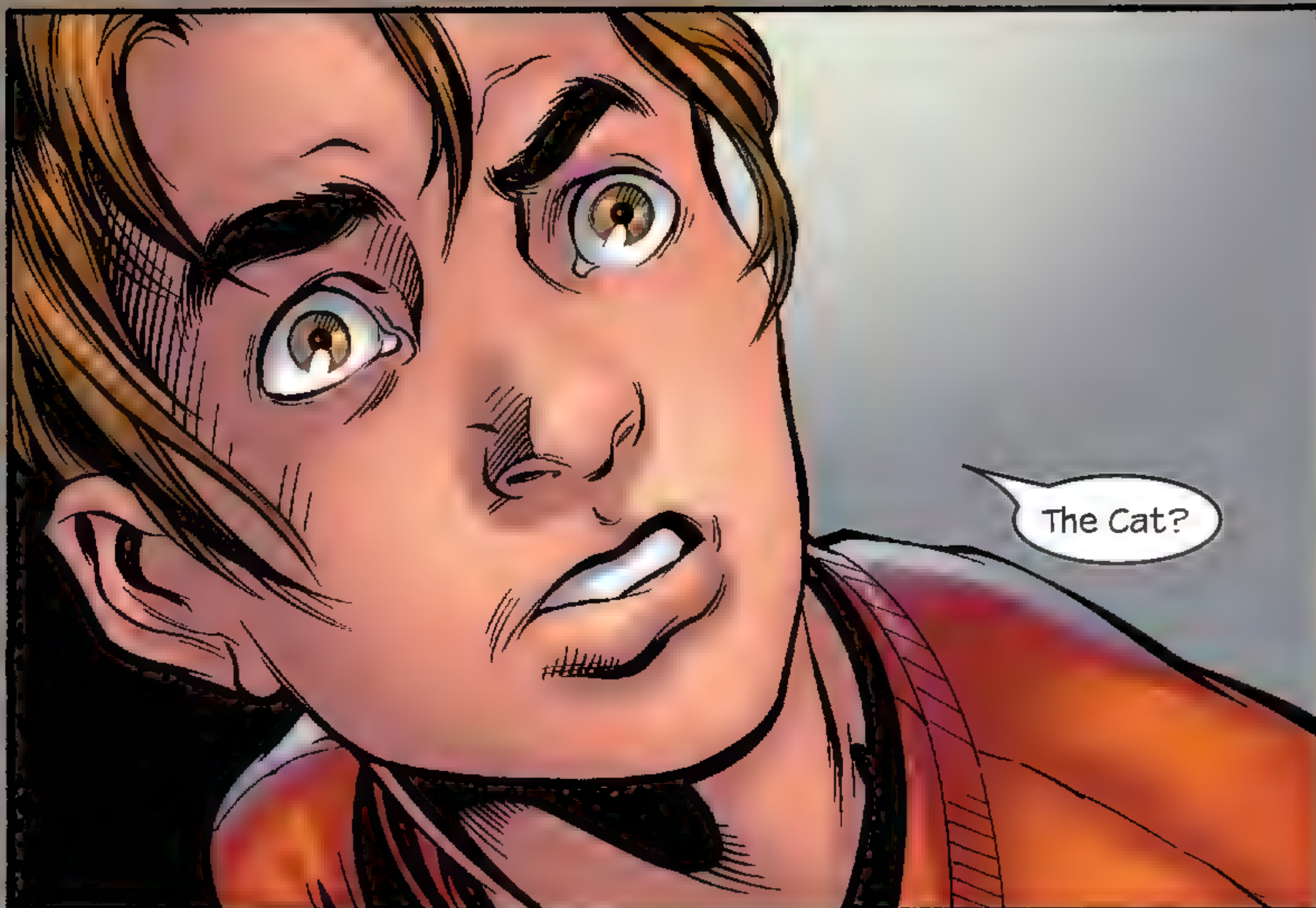




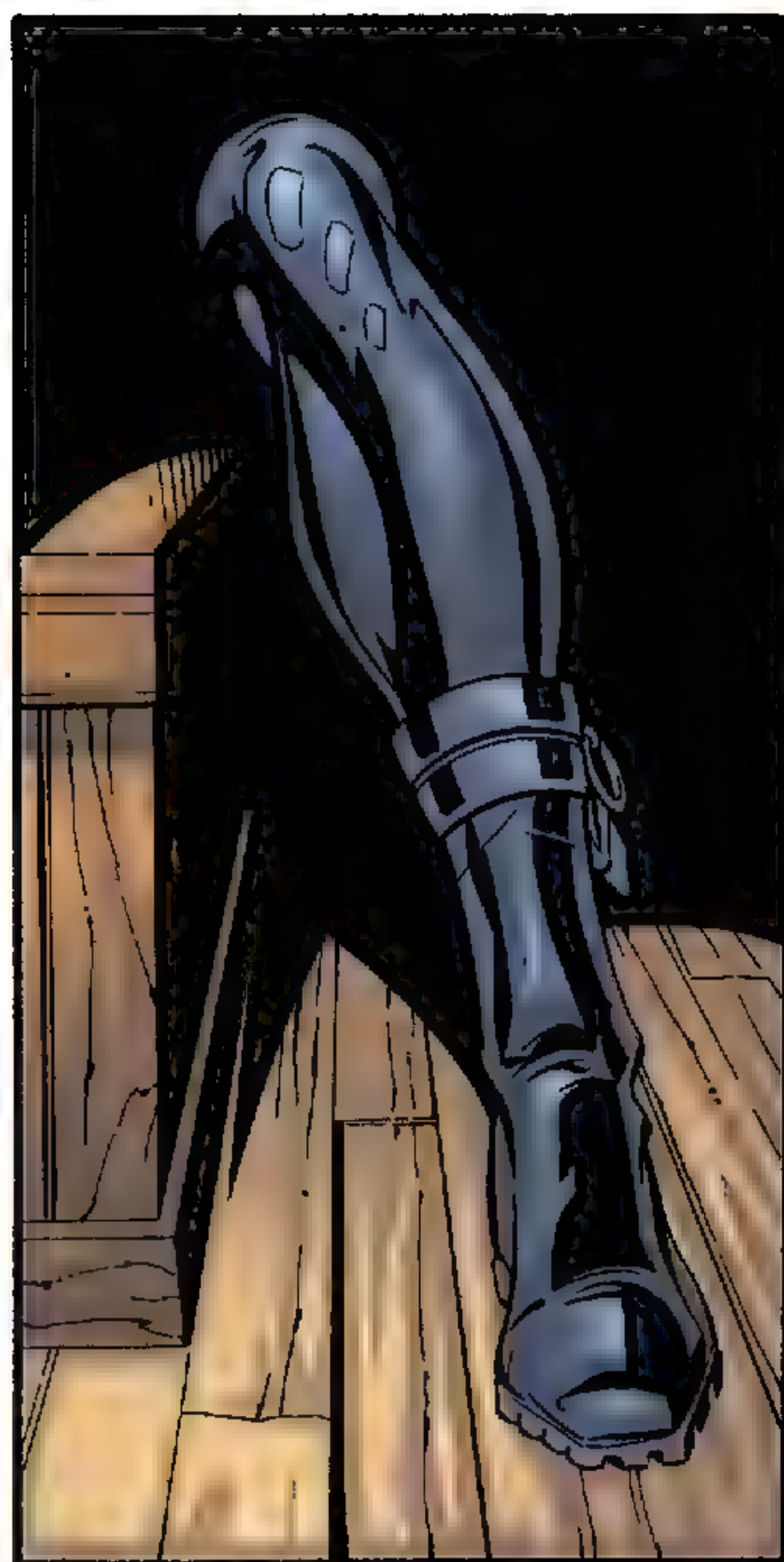
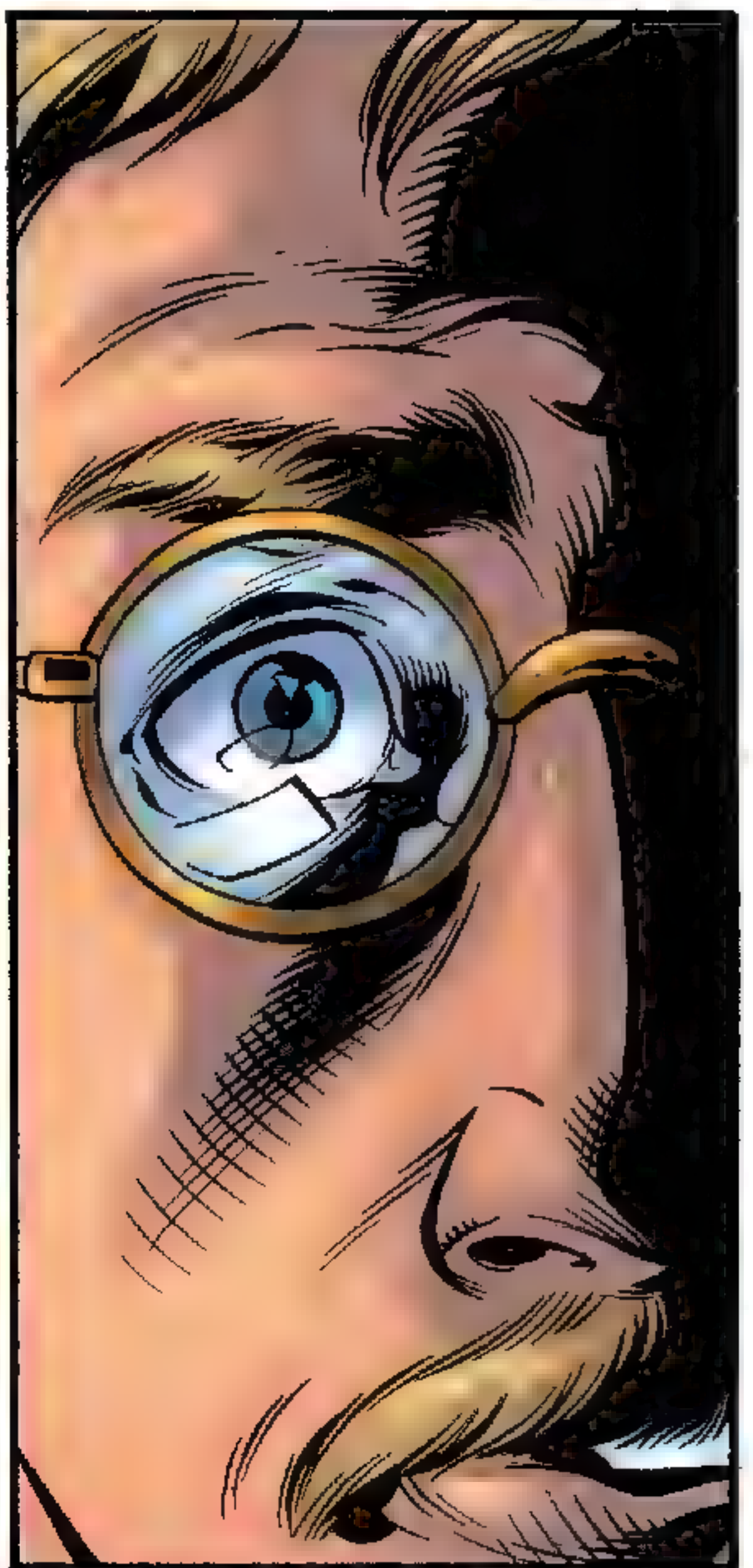
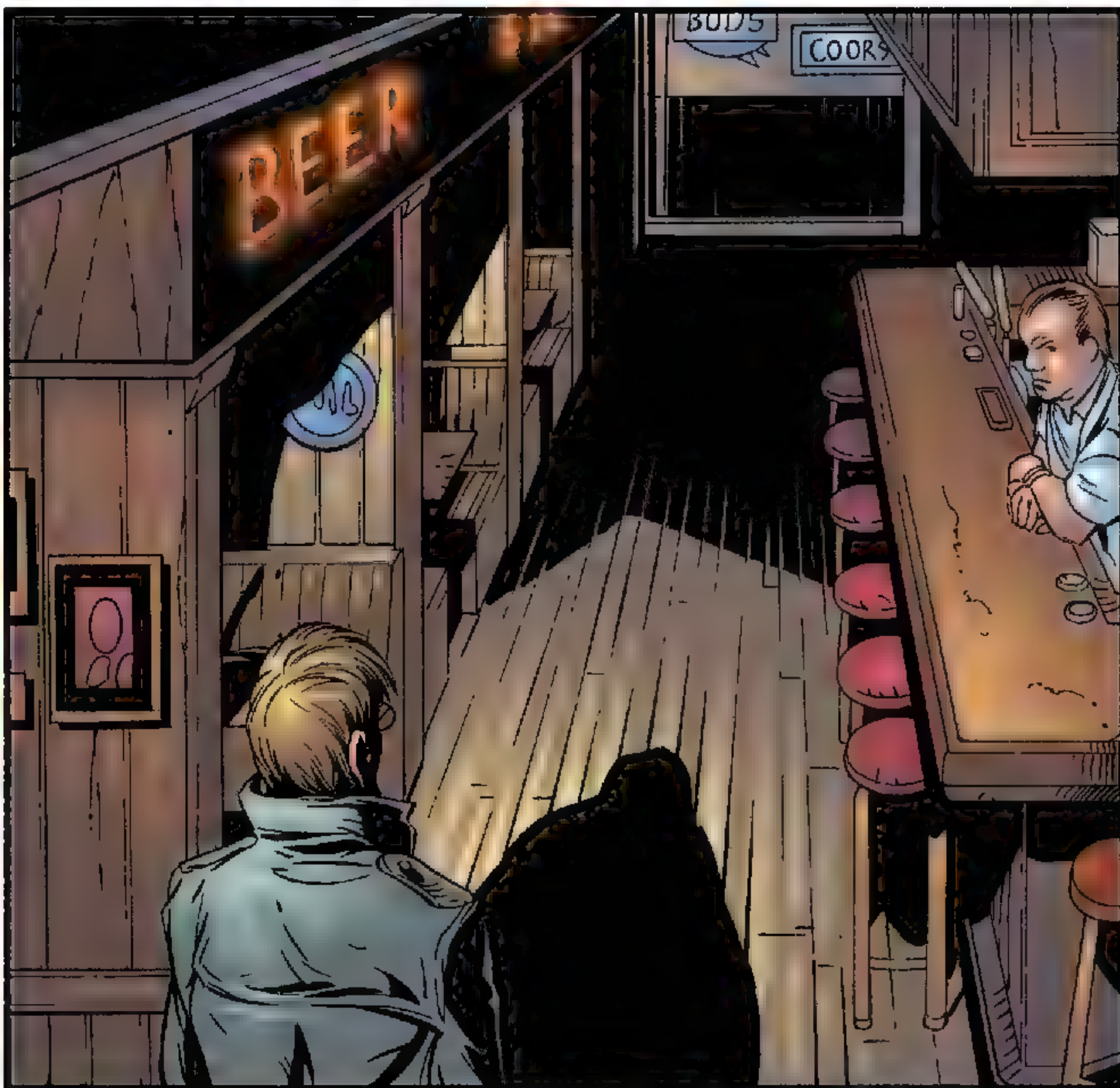




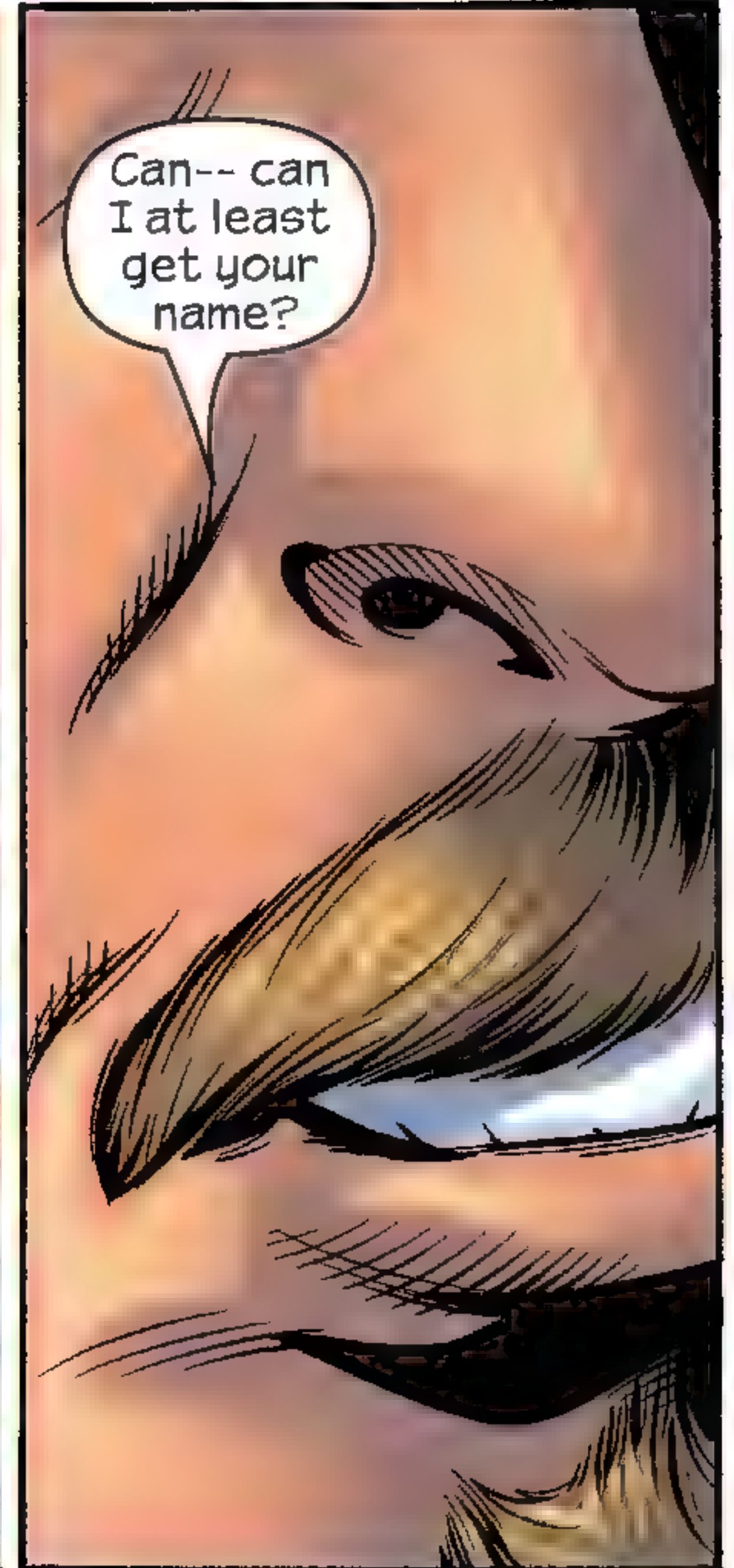
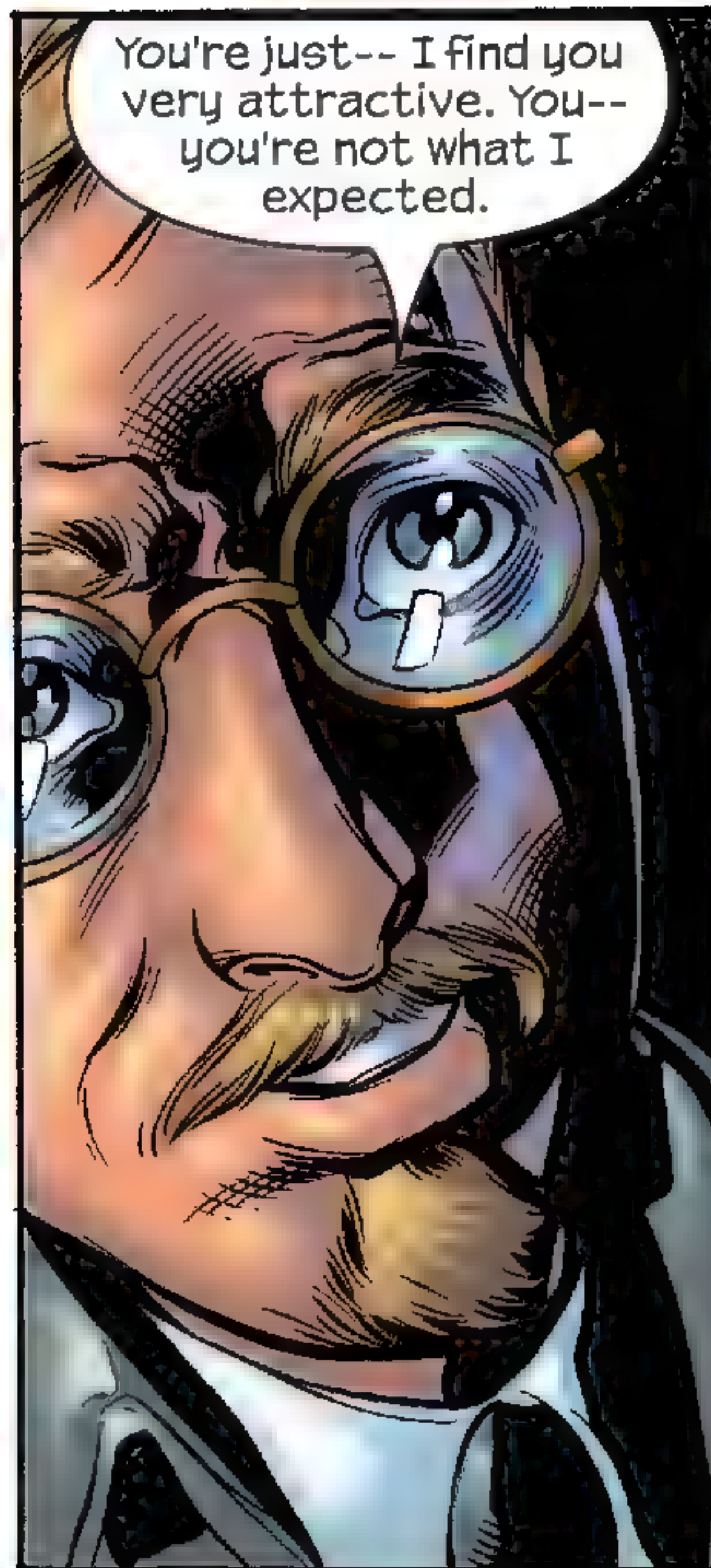
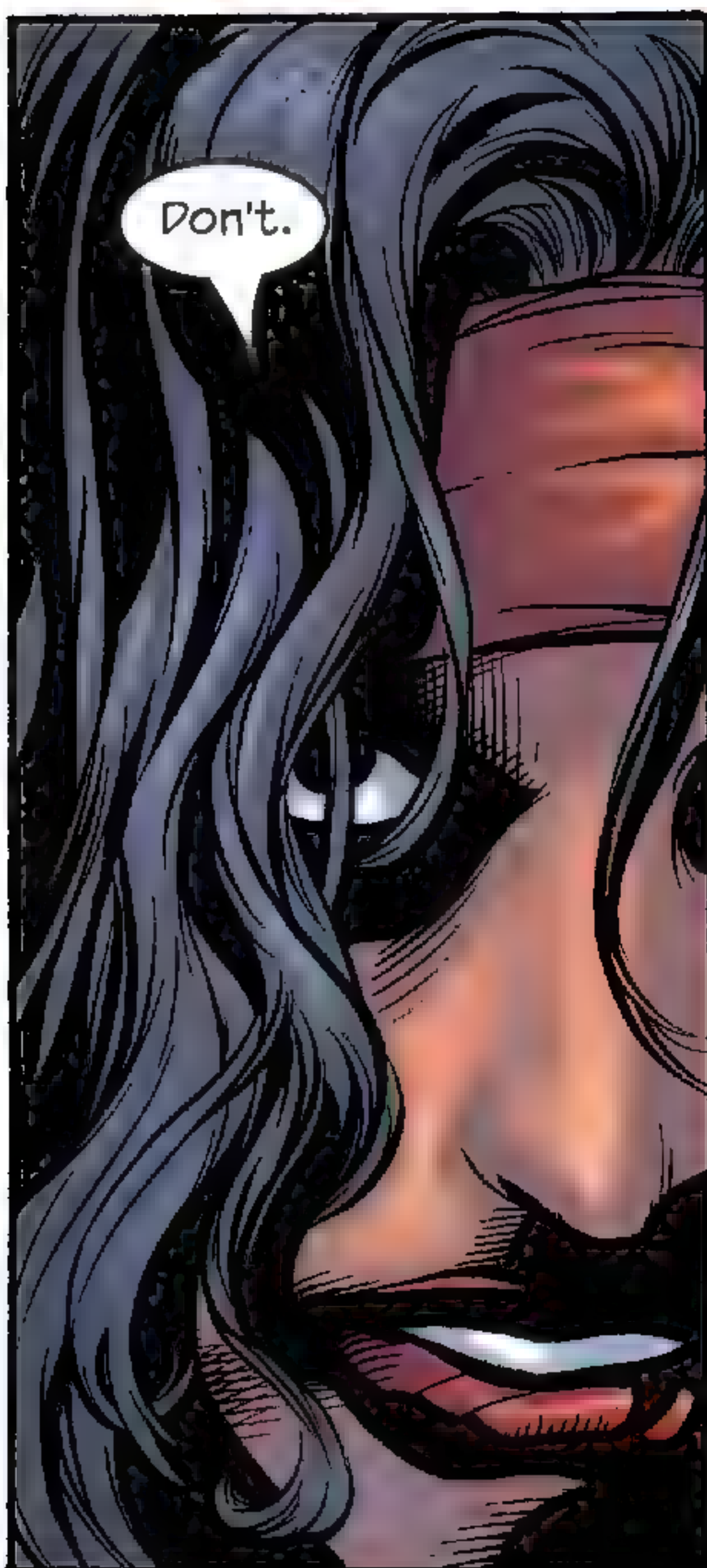
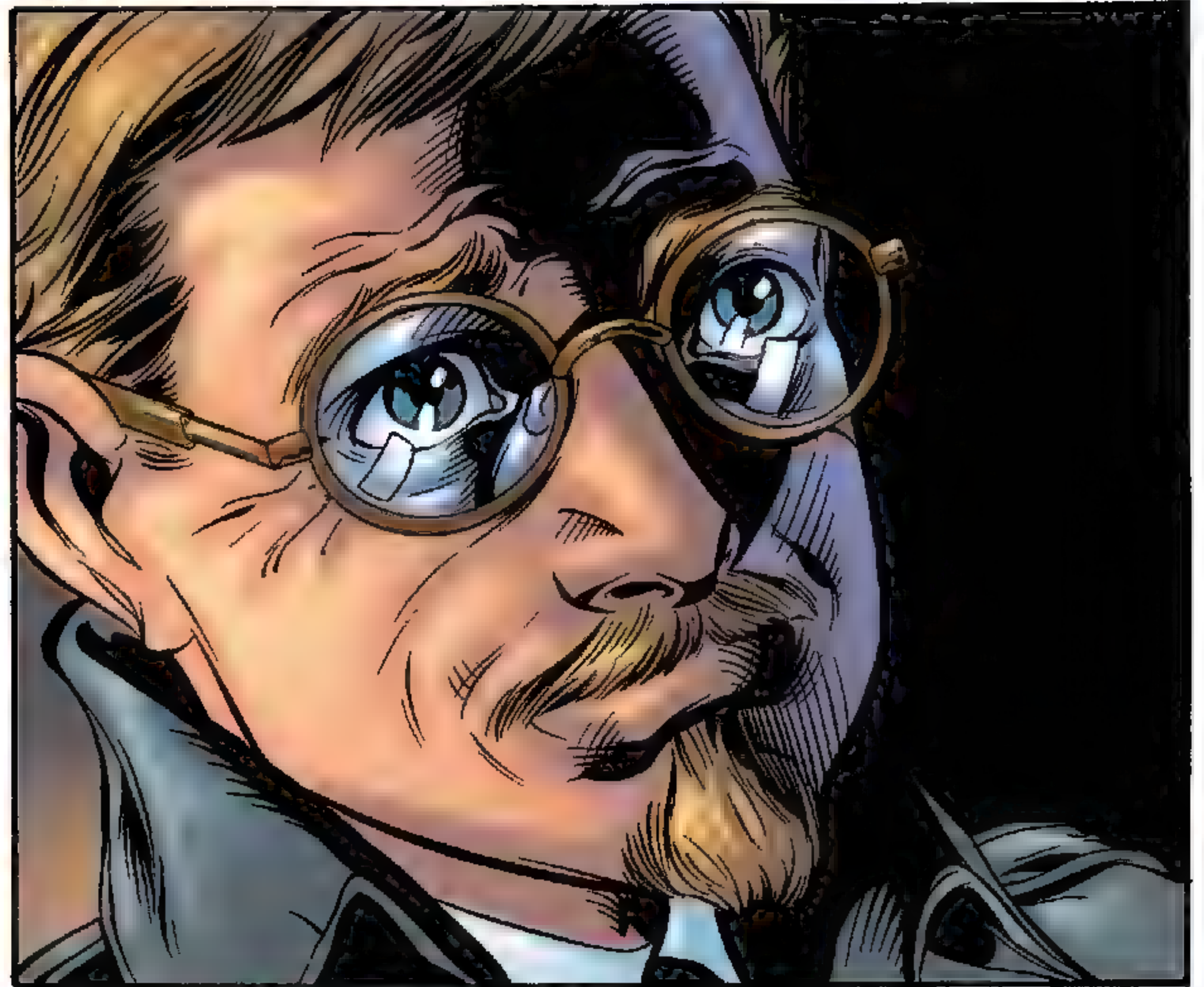
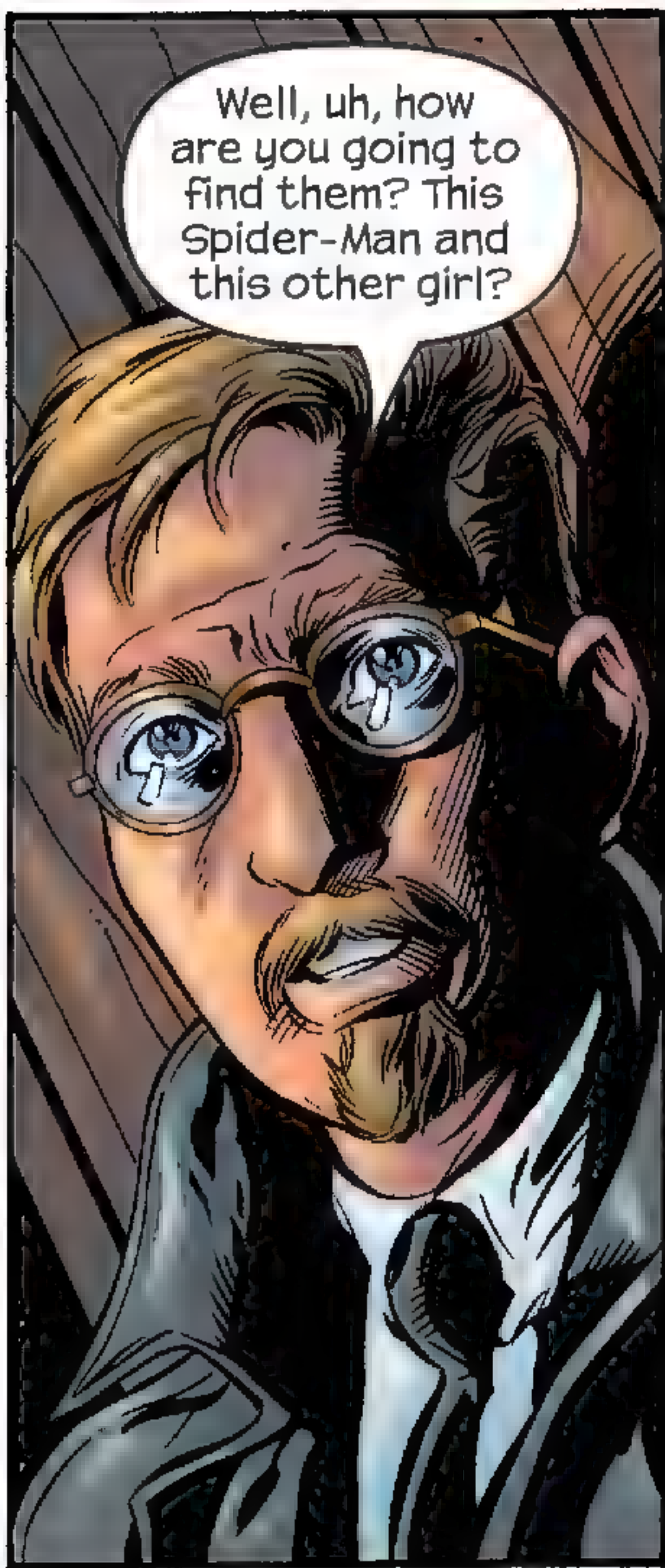




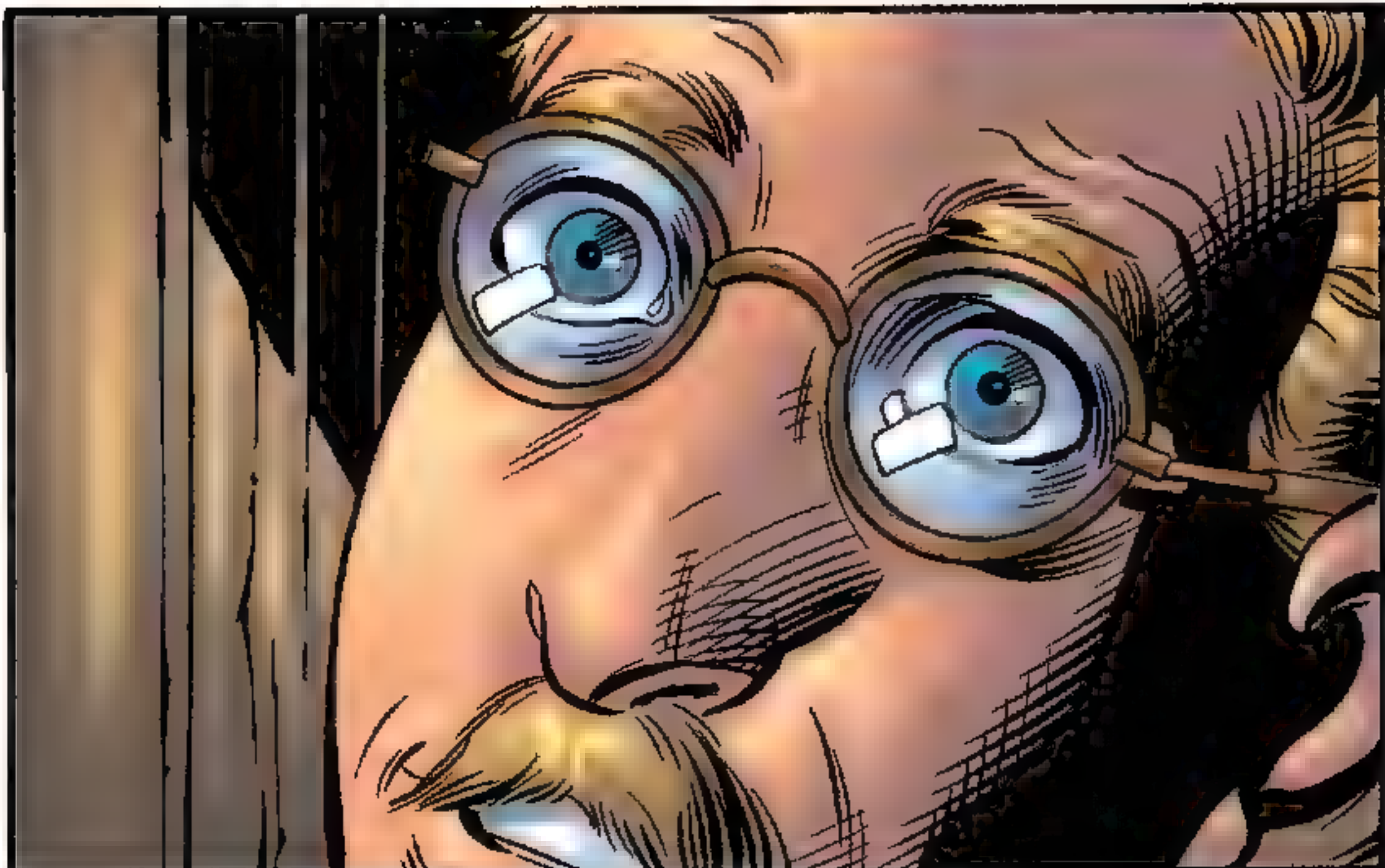
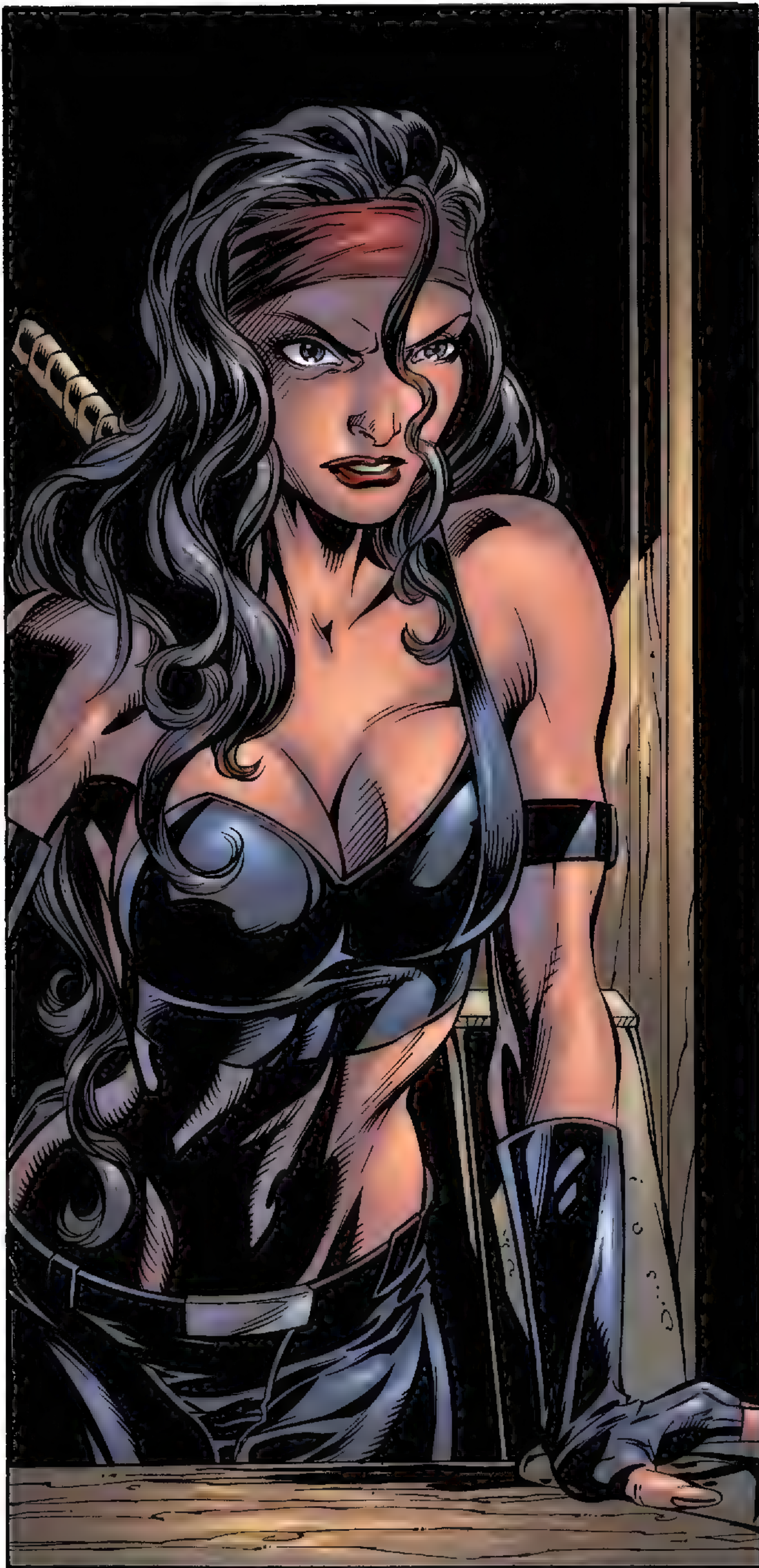












You'll  
call me...  
Elektra.



What is  
that?

Greek?



Leave.





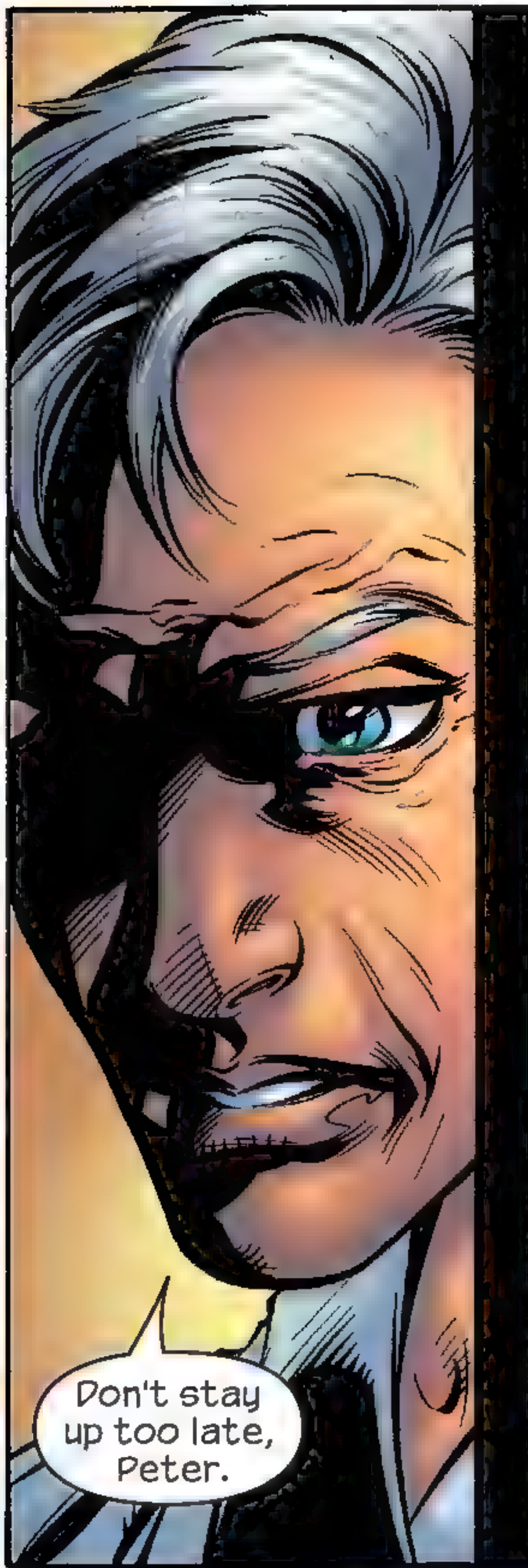


The Parker home

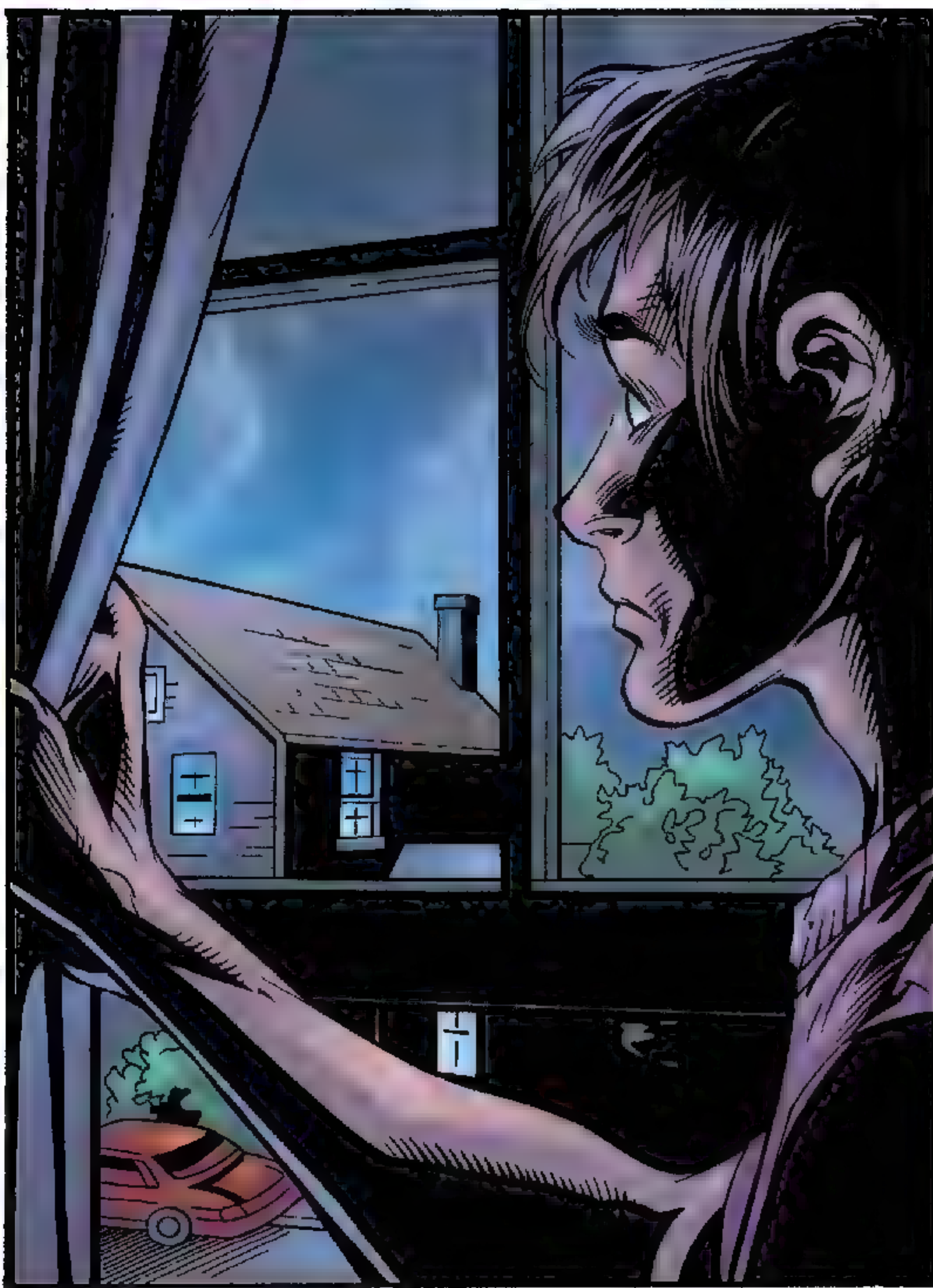
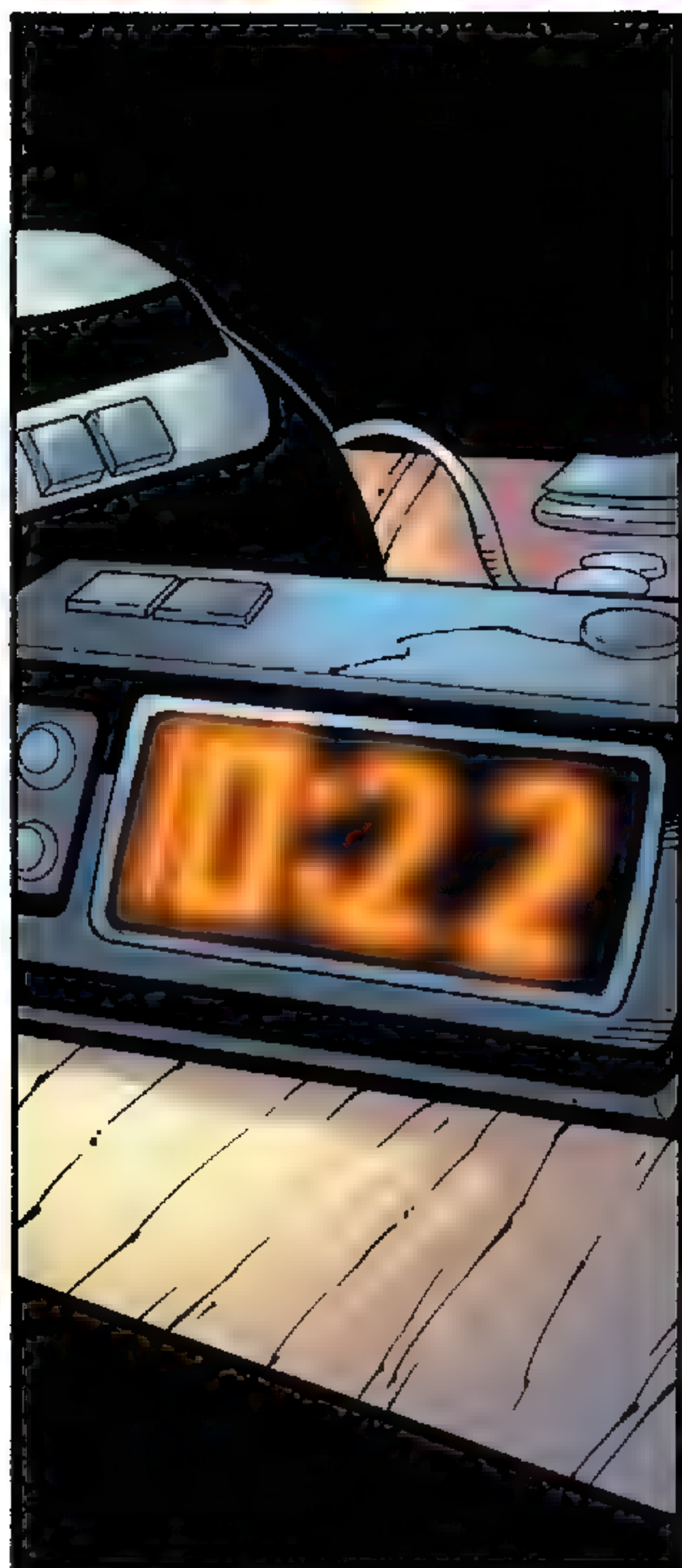
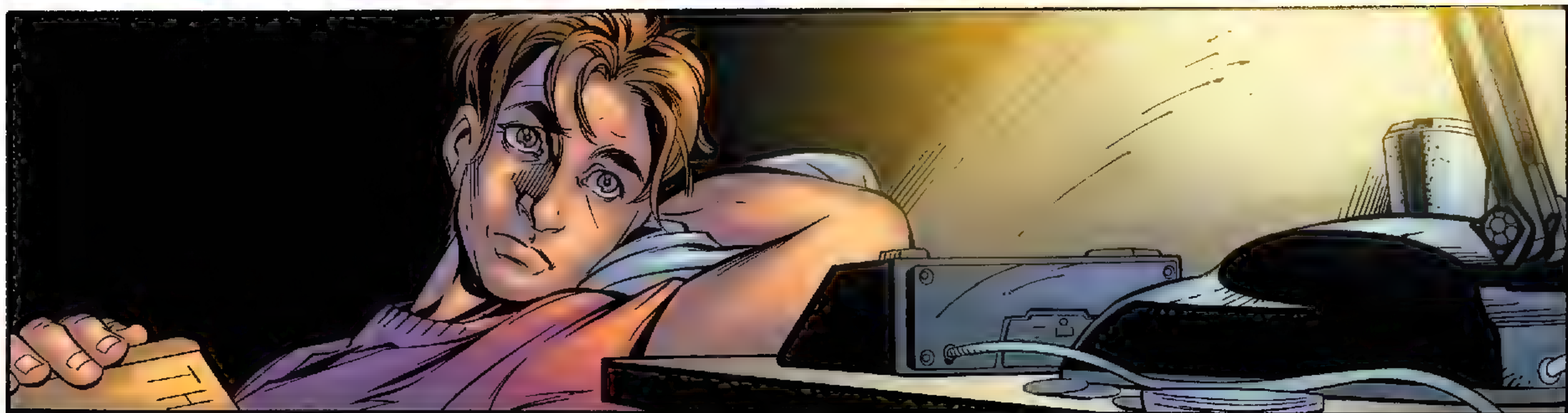


You okay, sweetie?

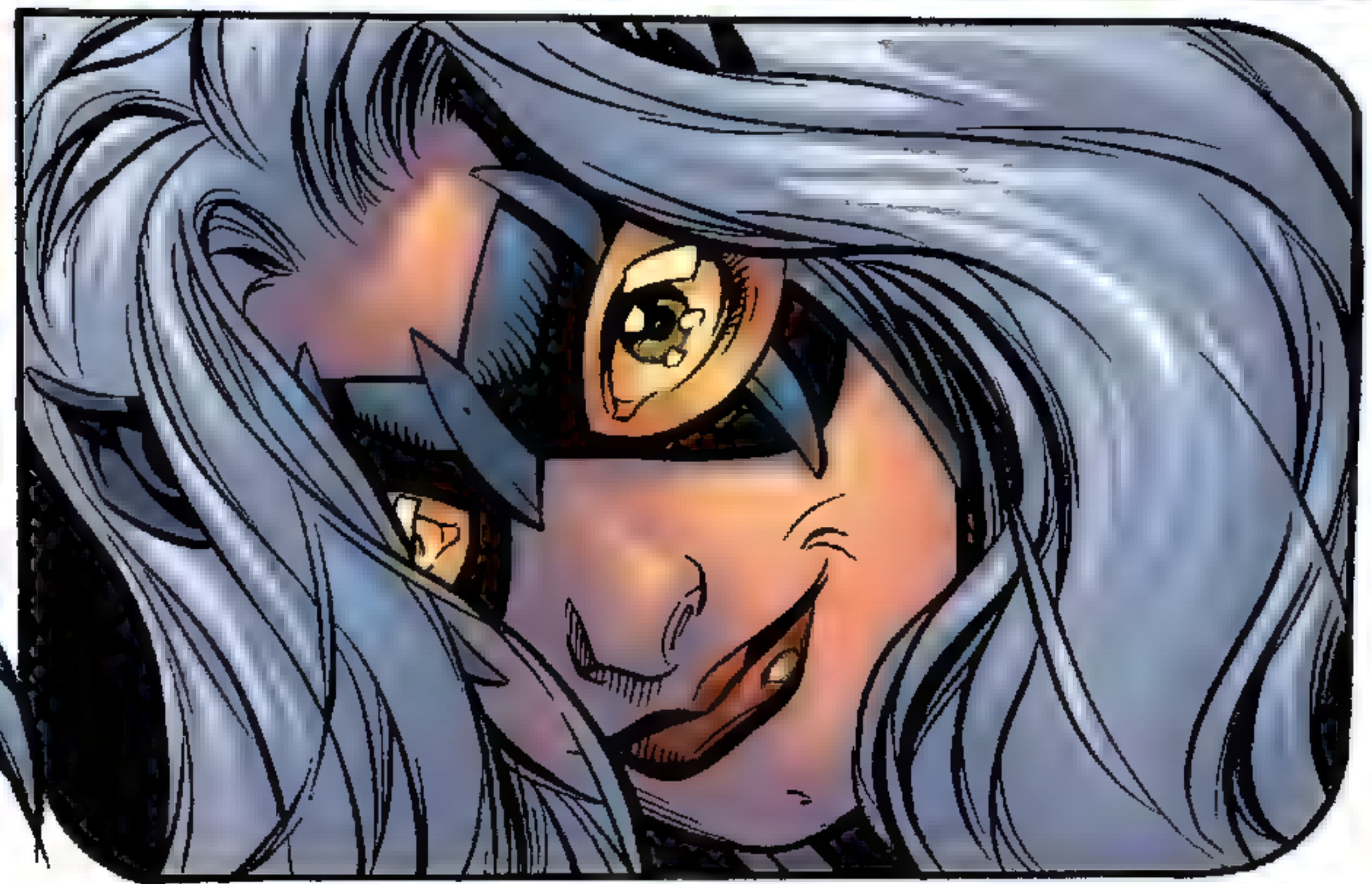
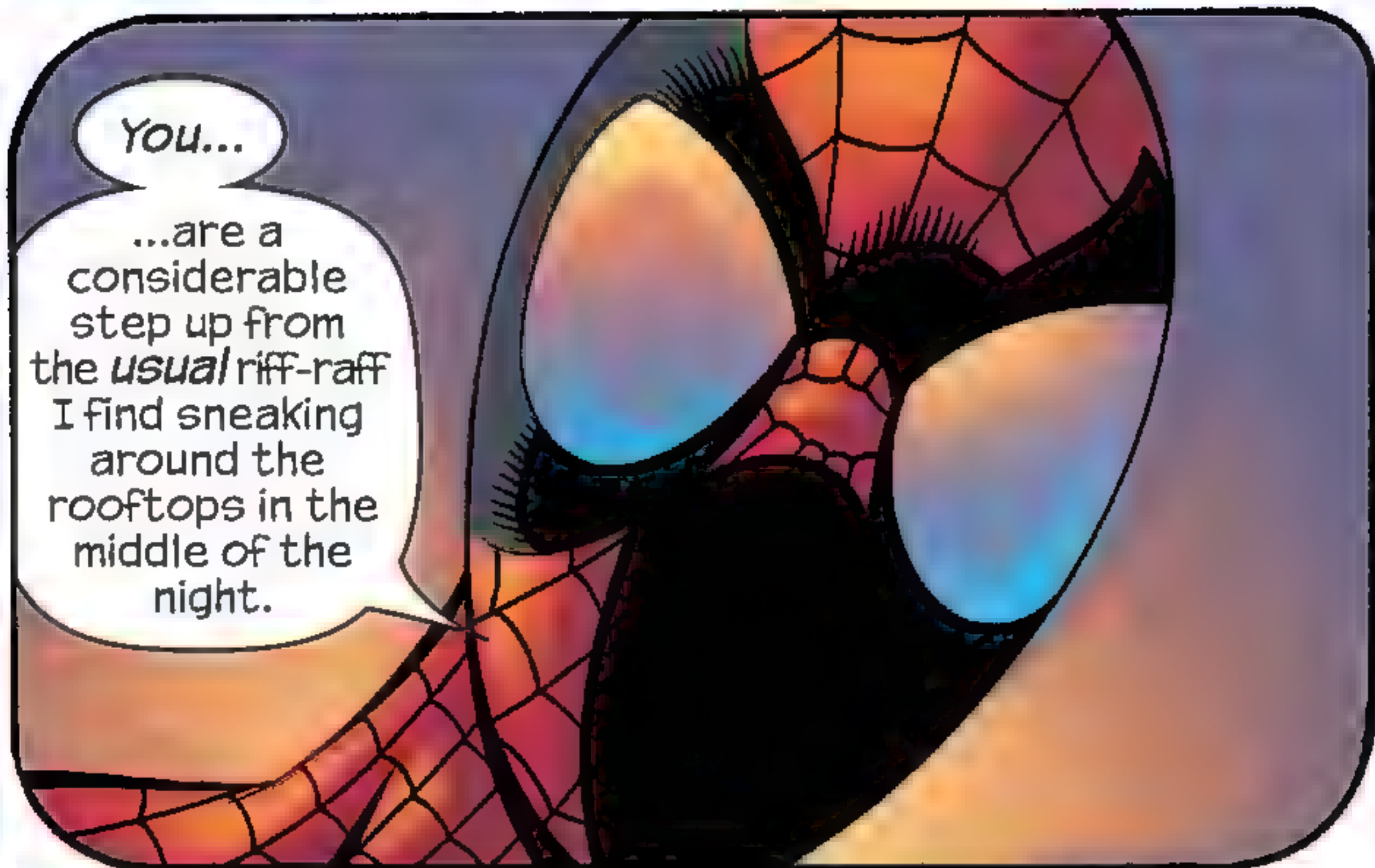
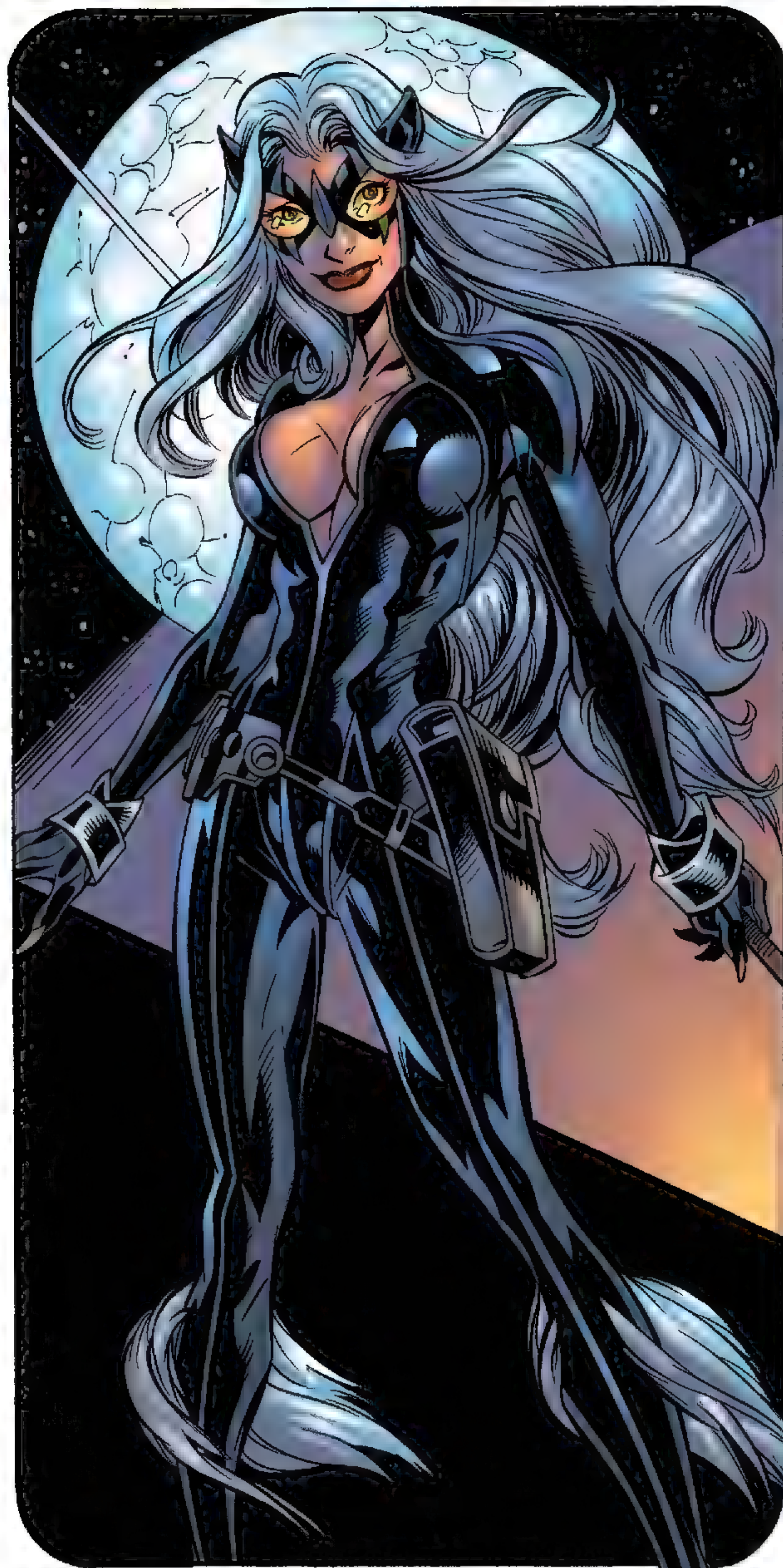
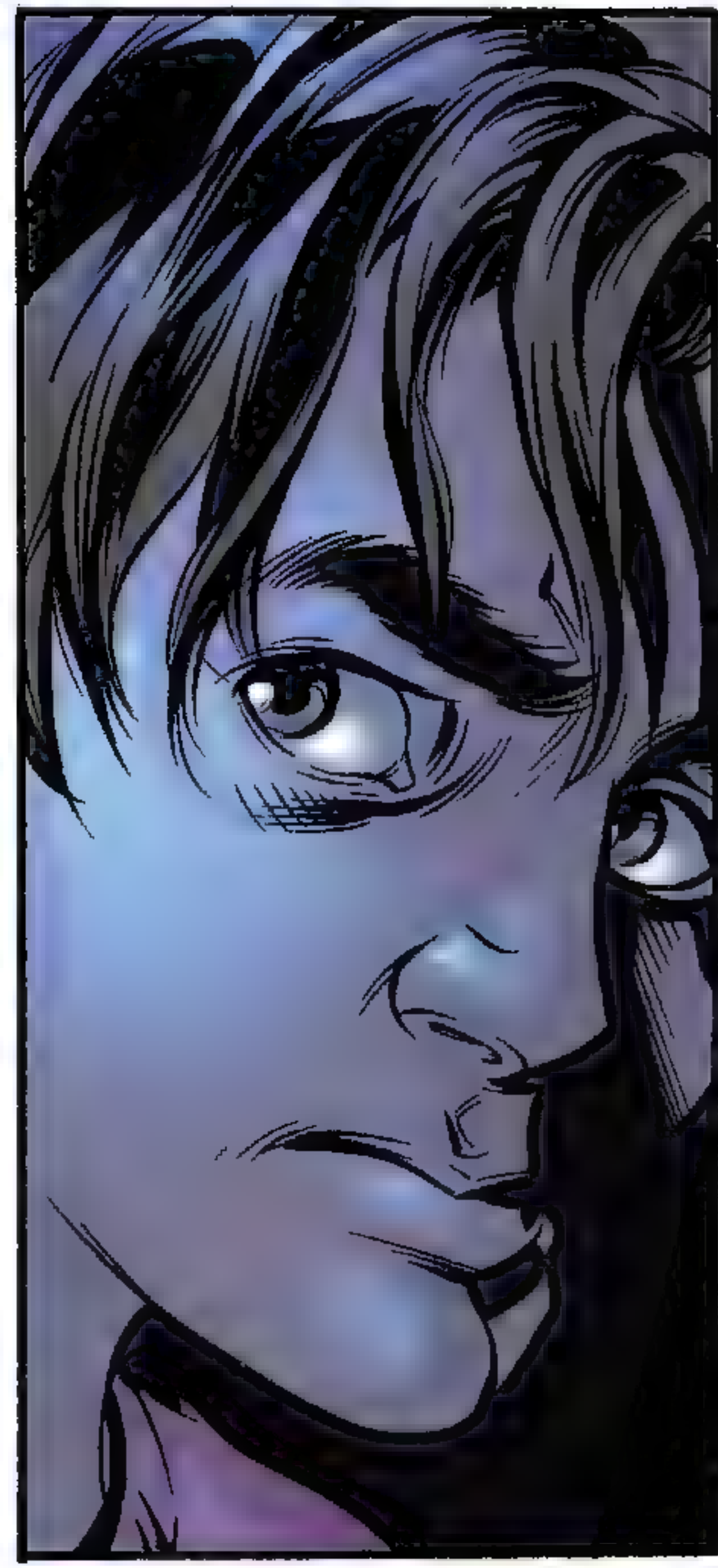
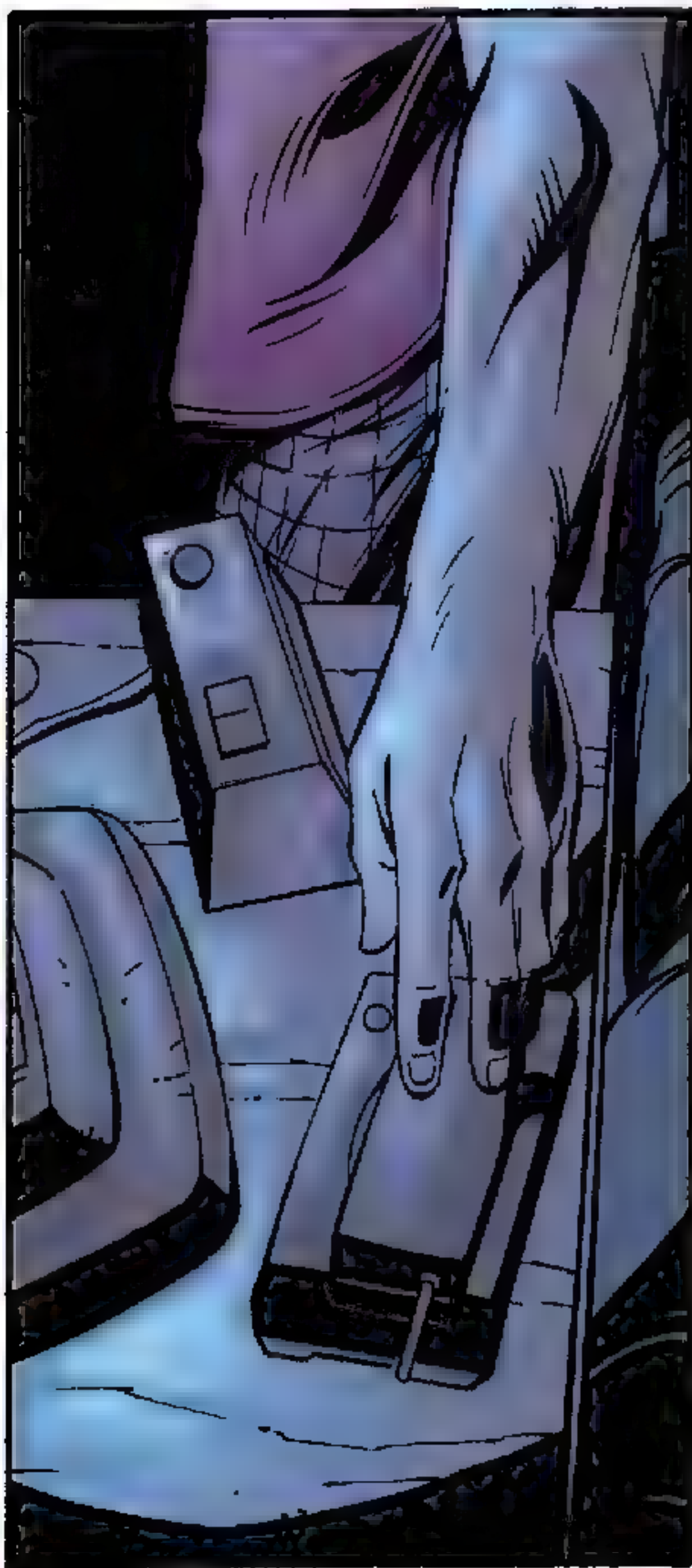
'Mokay.



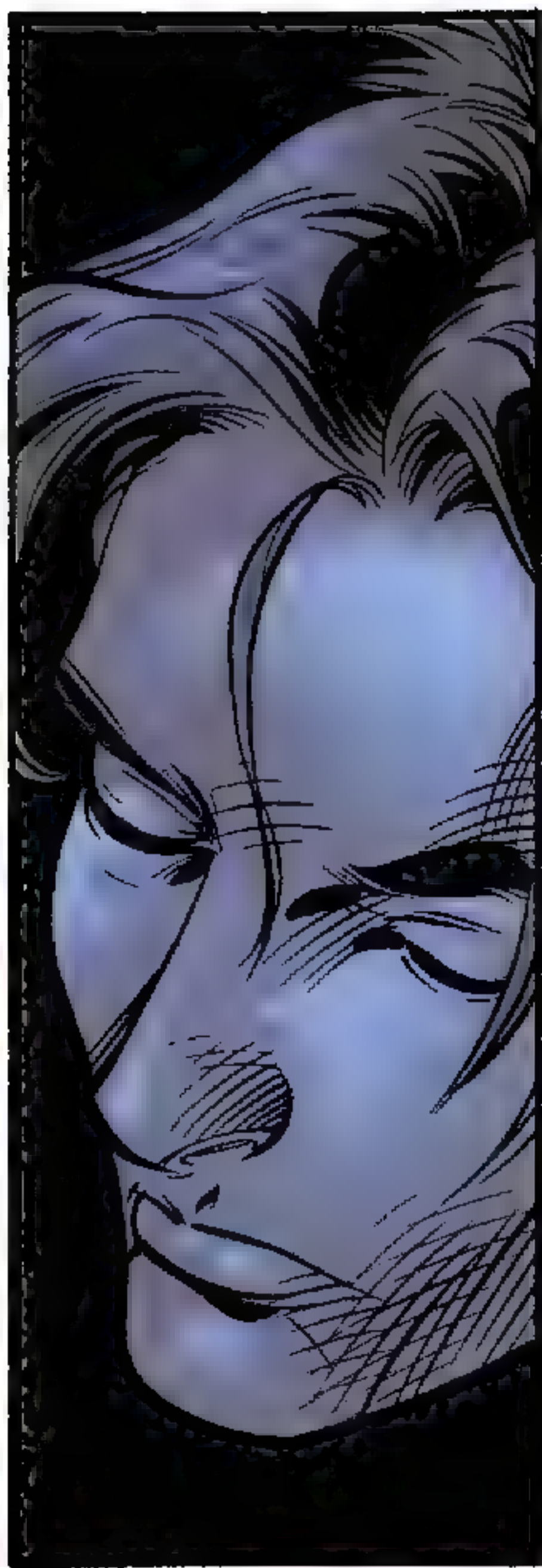
Don't stay up too late, Peter.











"Spider Spider.  
I was intrigued  
by our last  
meeting. Were  
you?"

Life is  
too short.

We  
should  
explore  
this.

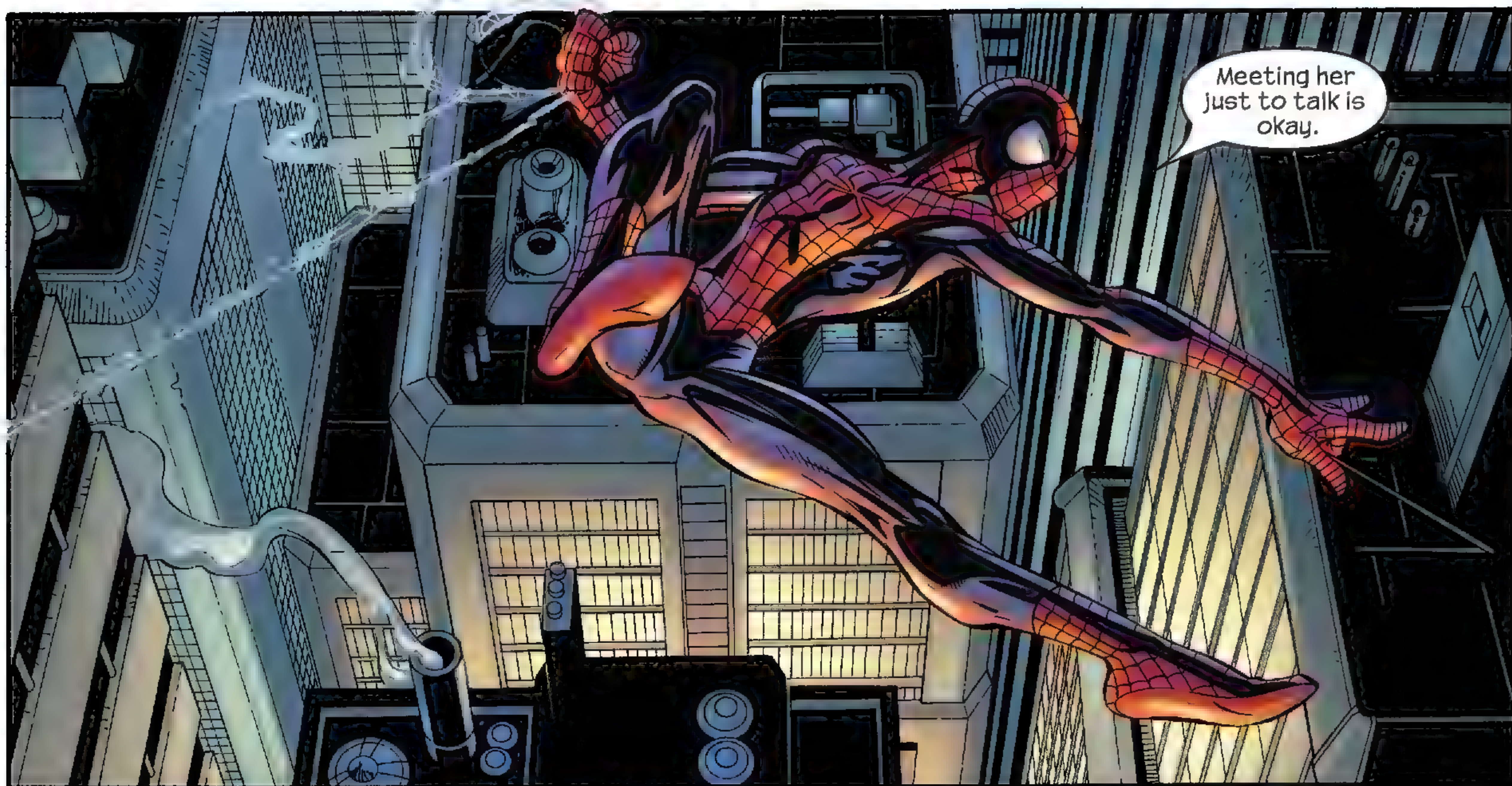


What I  
*should* do is  
meet her and  
just tell her  
that stealing  
is wrong.

I mean,  
that's--  
yeah.

Sure.





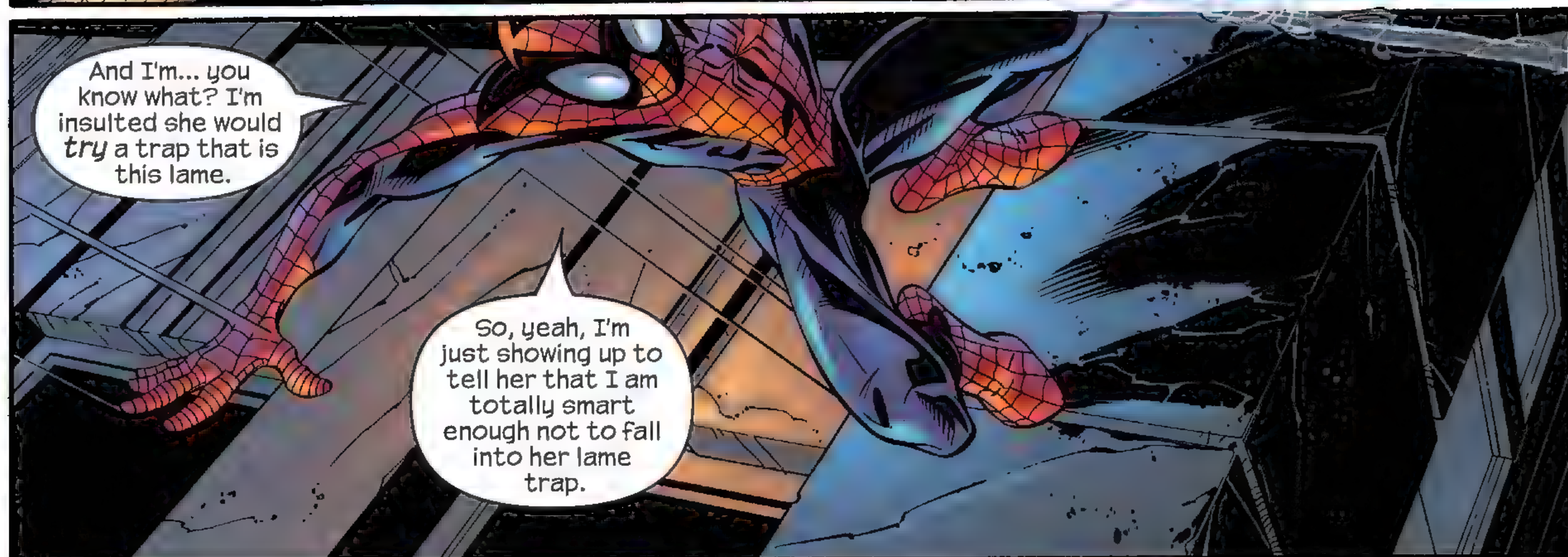
Meeting her  
just to talk is  
okay.



I mean, she's  
not even *there*,  
first of all.

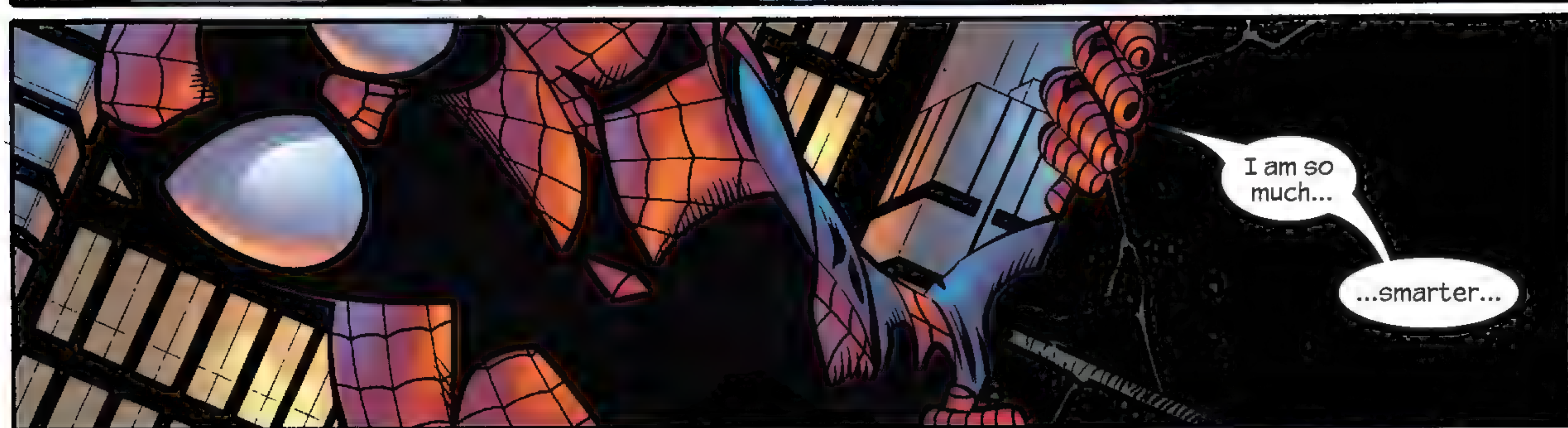
It's just  
some big *joke*  
on me.

Or it's  
some big  
*trap!*



And I'm... you  
know what? I'm  
insulted she would  
*try* a trap that is  
this lame.

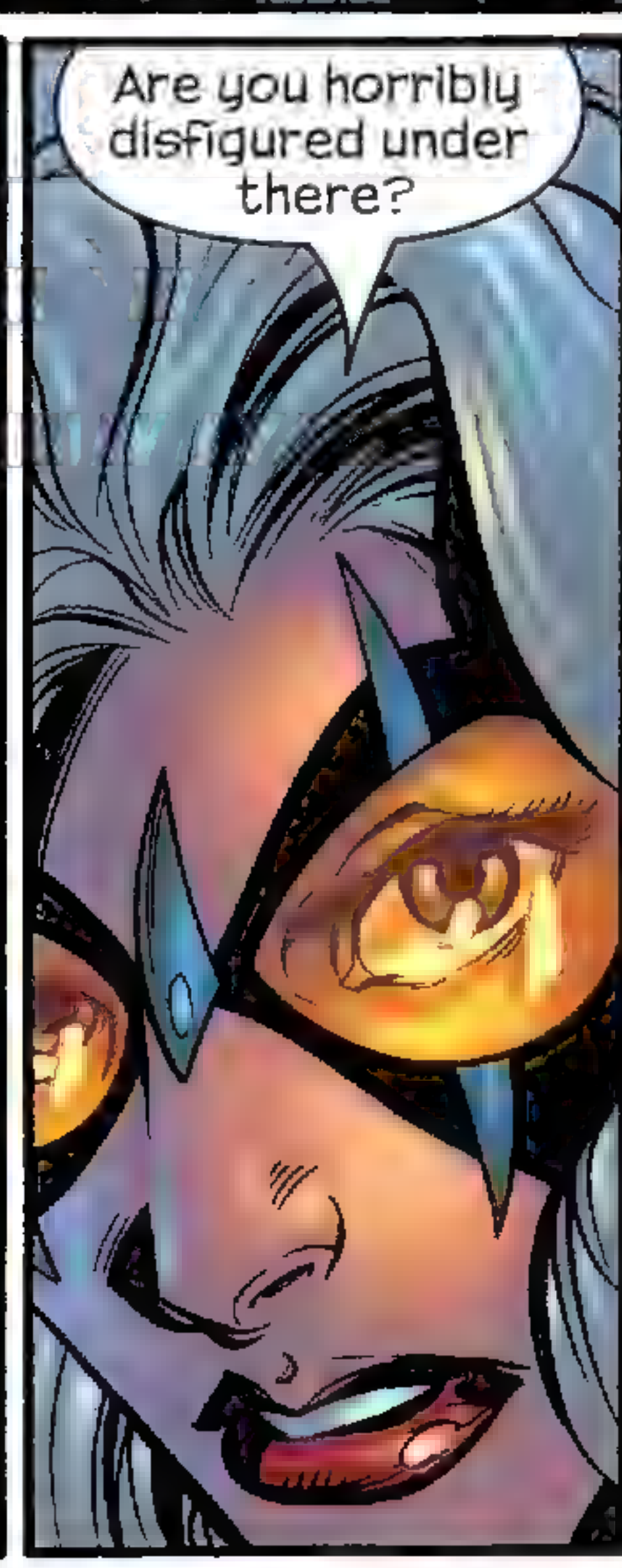
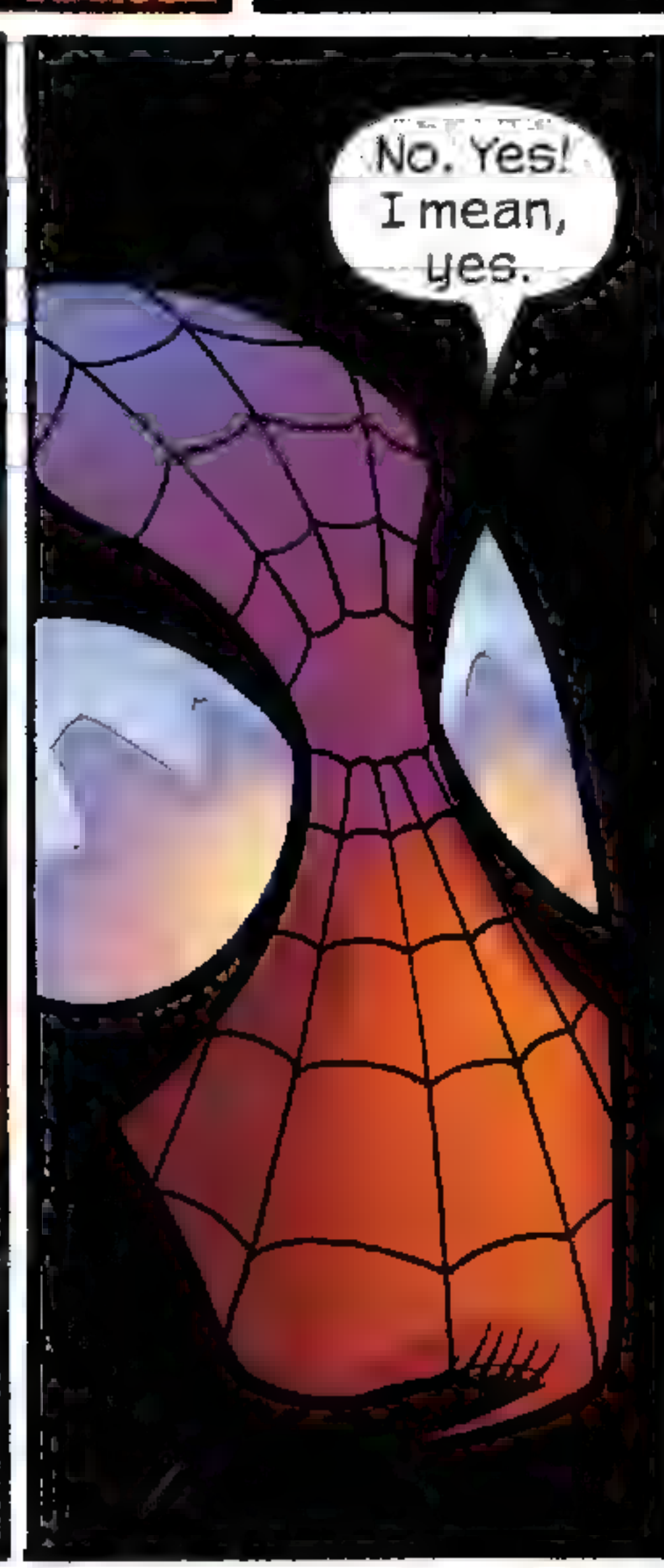
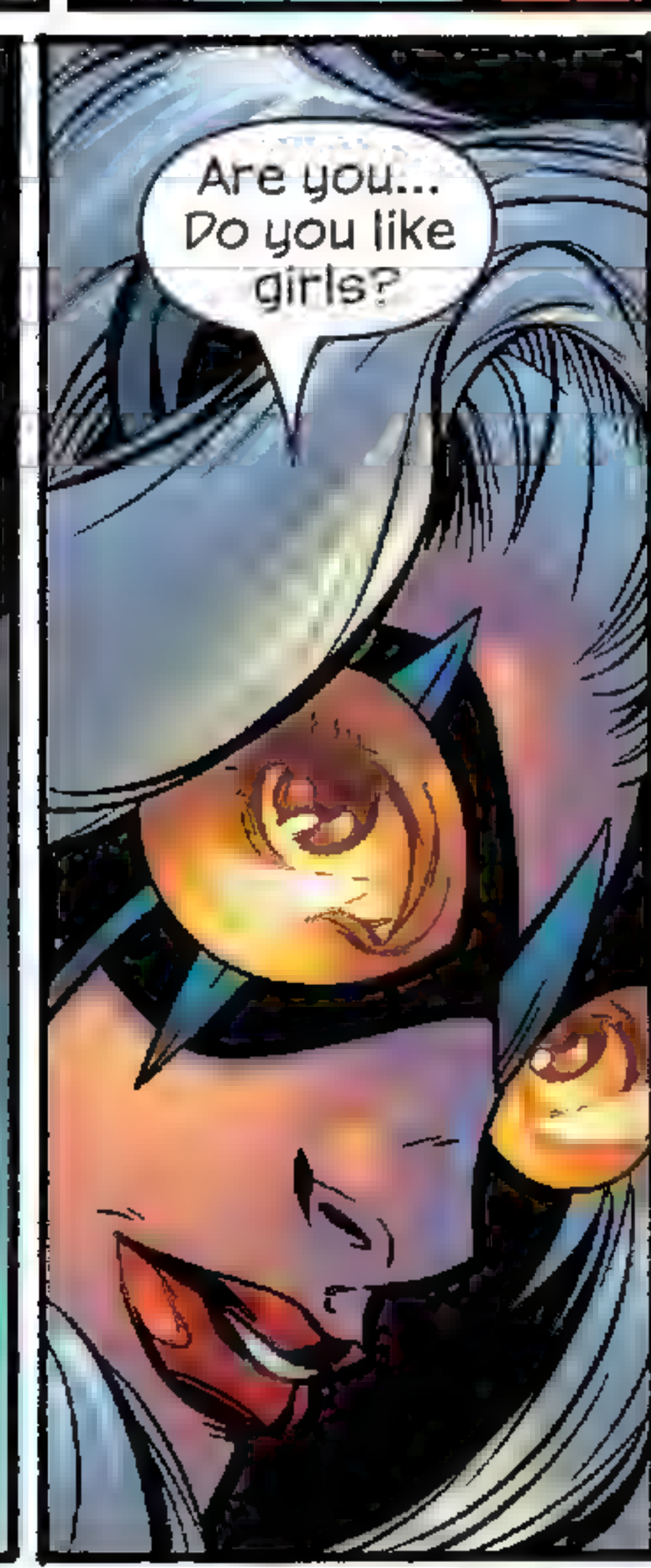
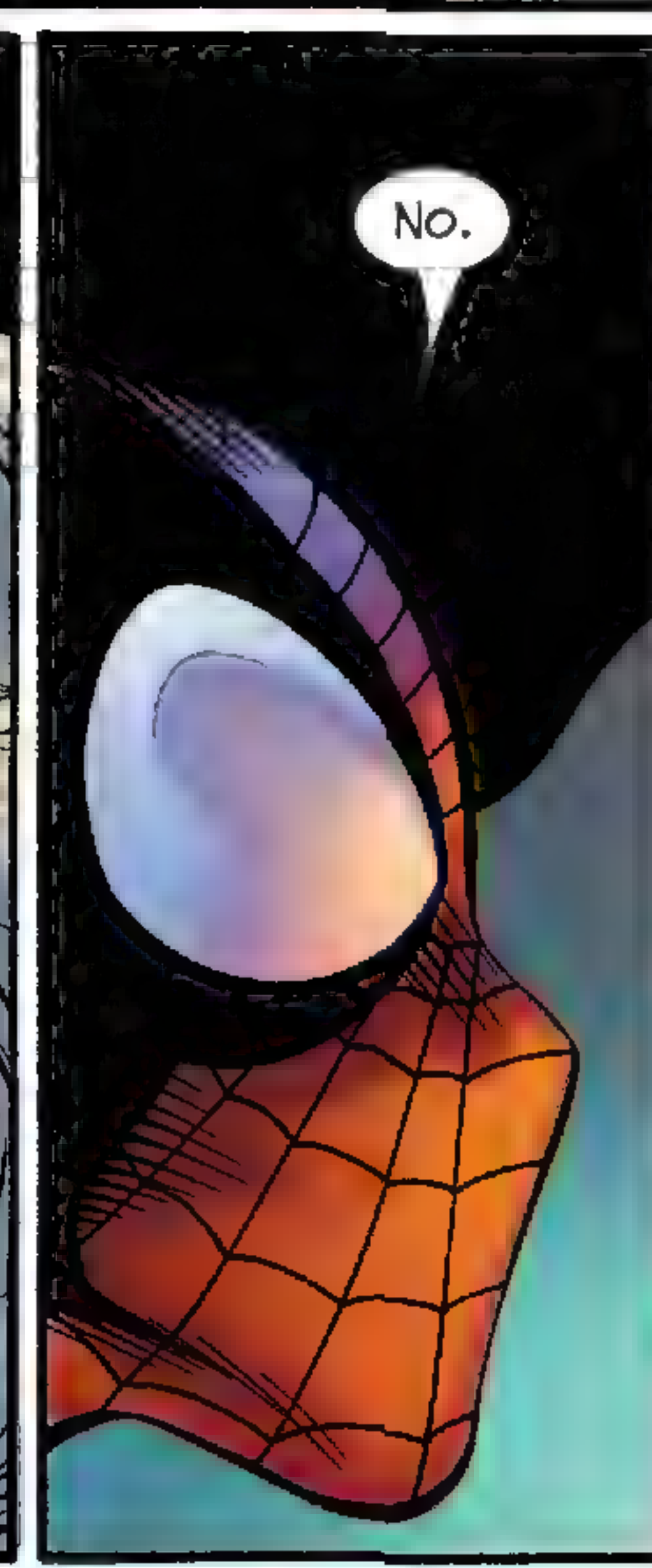
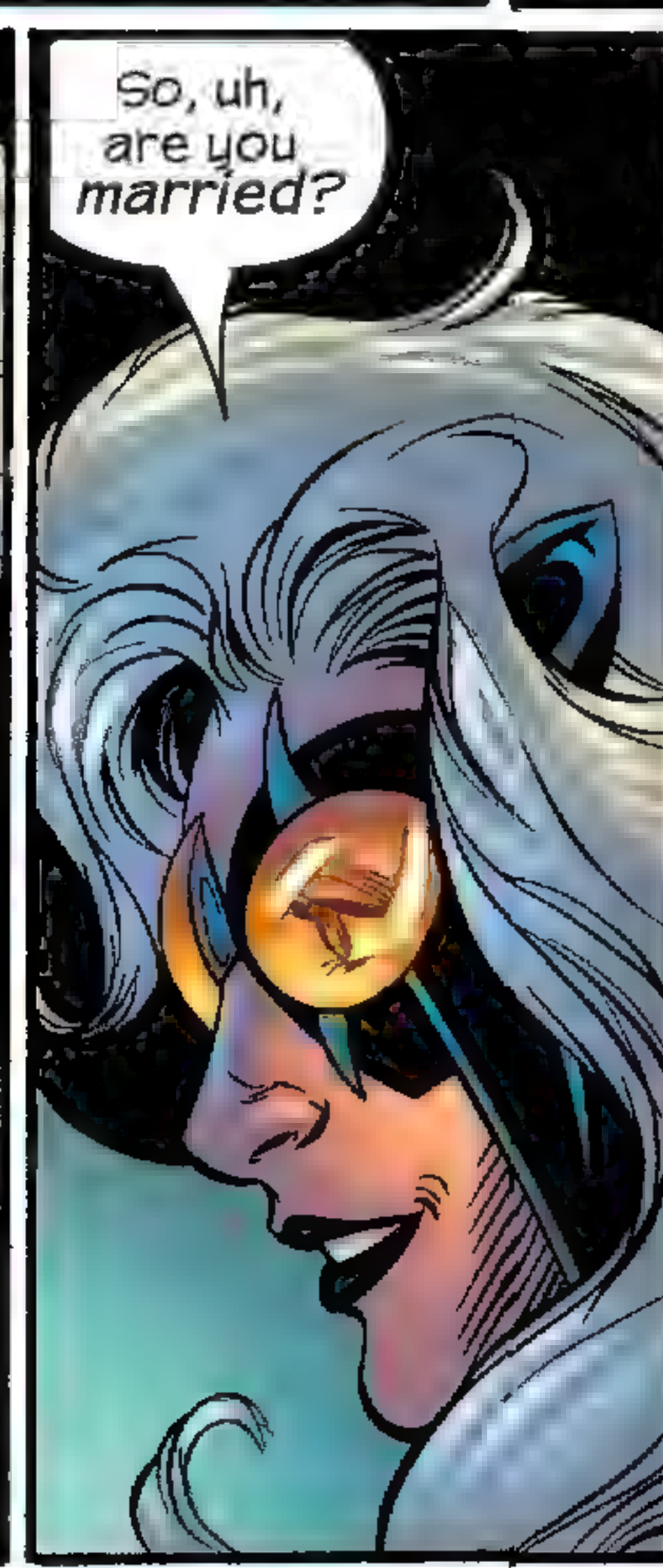
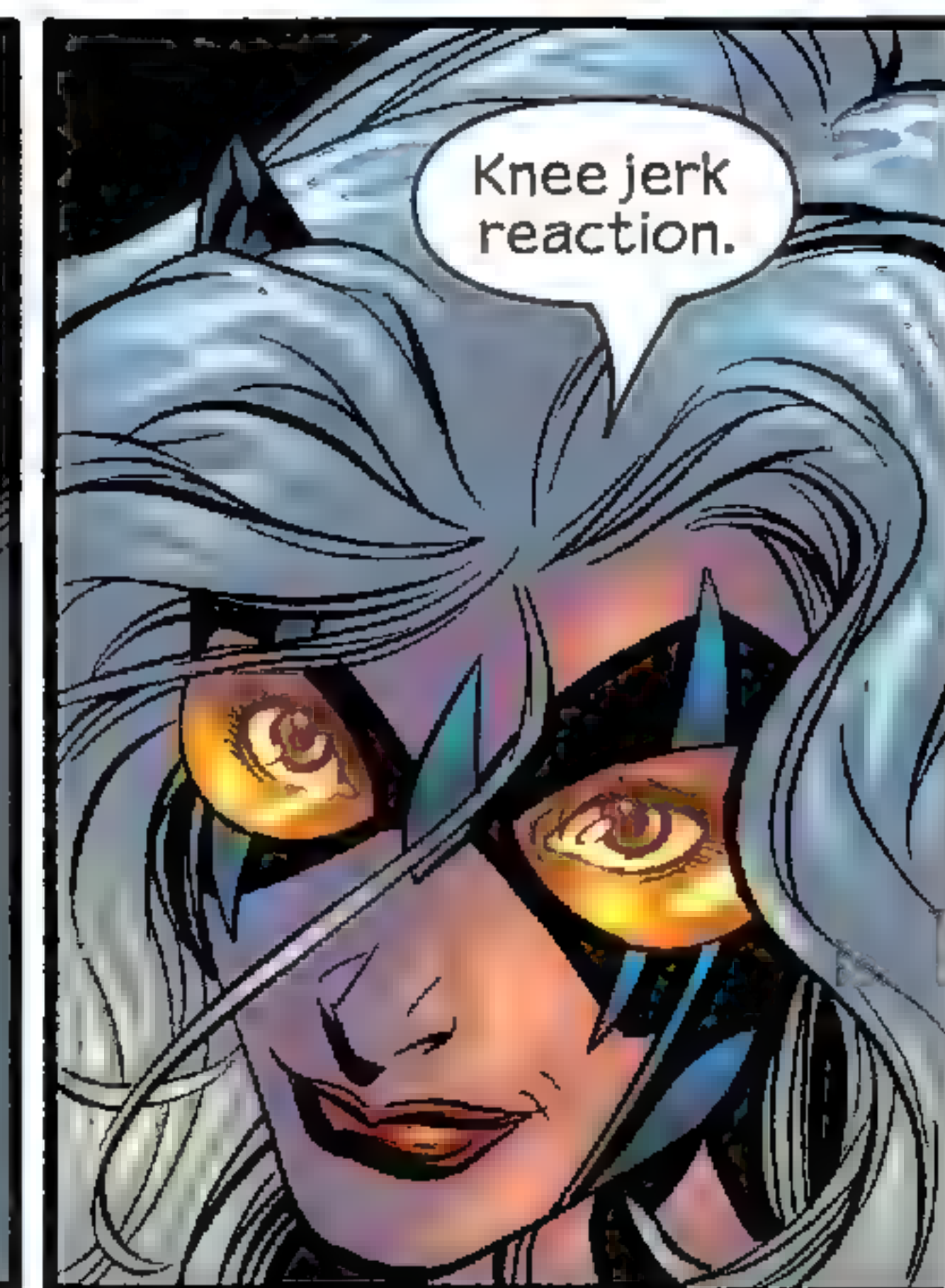
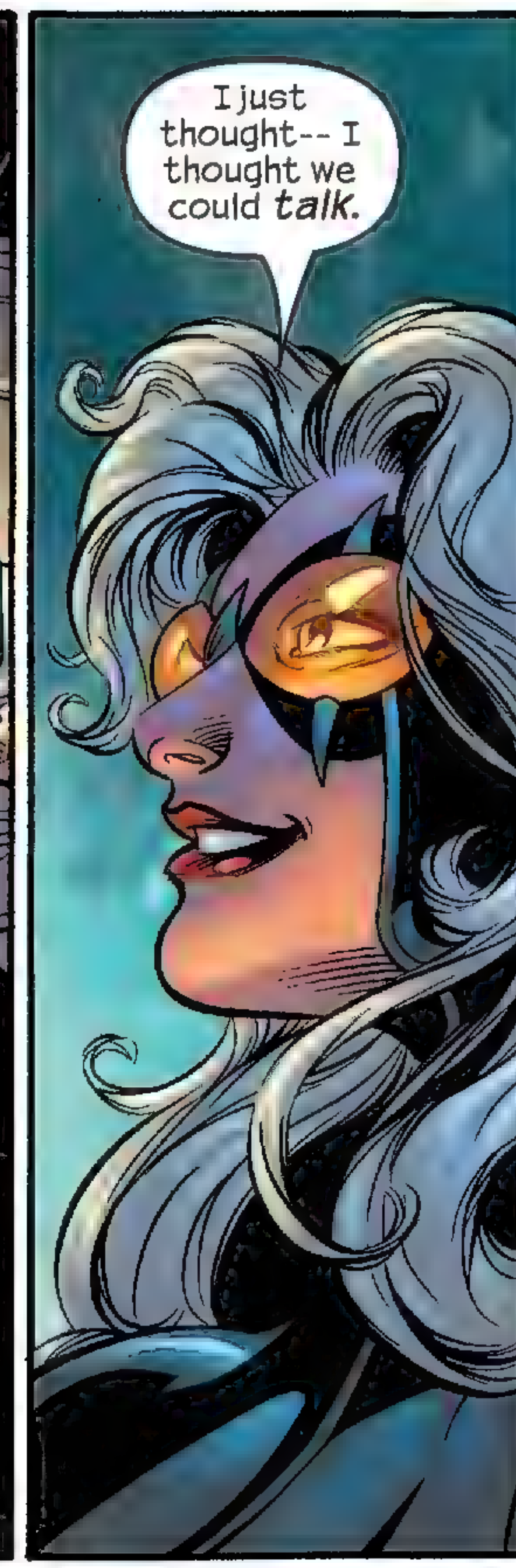
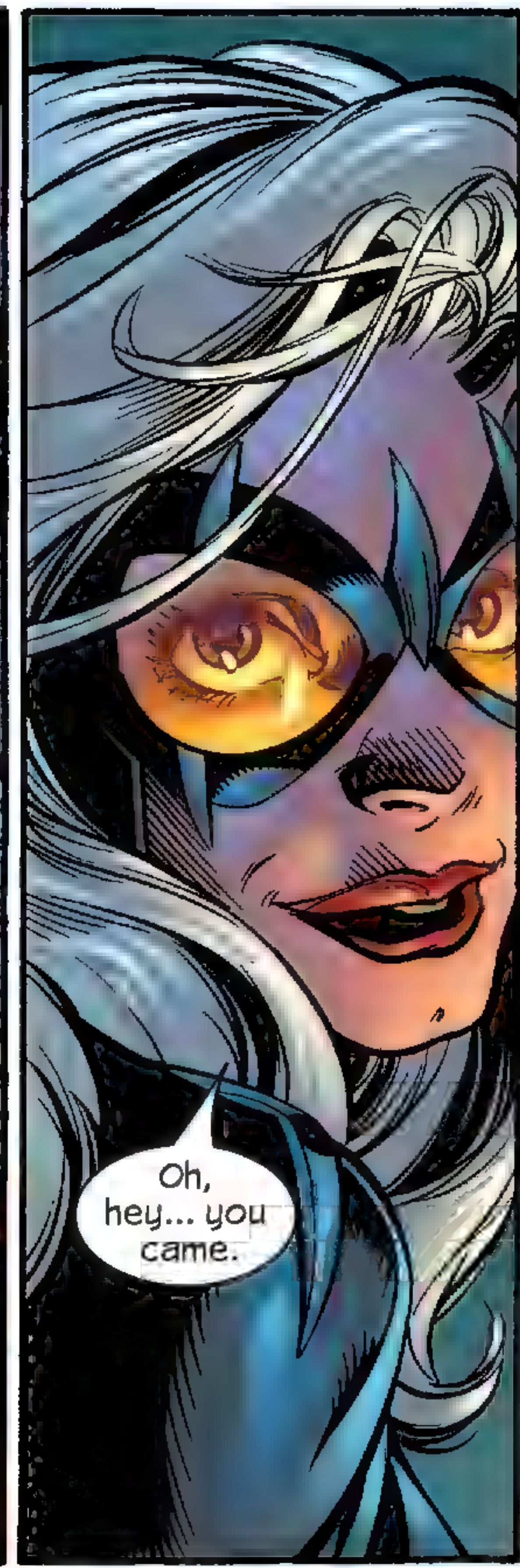
So, yeah, I'm  
just showing up to  
tell her that I am  
totally smart  
enough not to fall  
into her lame  
trap.



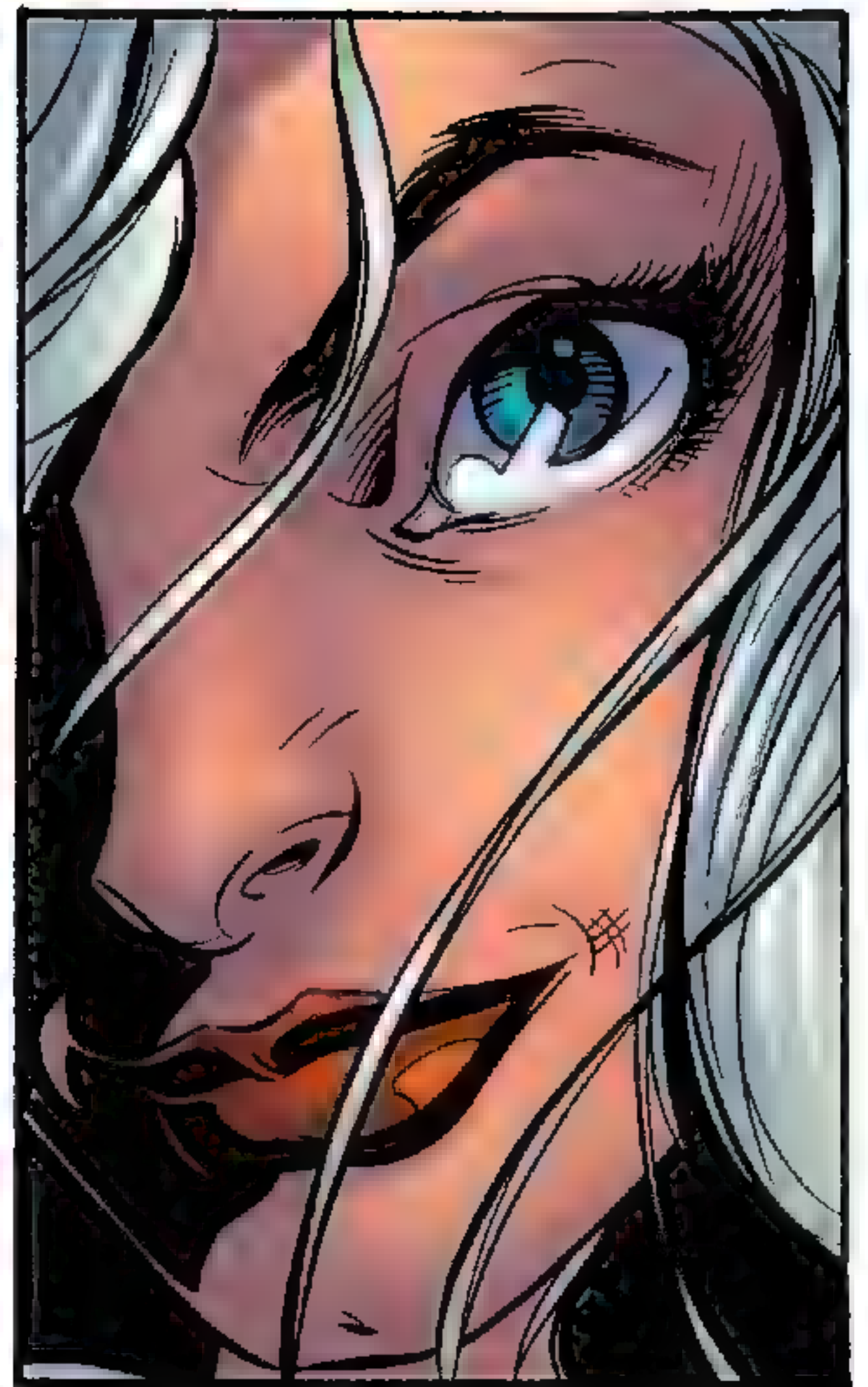
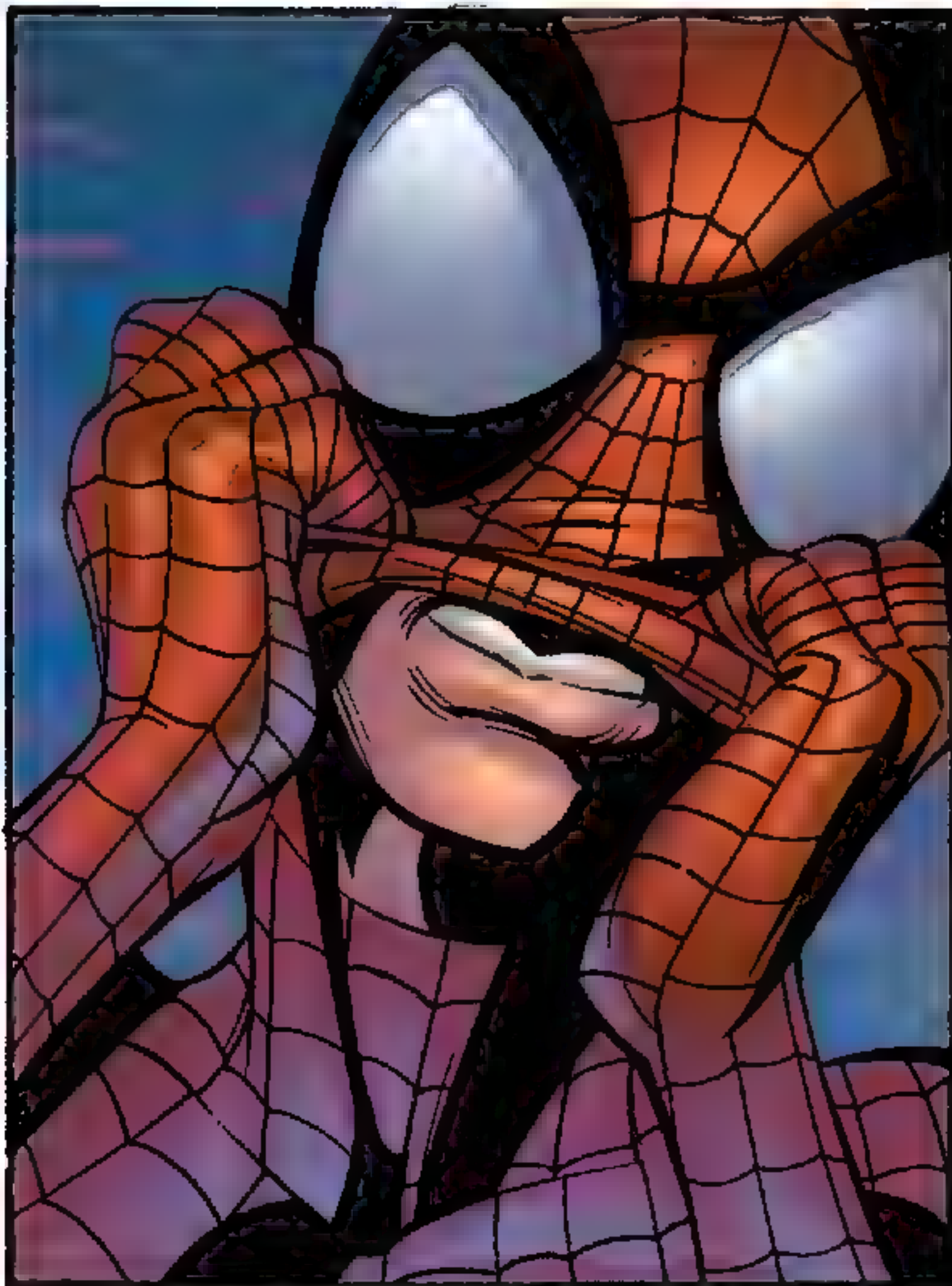
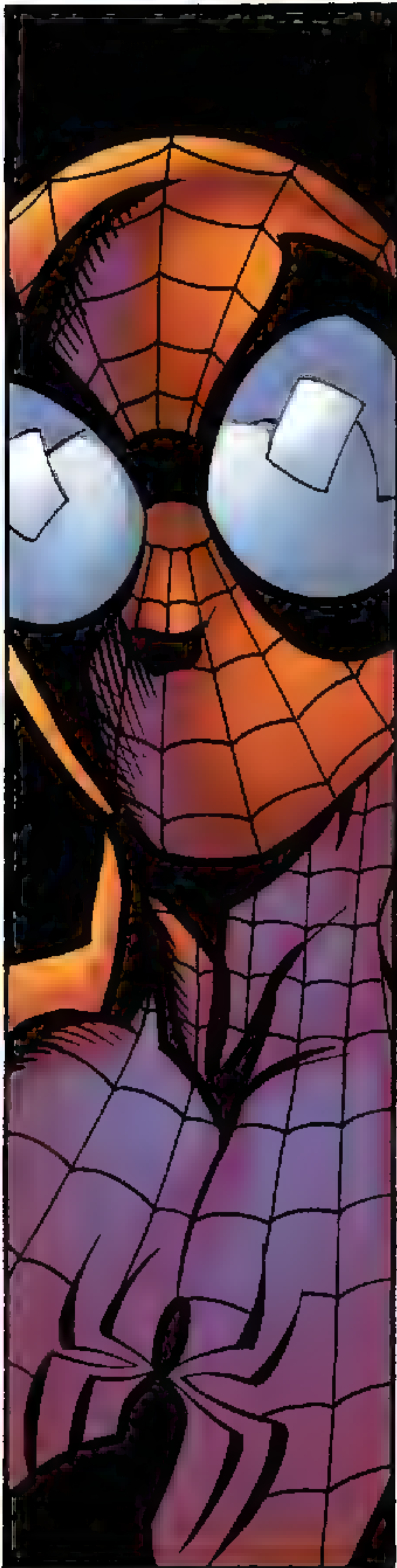
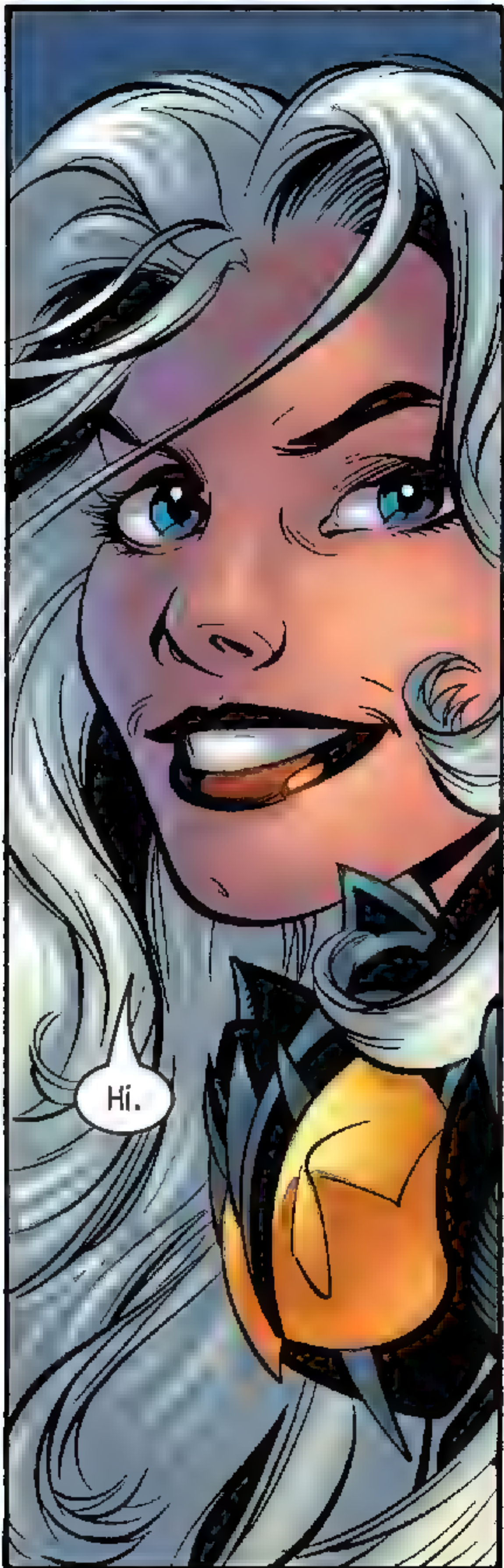
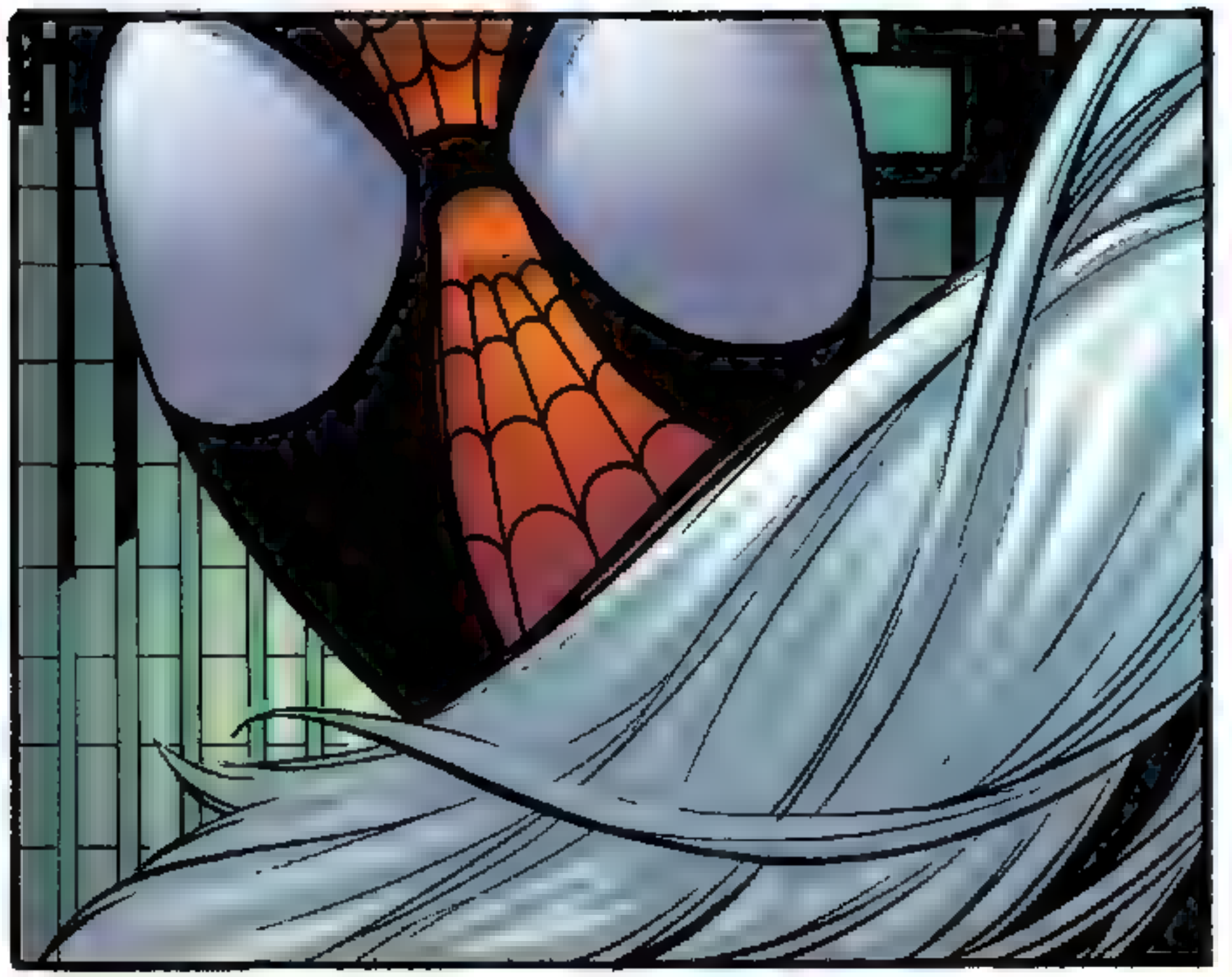
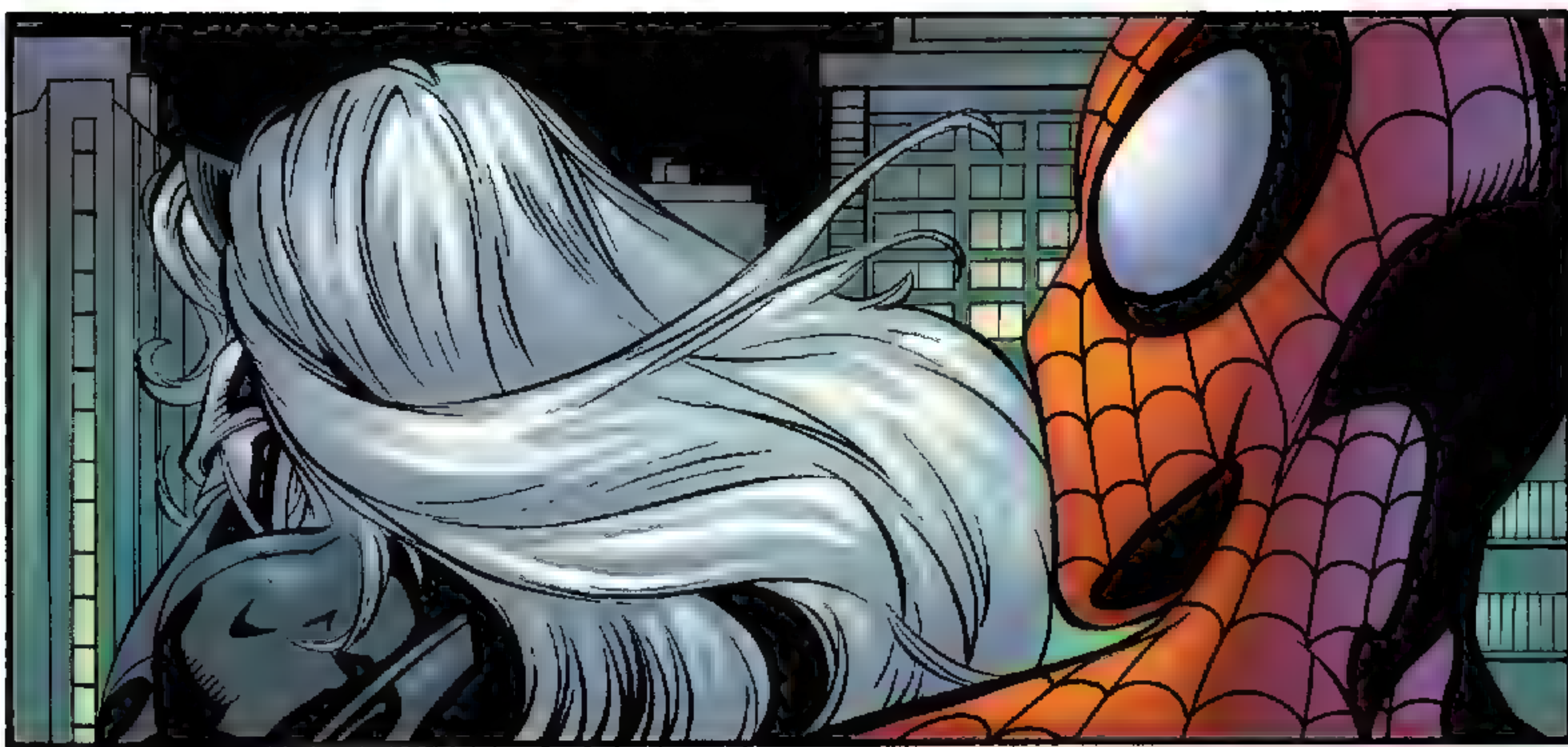
I am so  
much...

...smarter...

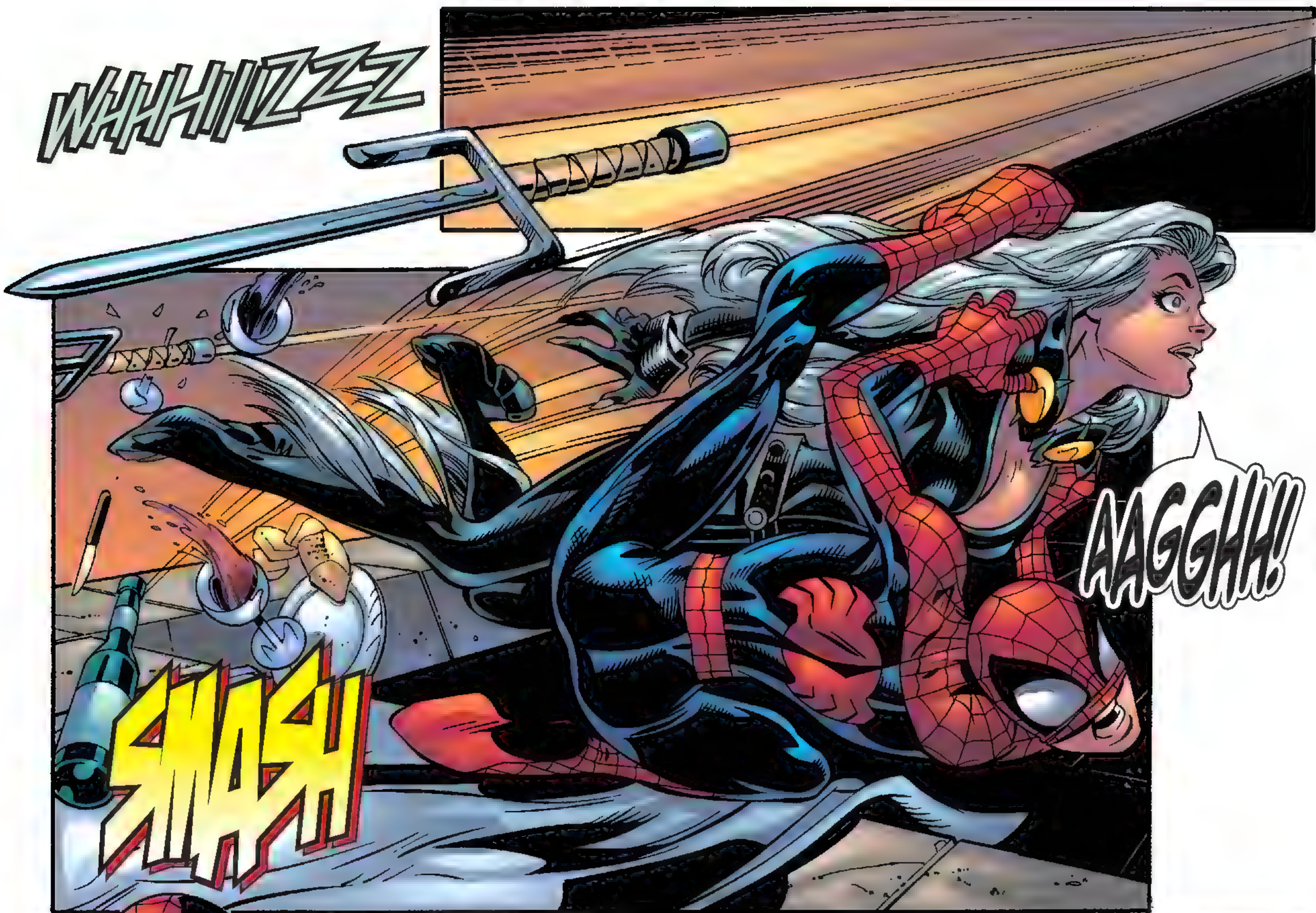












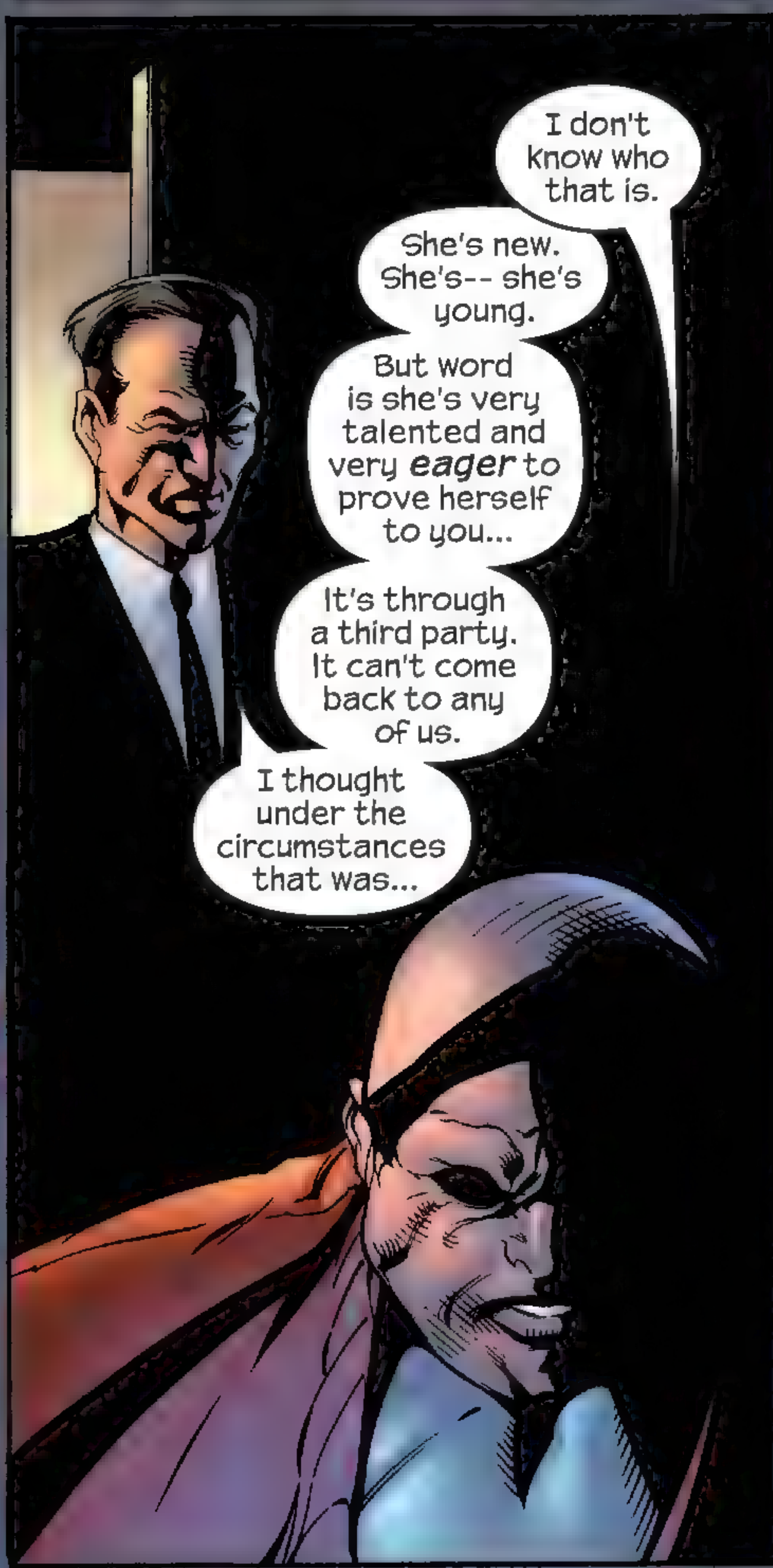








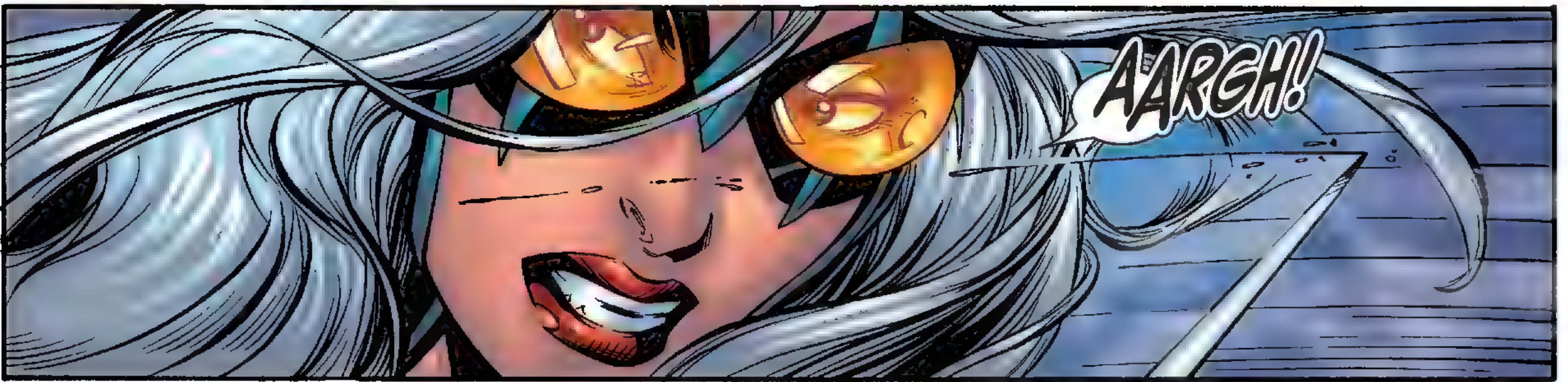
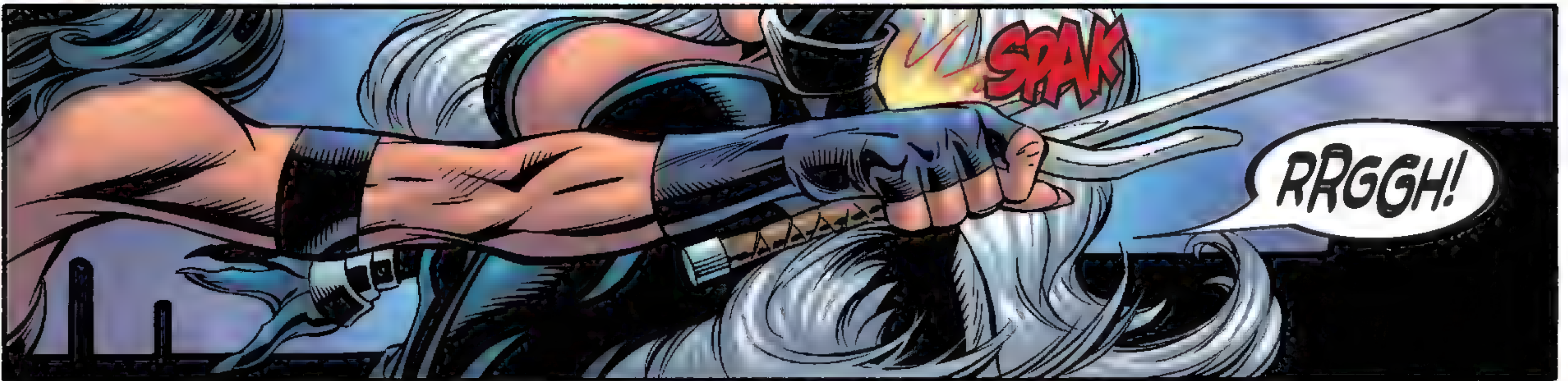
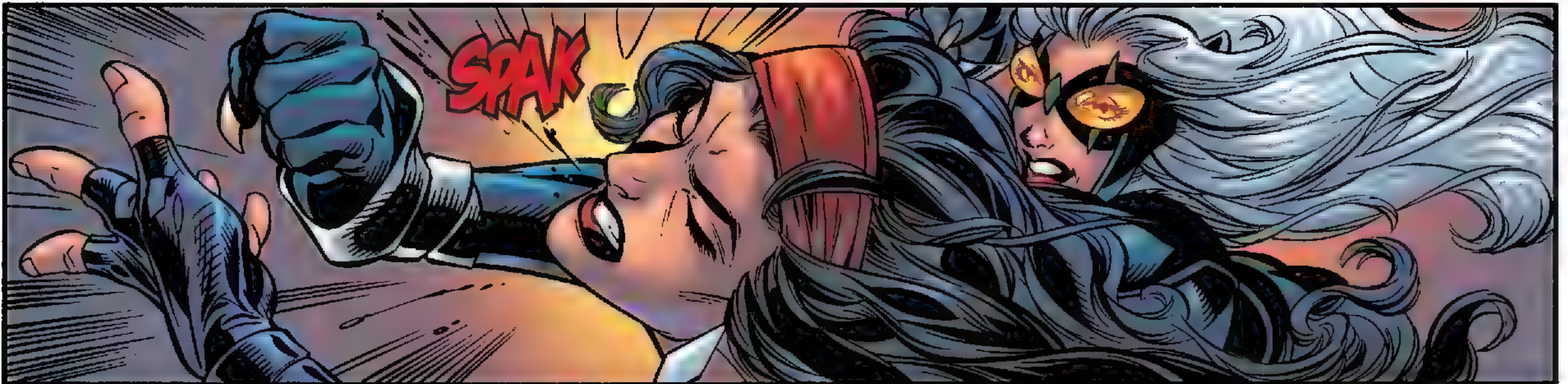
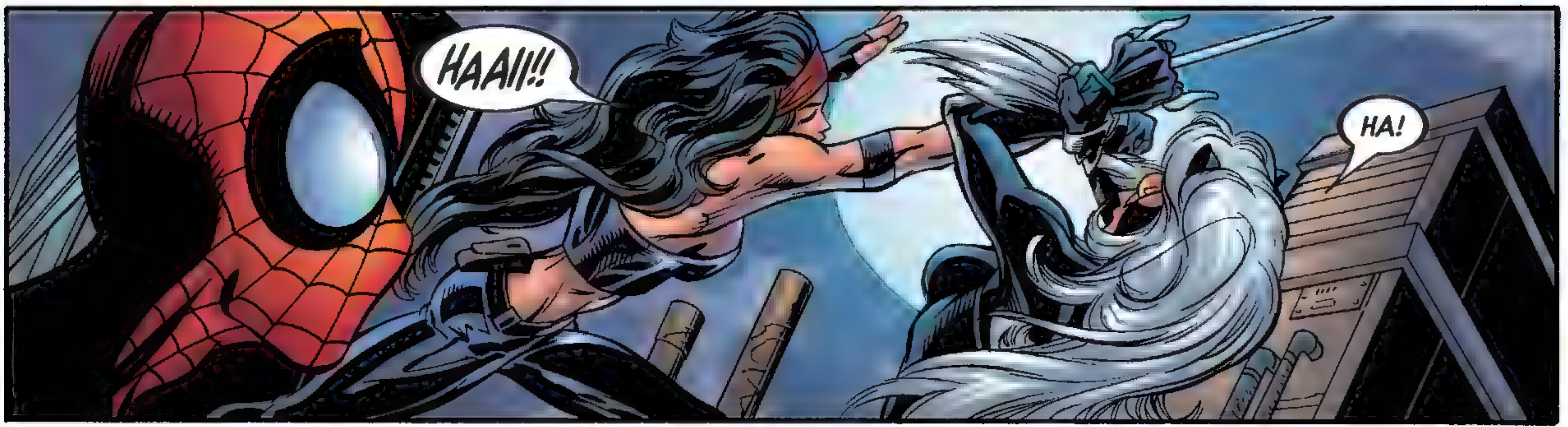




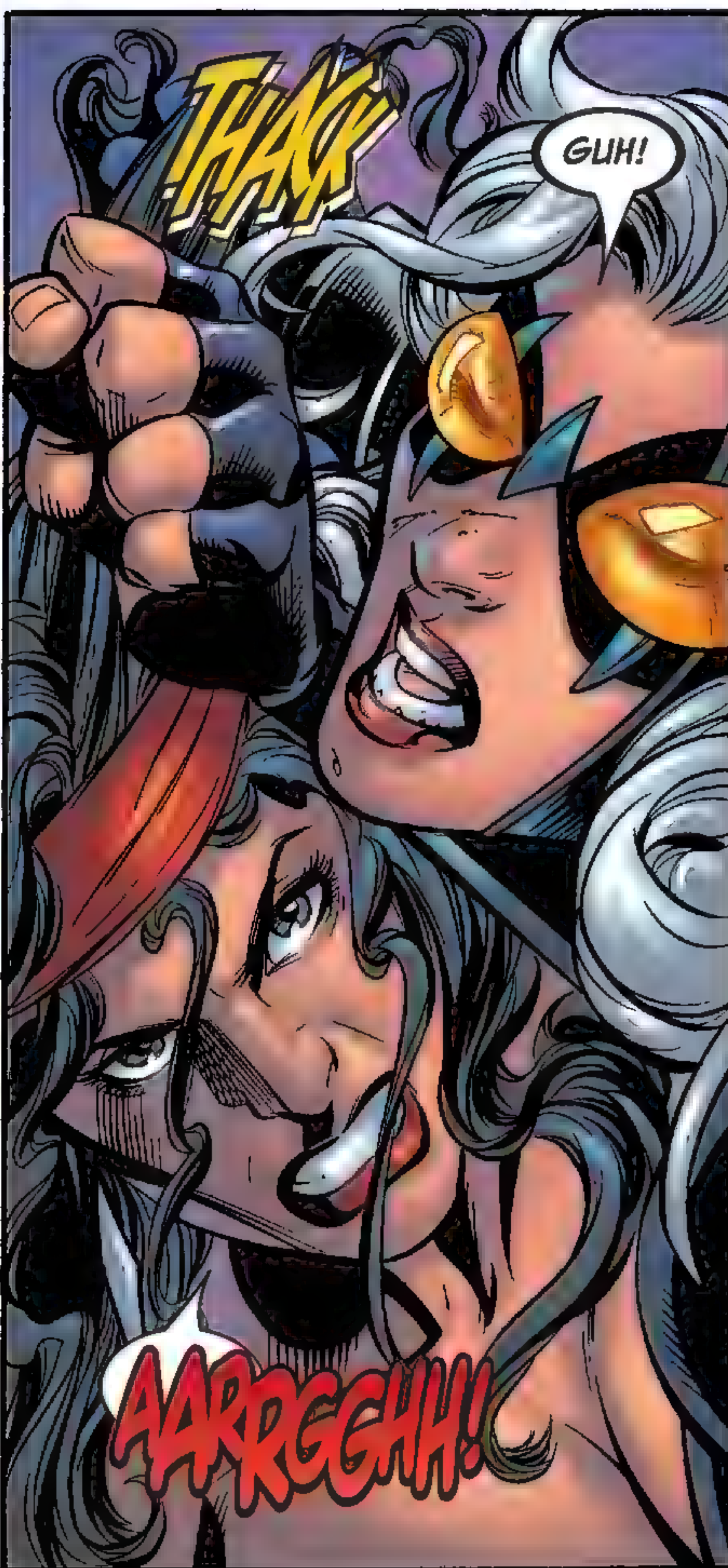




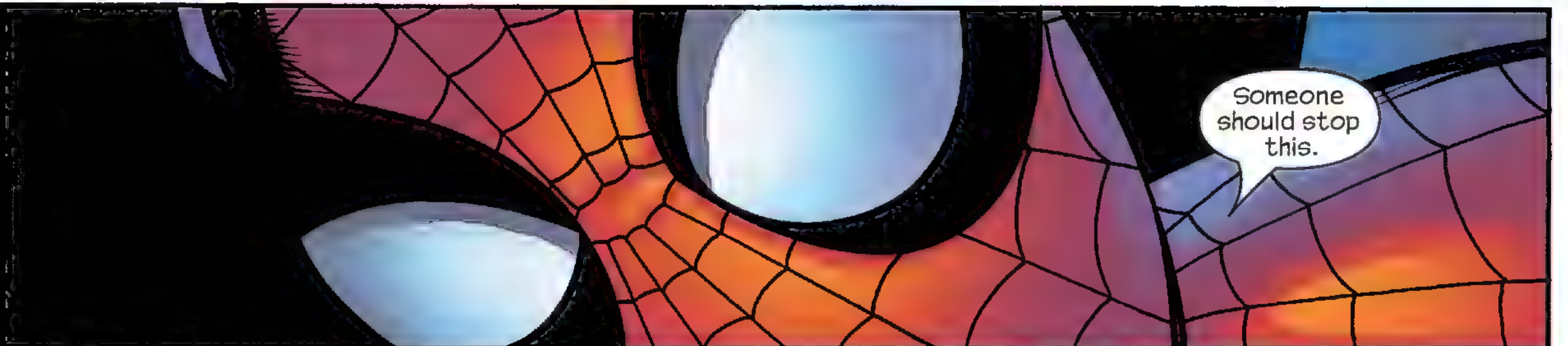
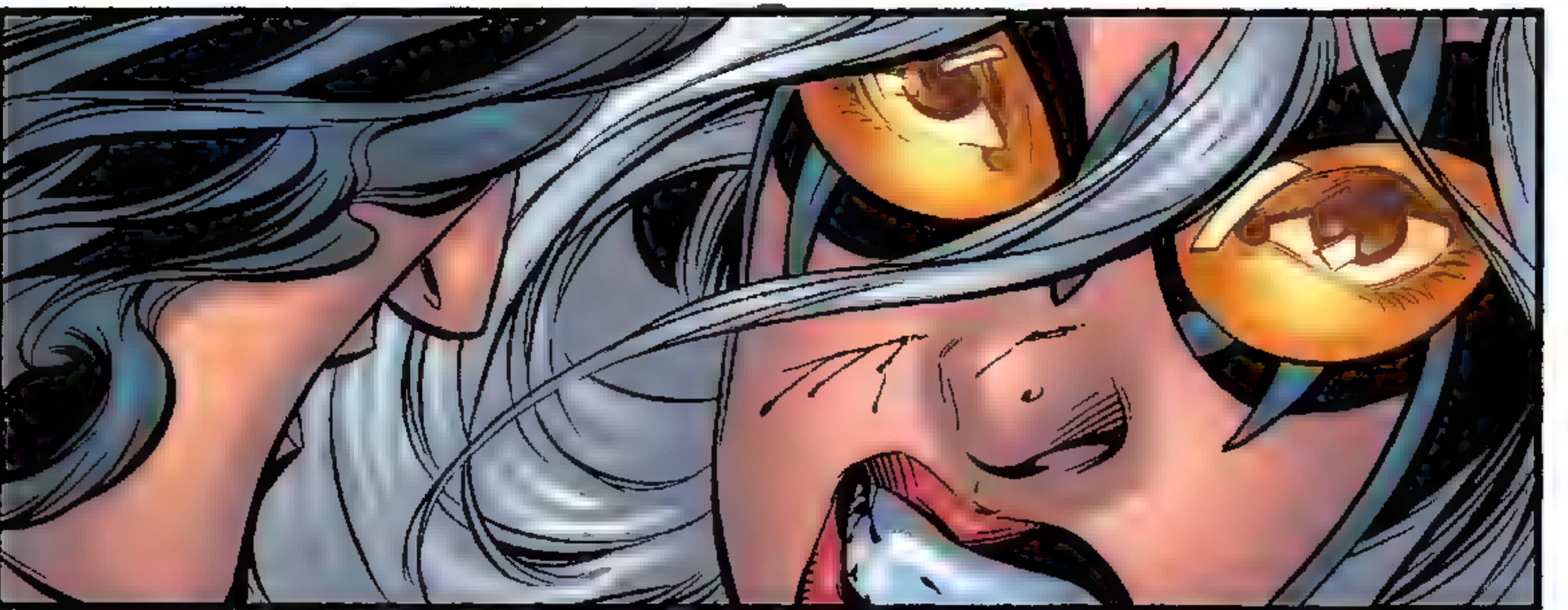
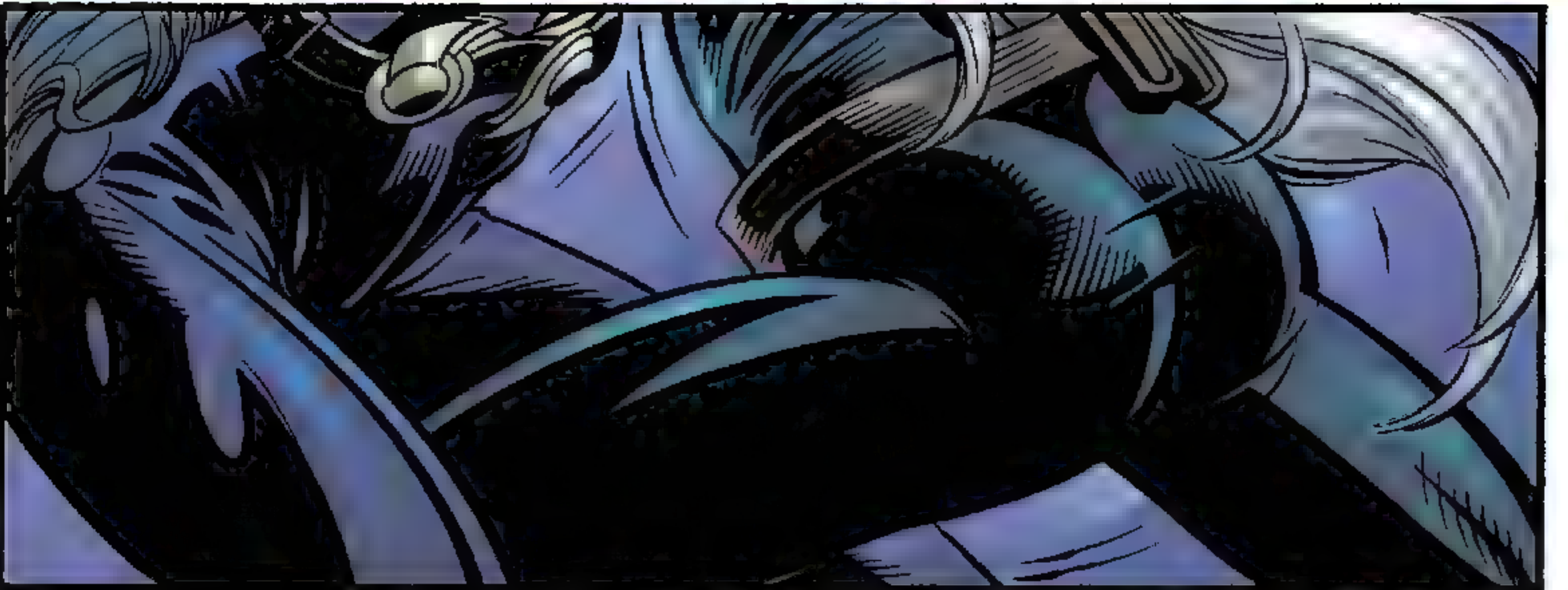
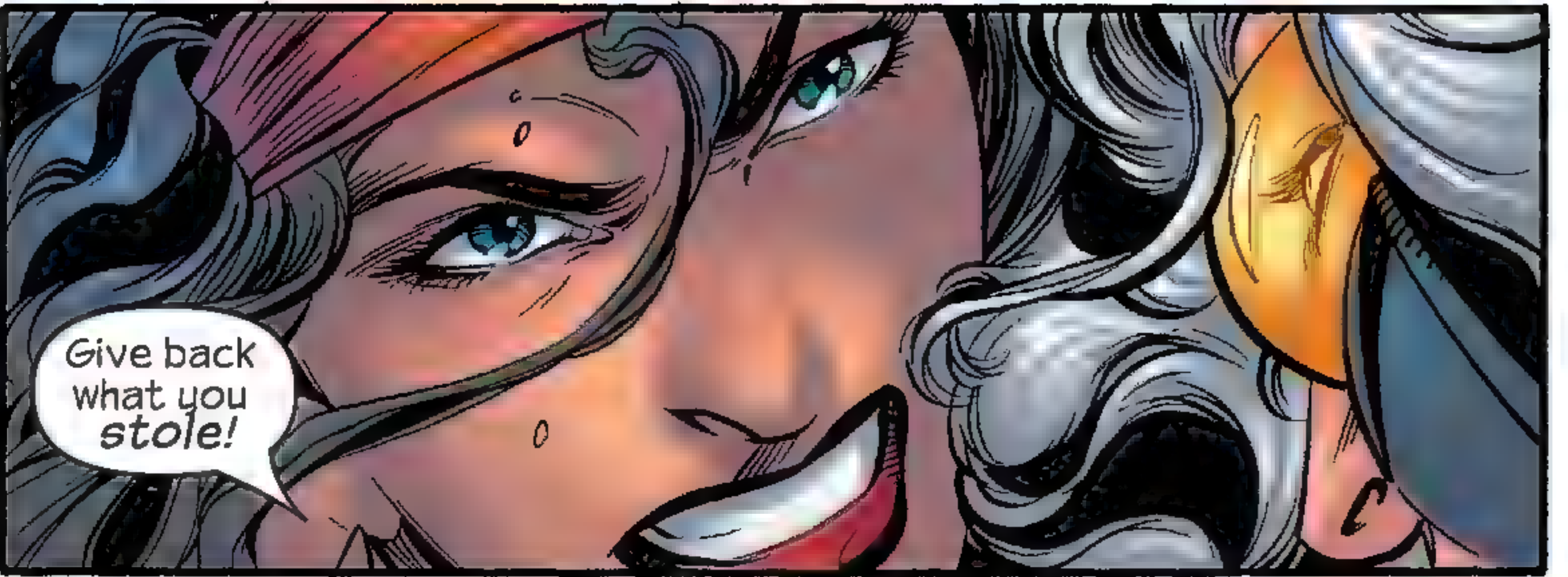
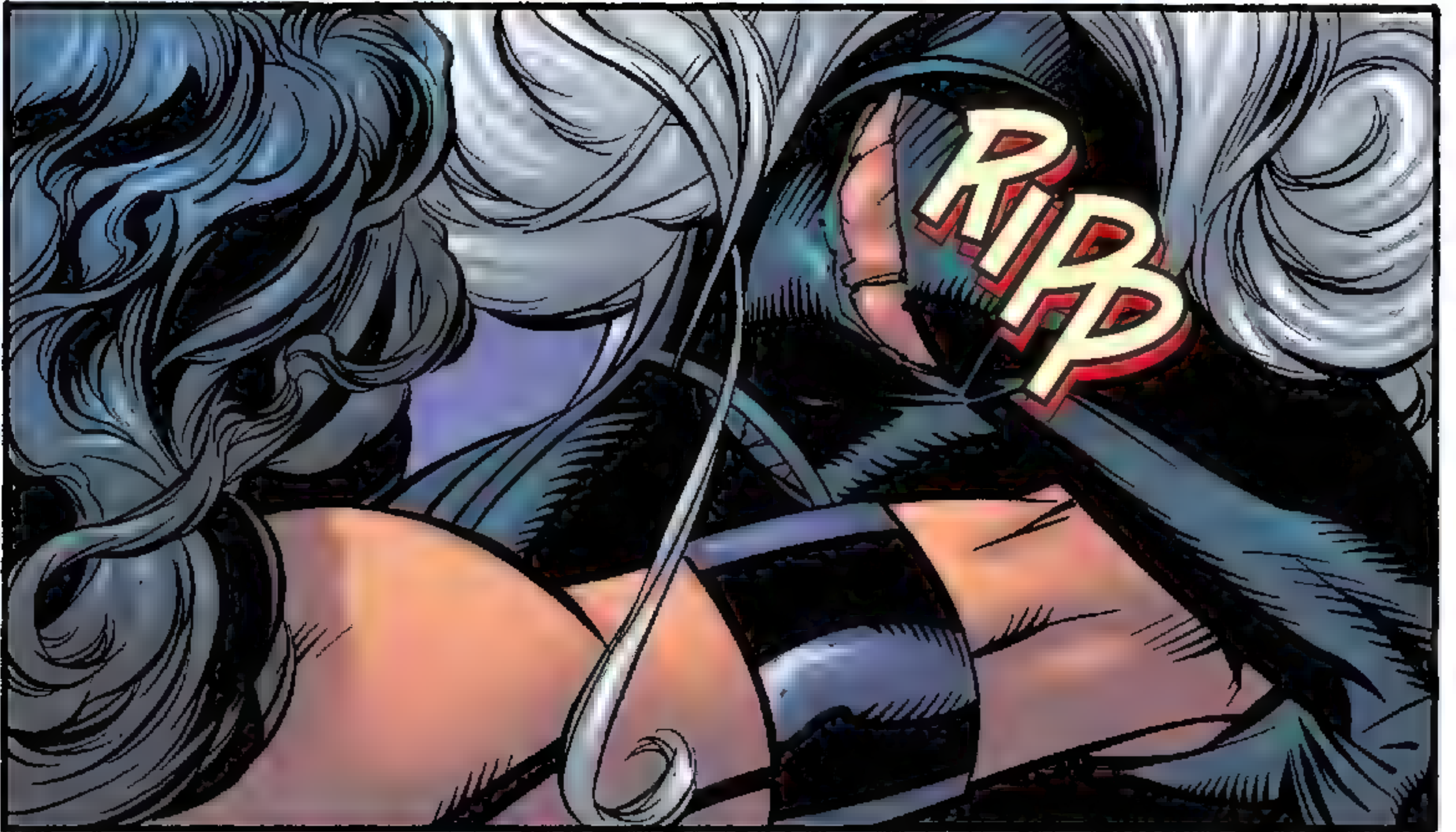
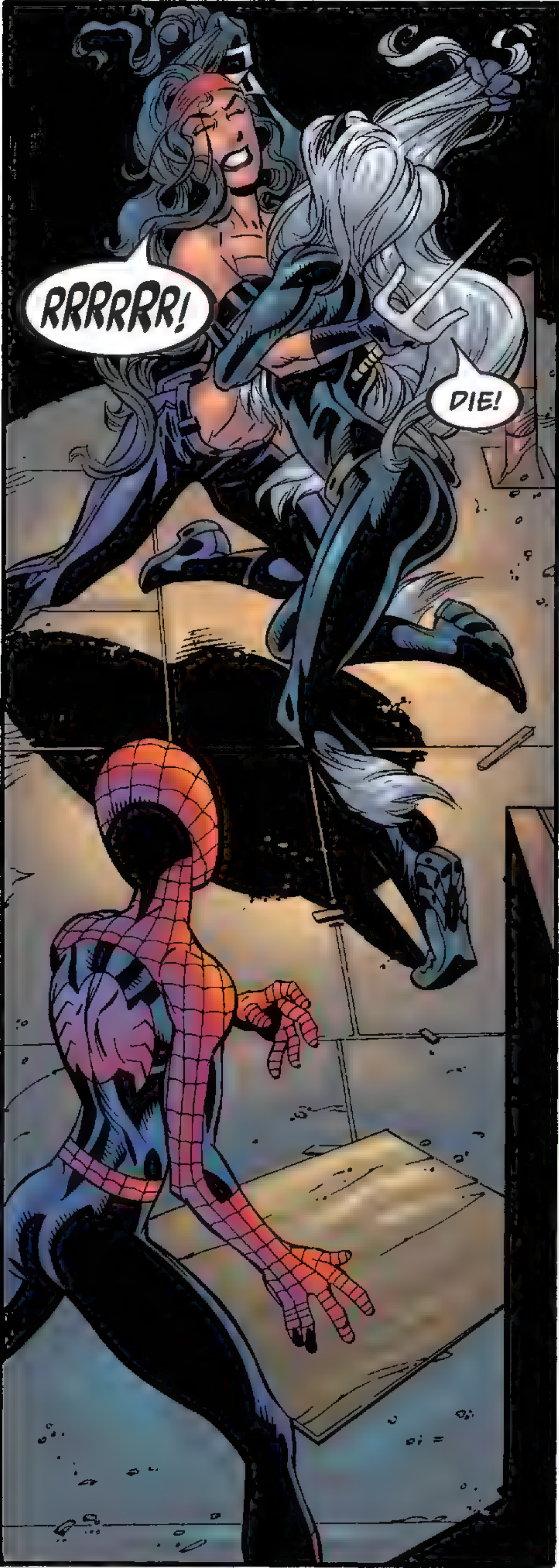
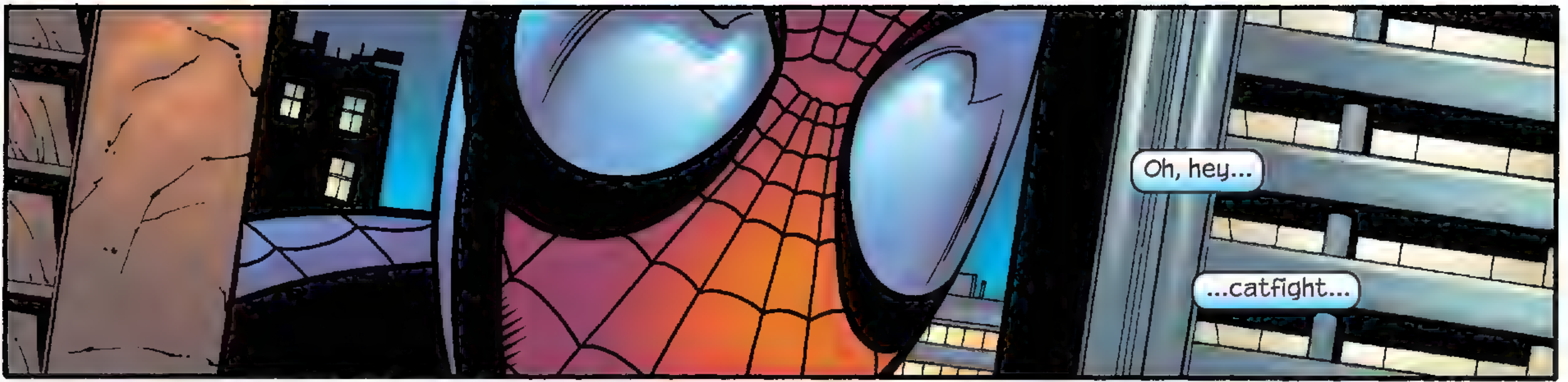




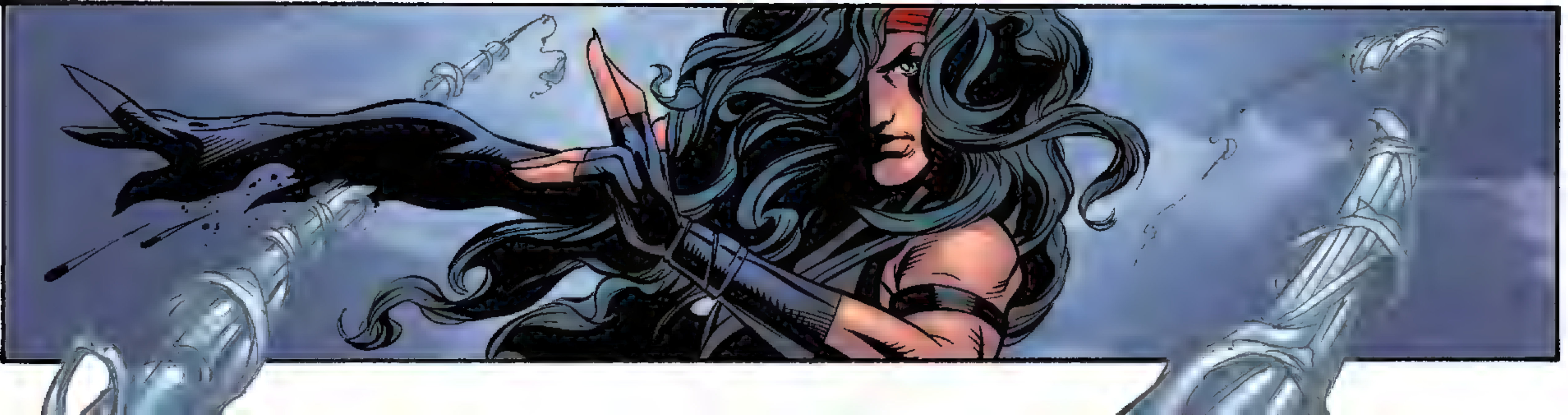
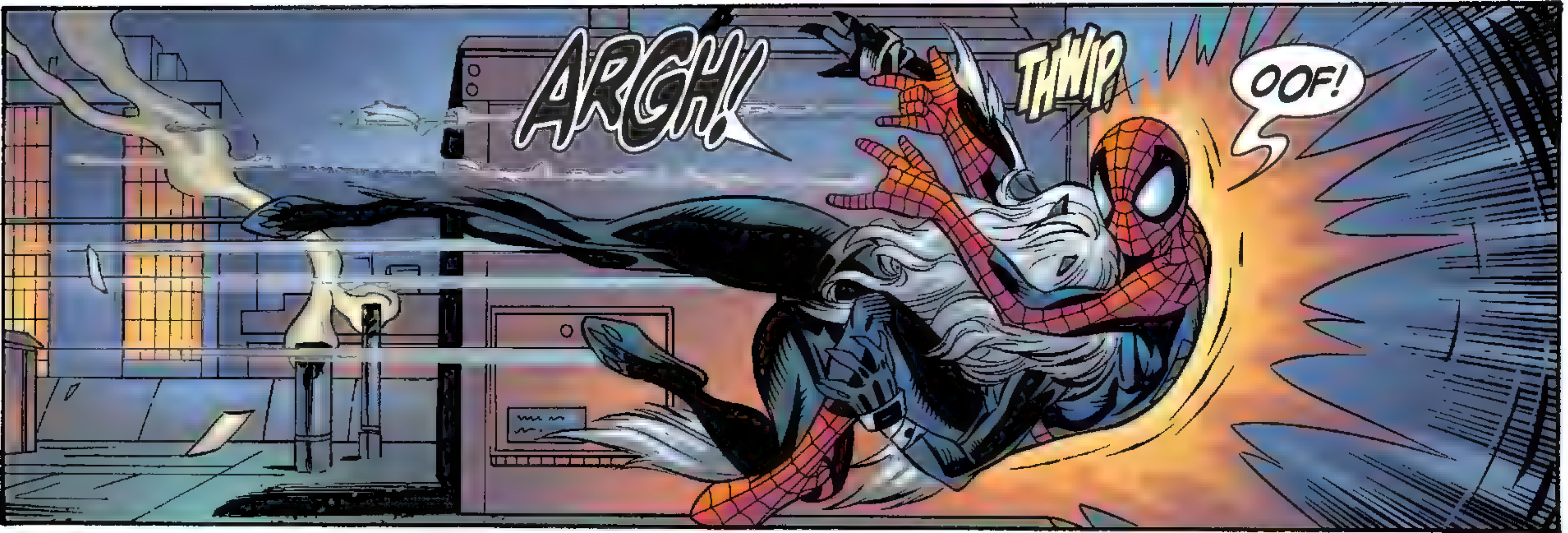
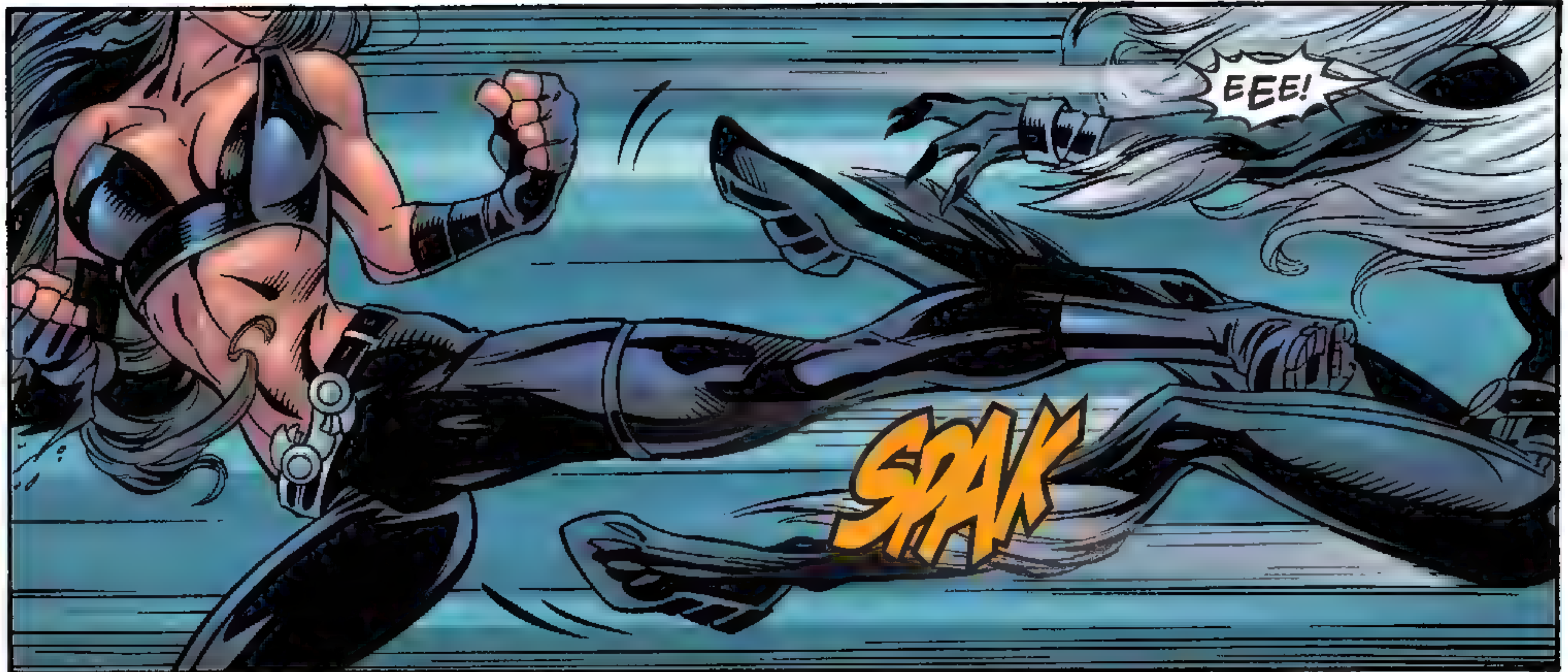
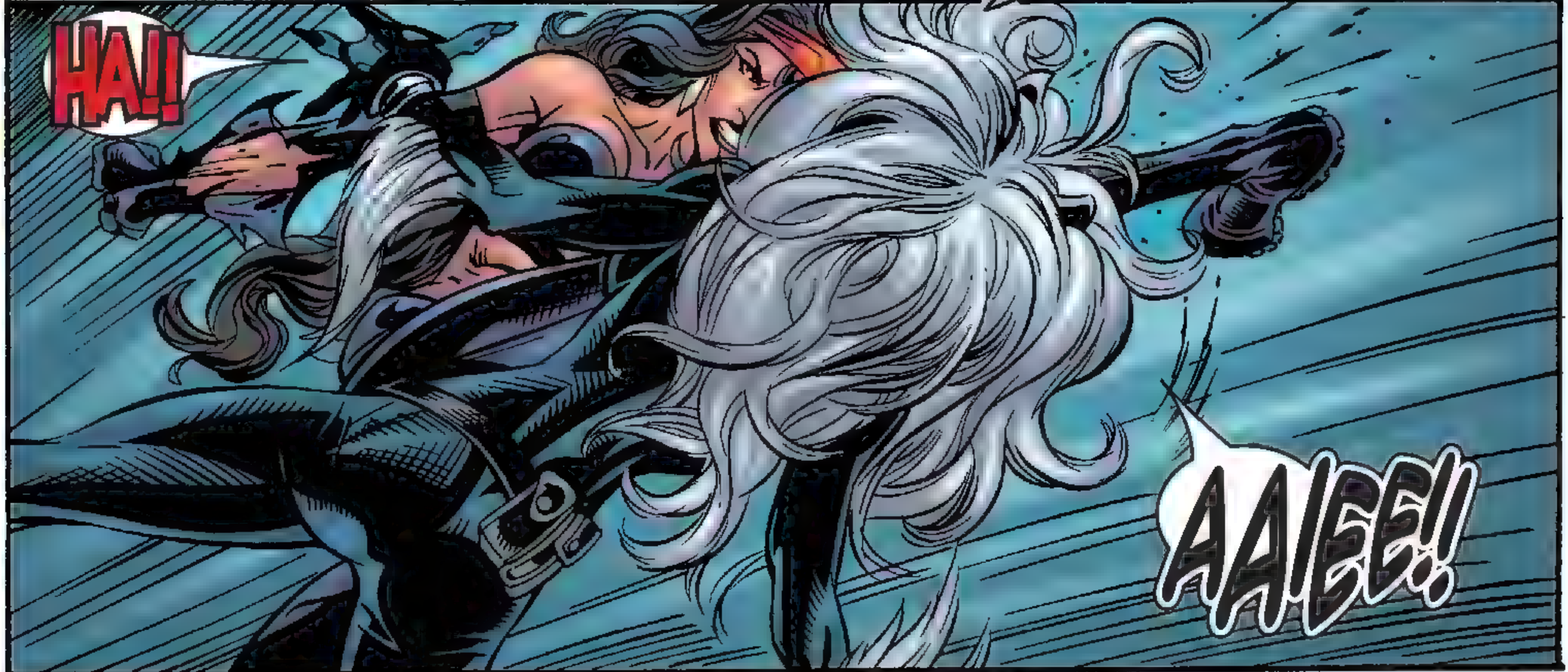
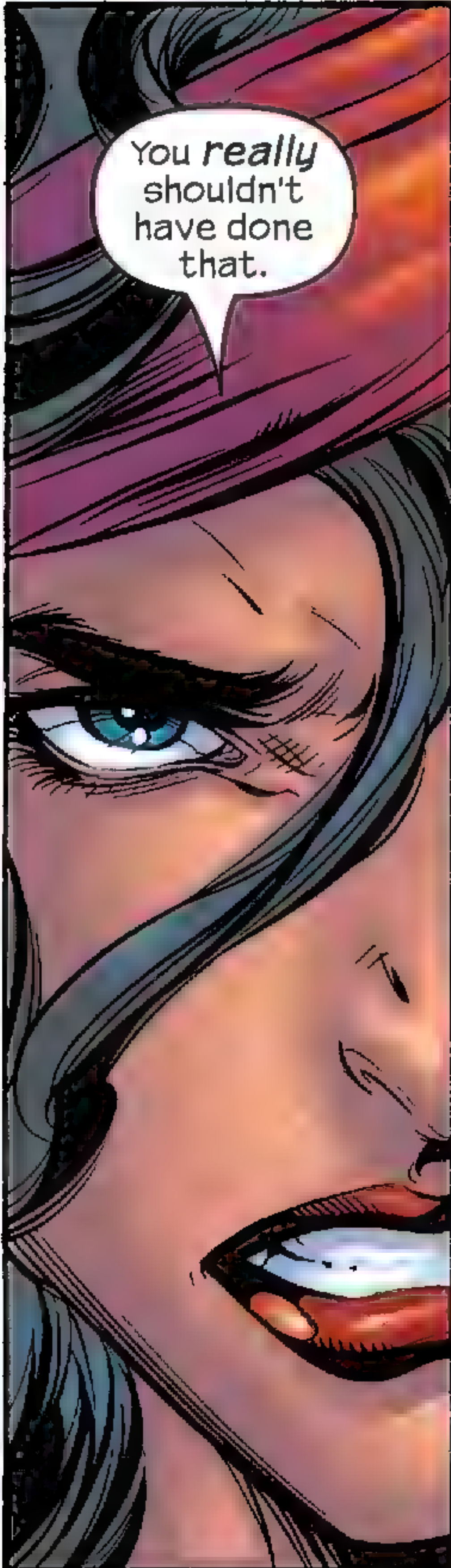
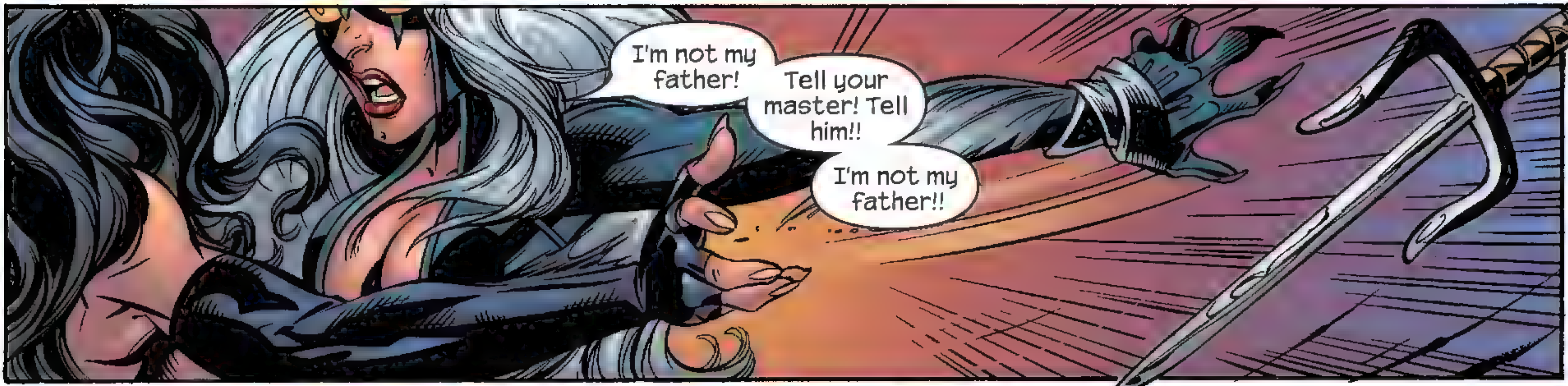








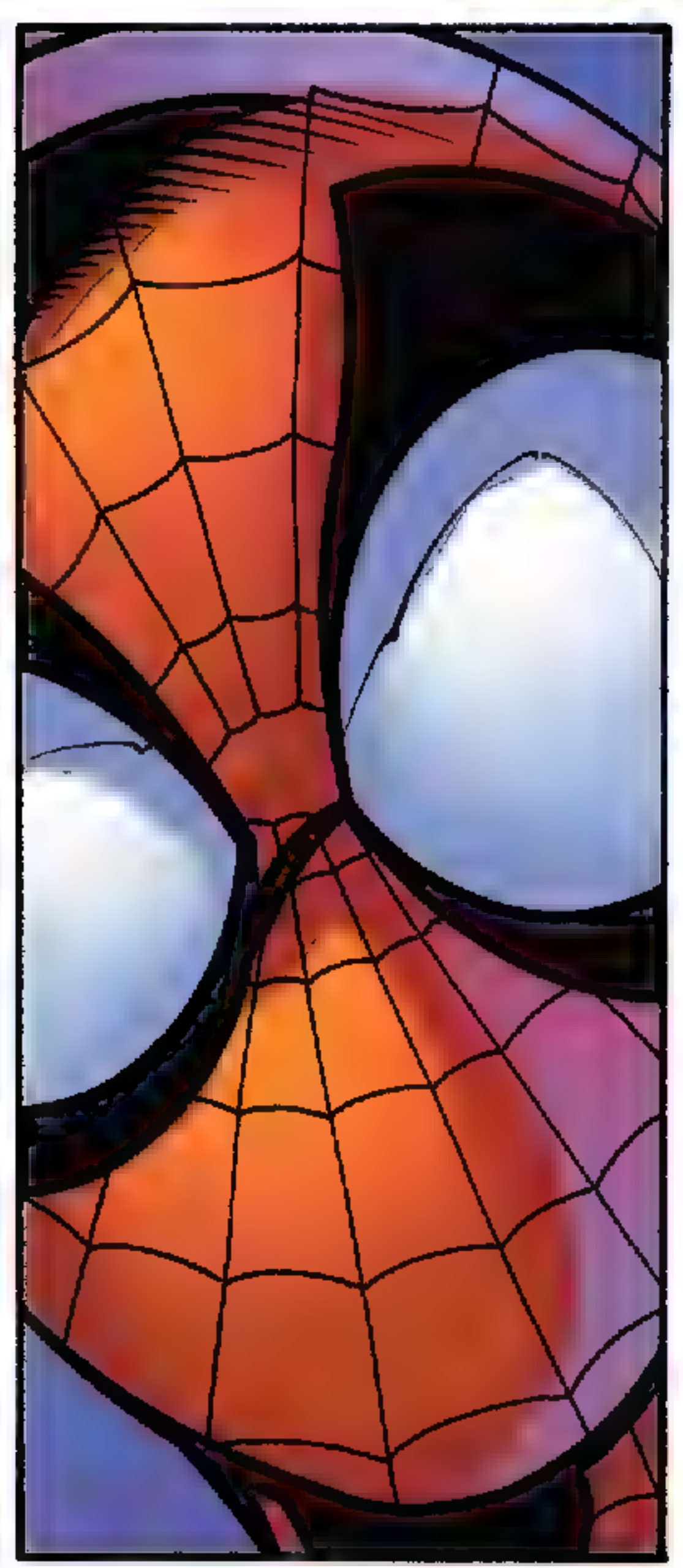
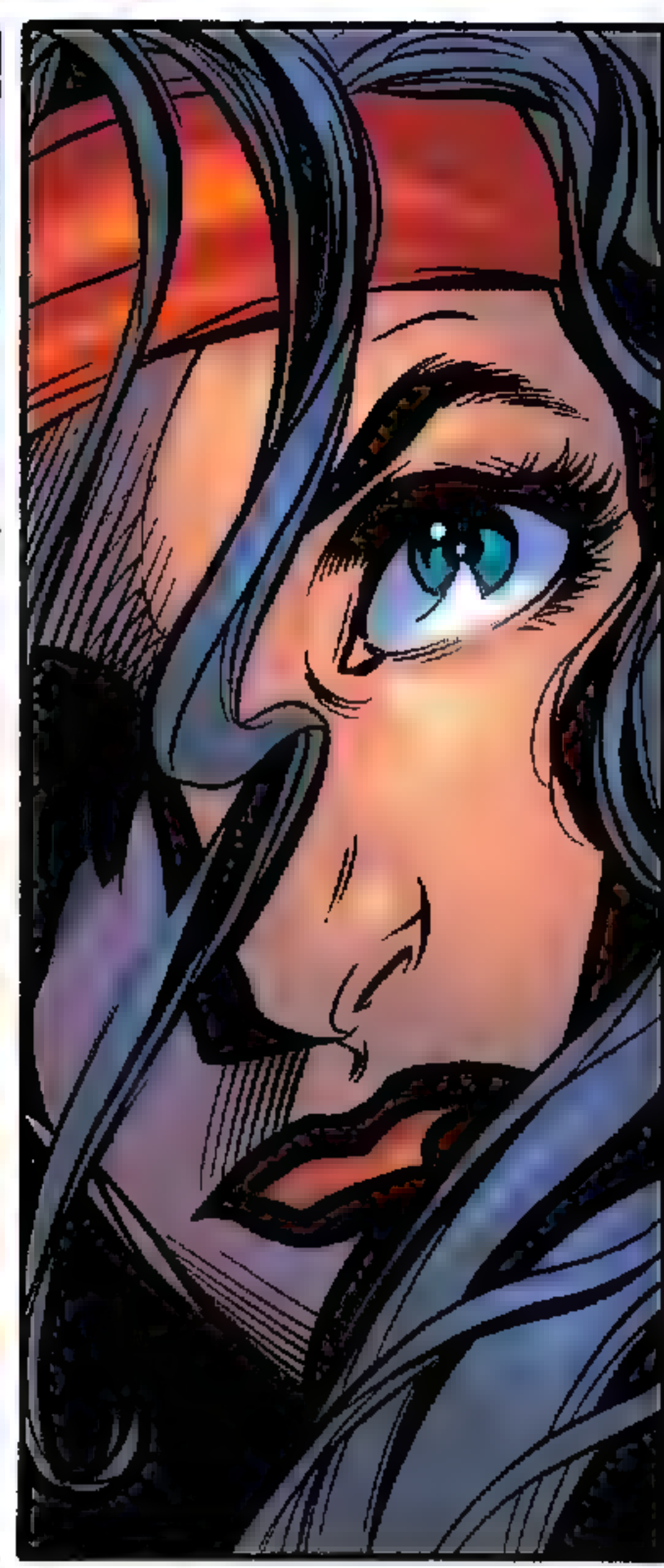
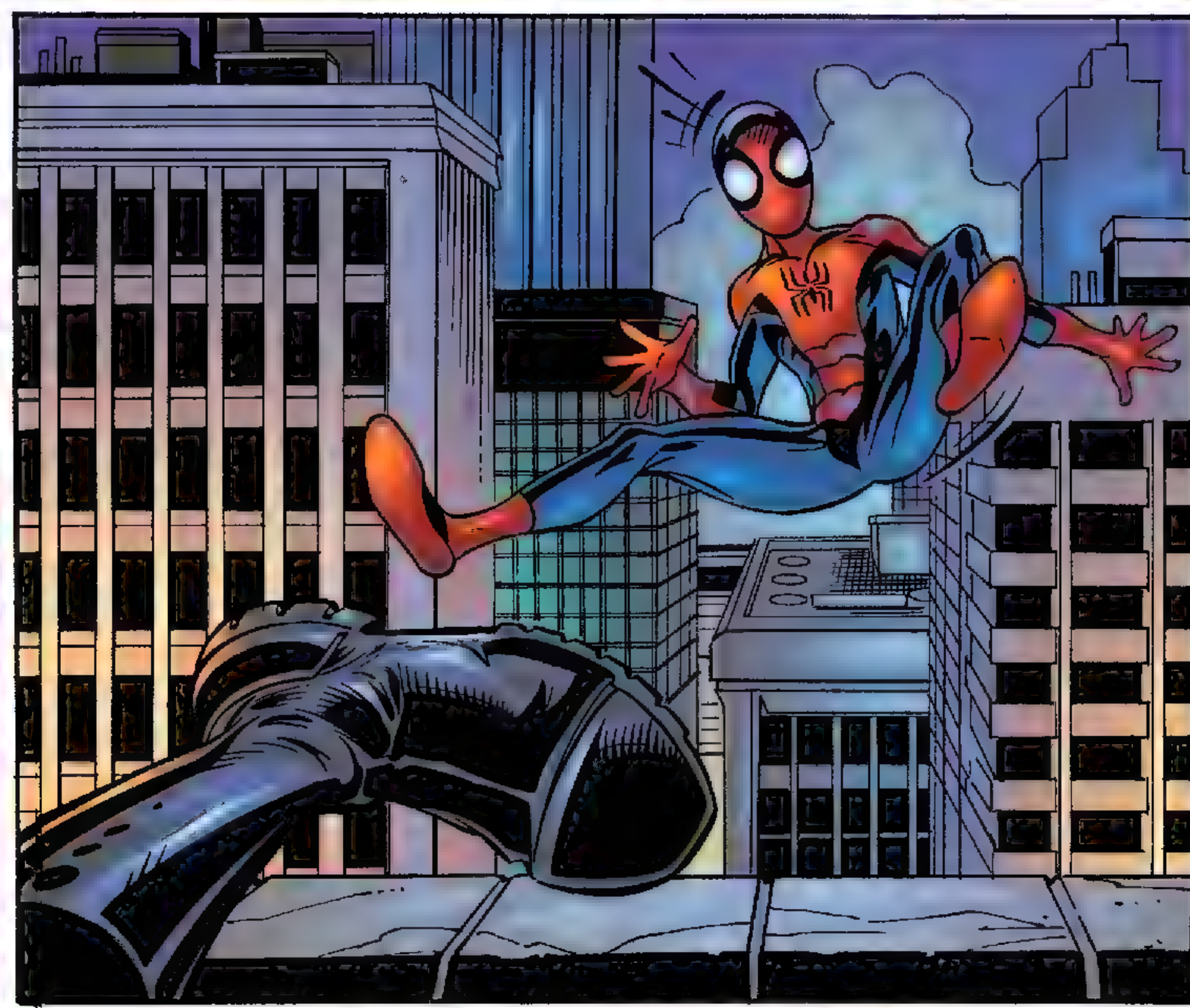
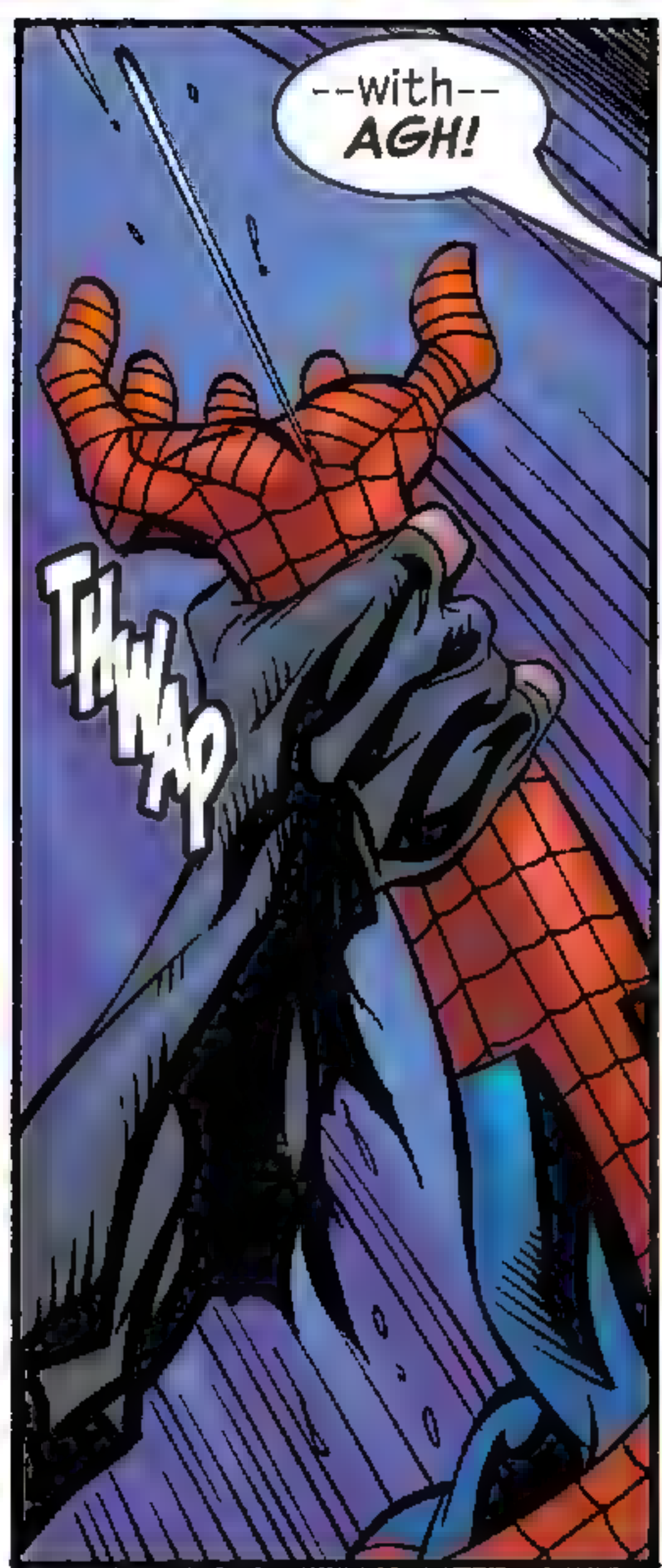
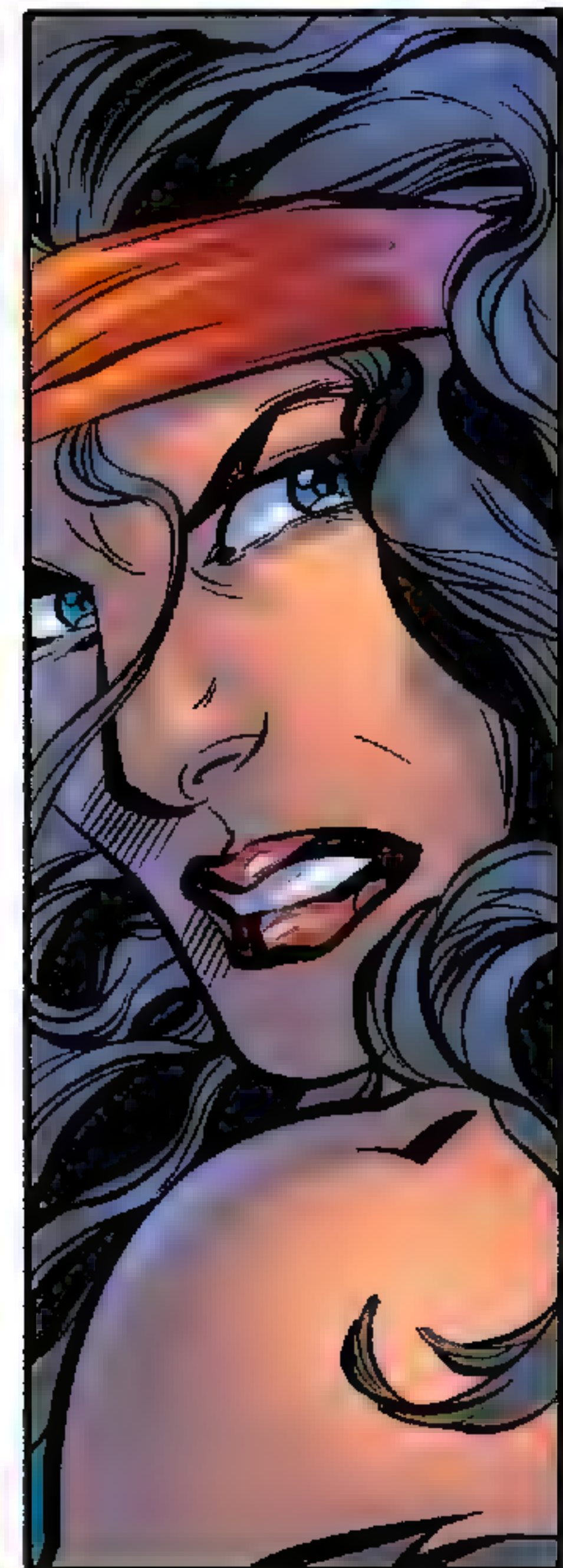
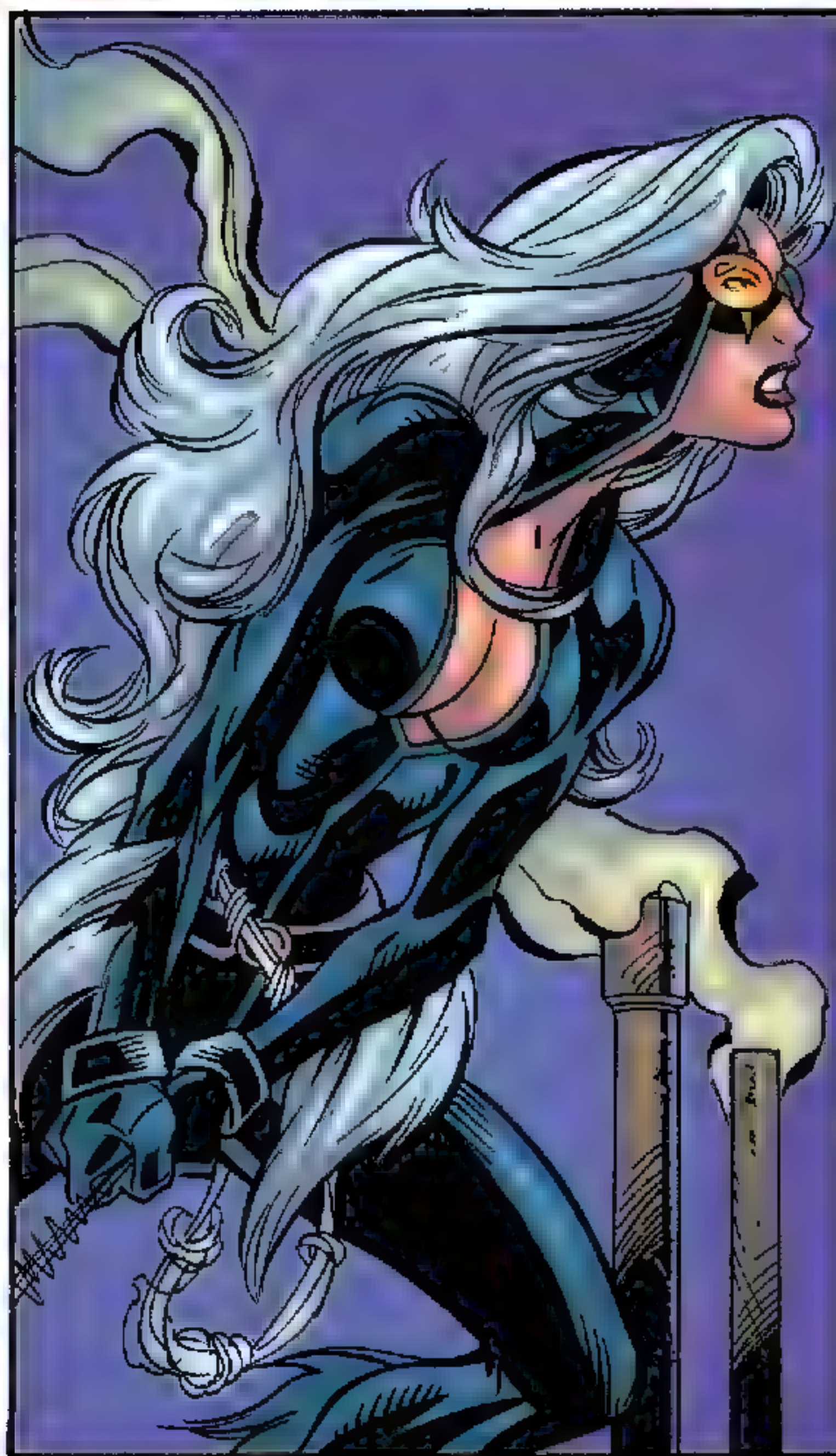
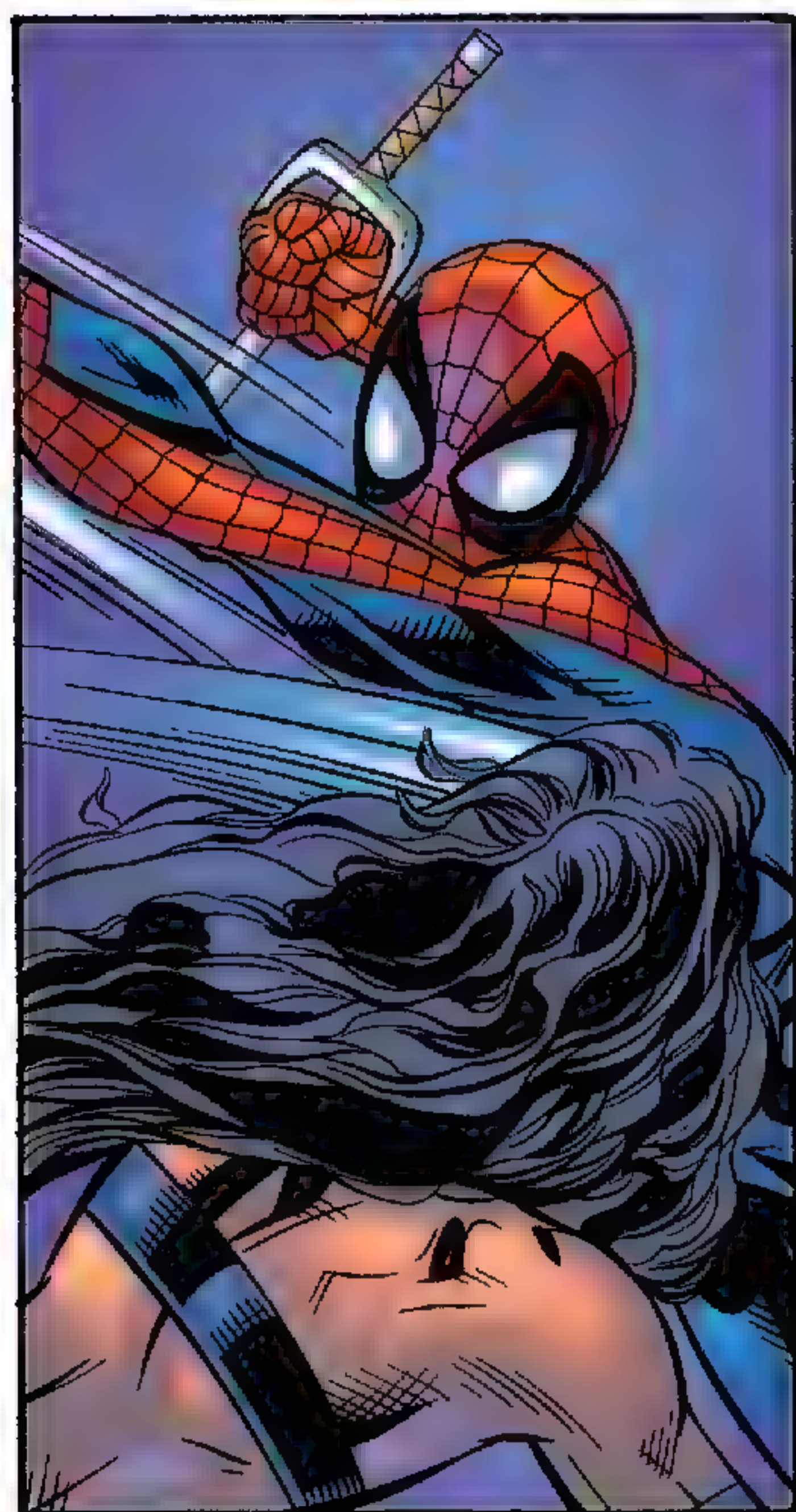
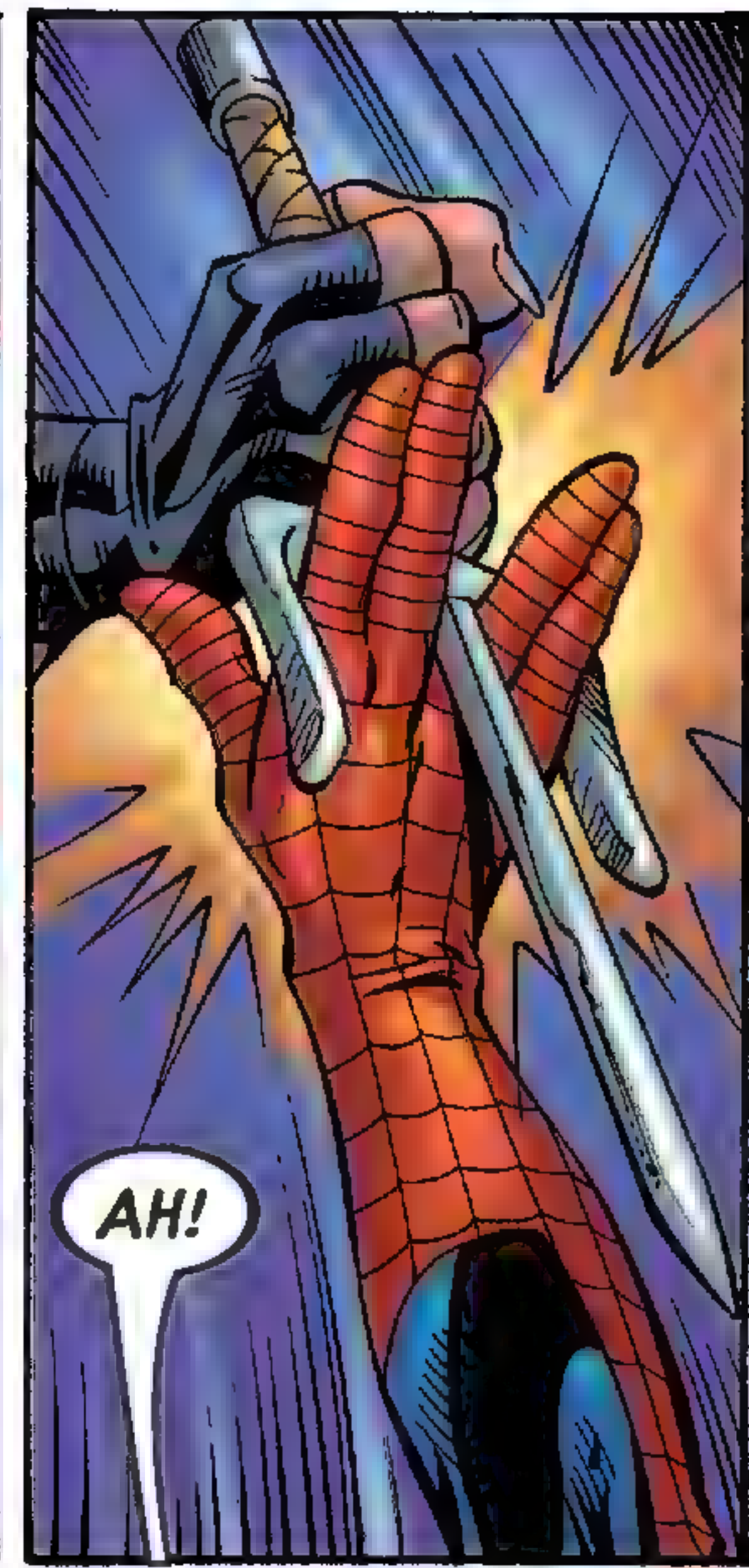
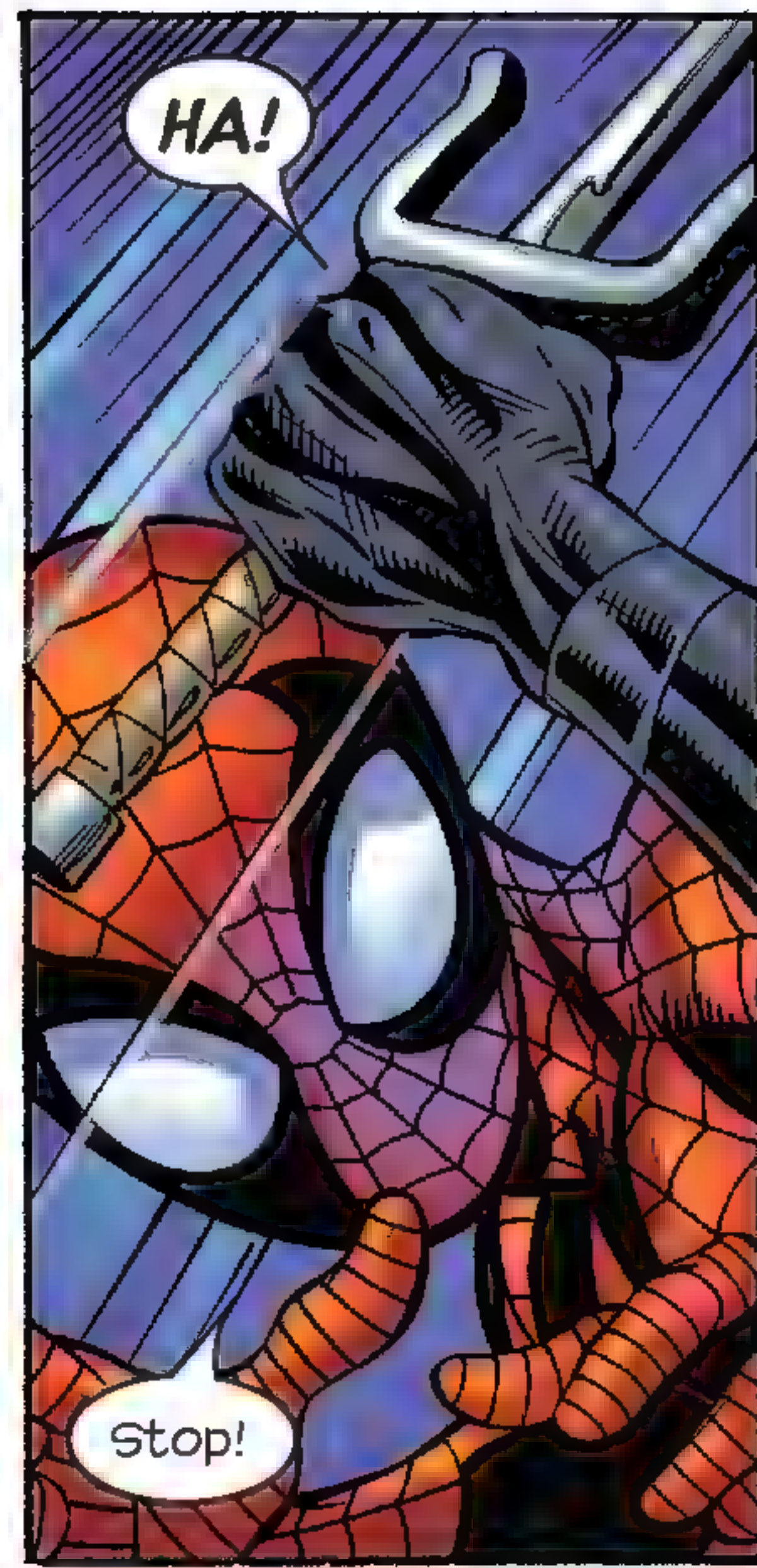
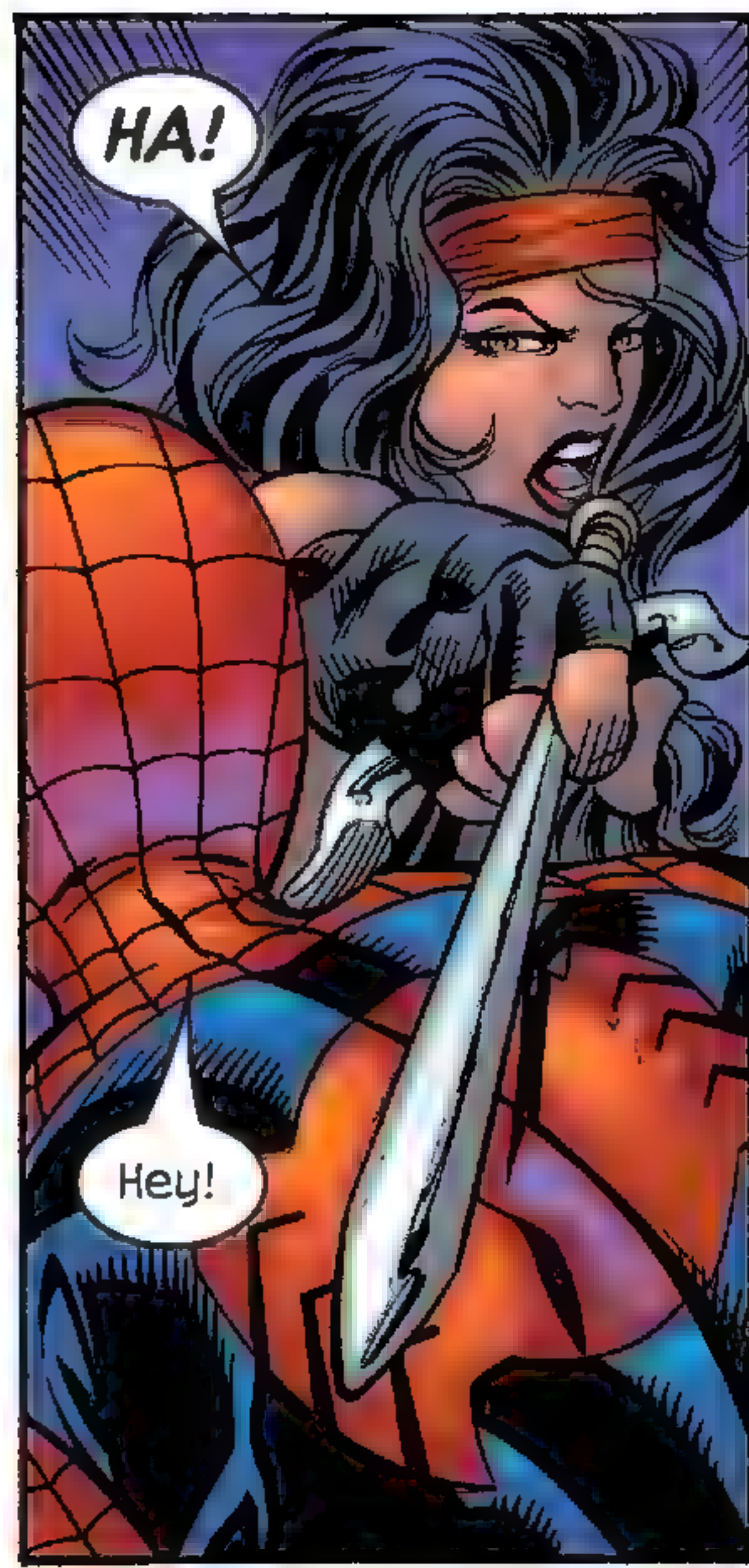








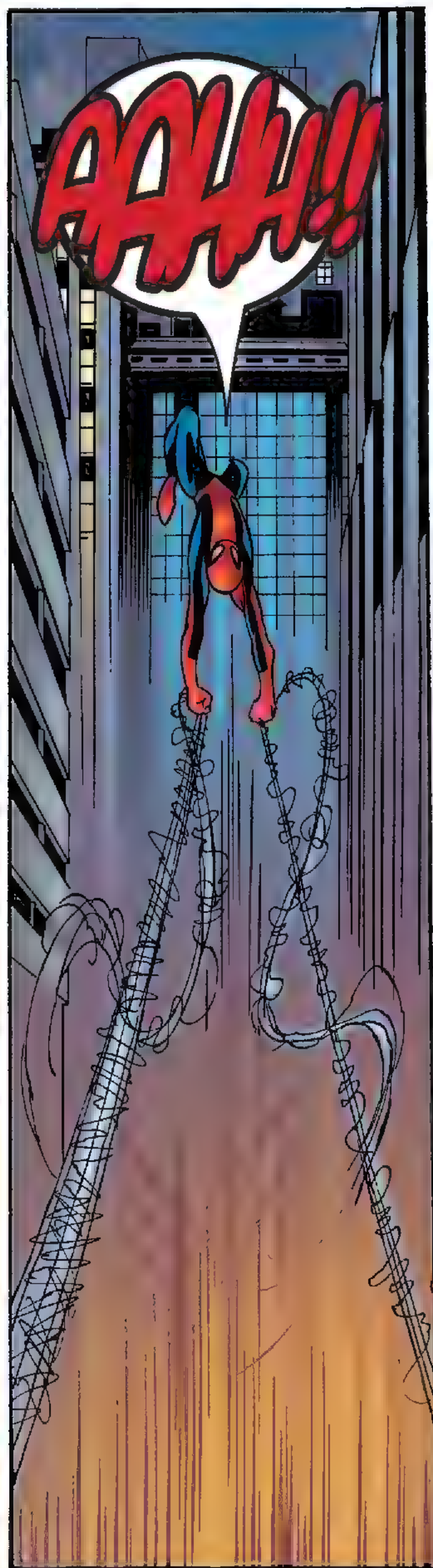
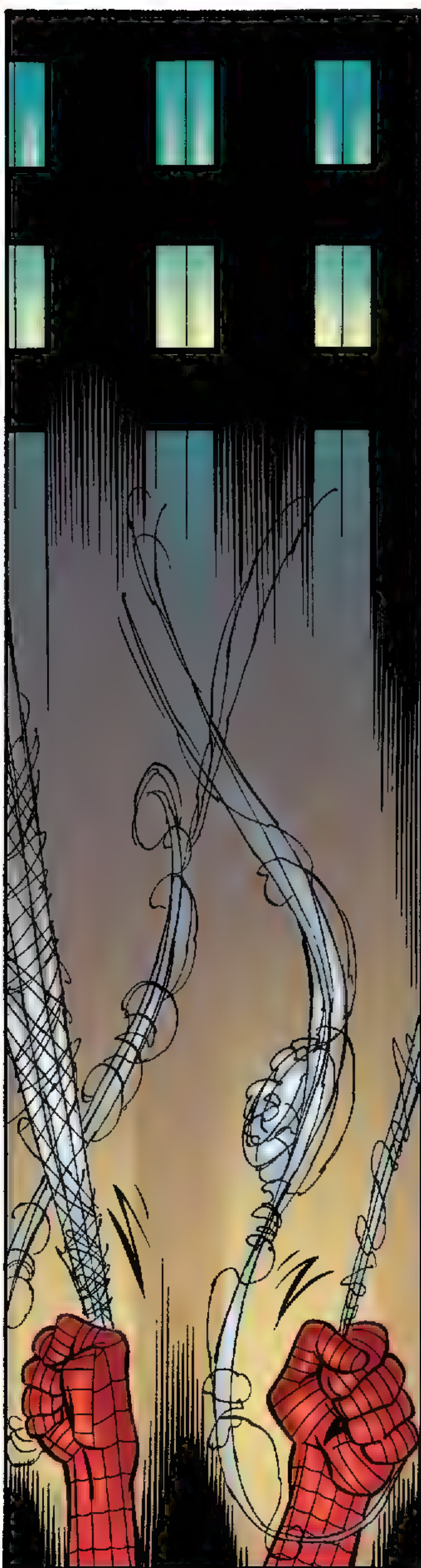
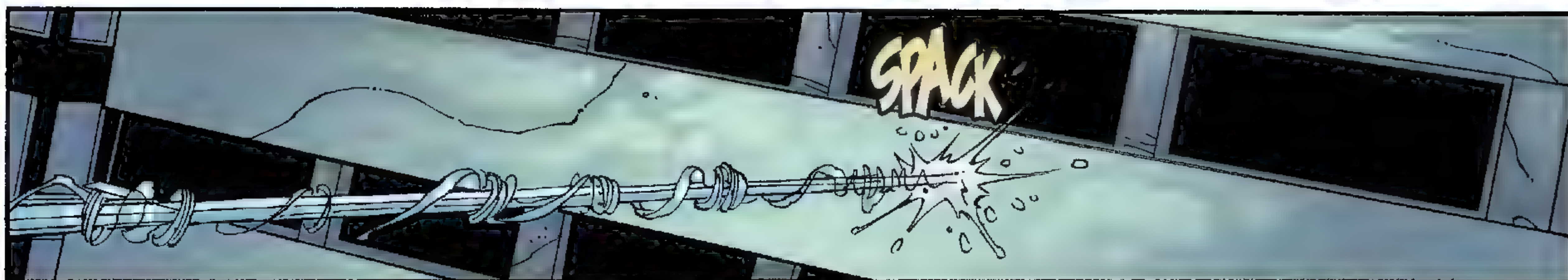
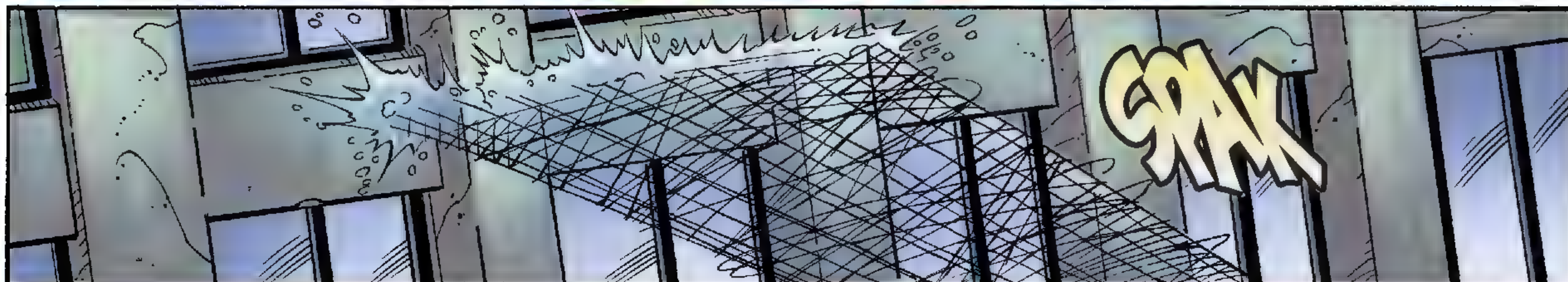
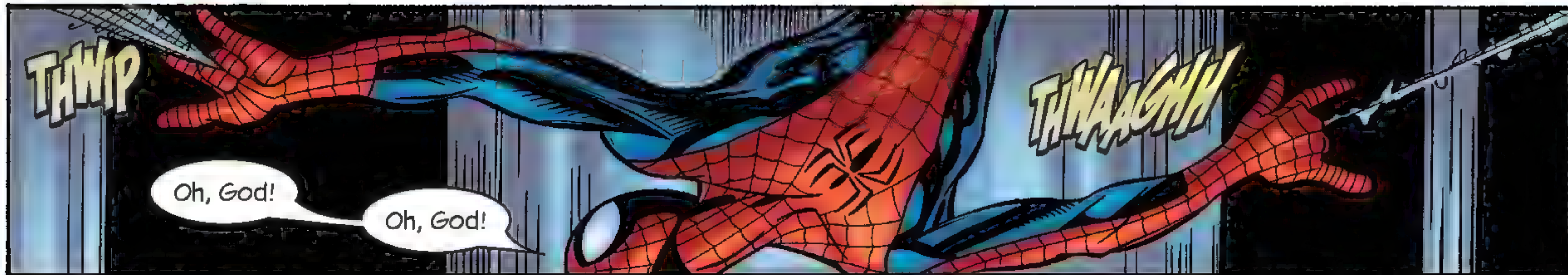




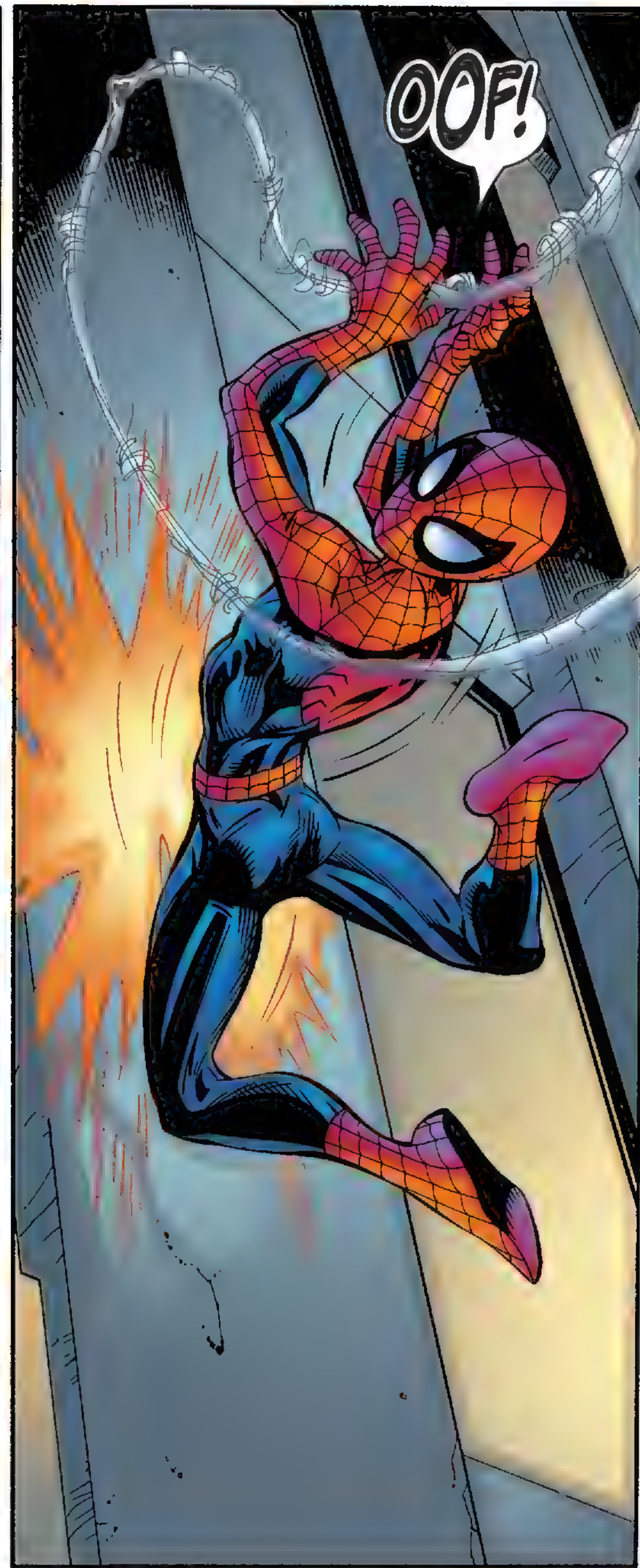




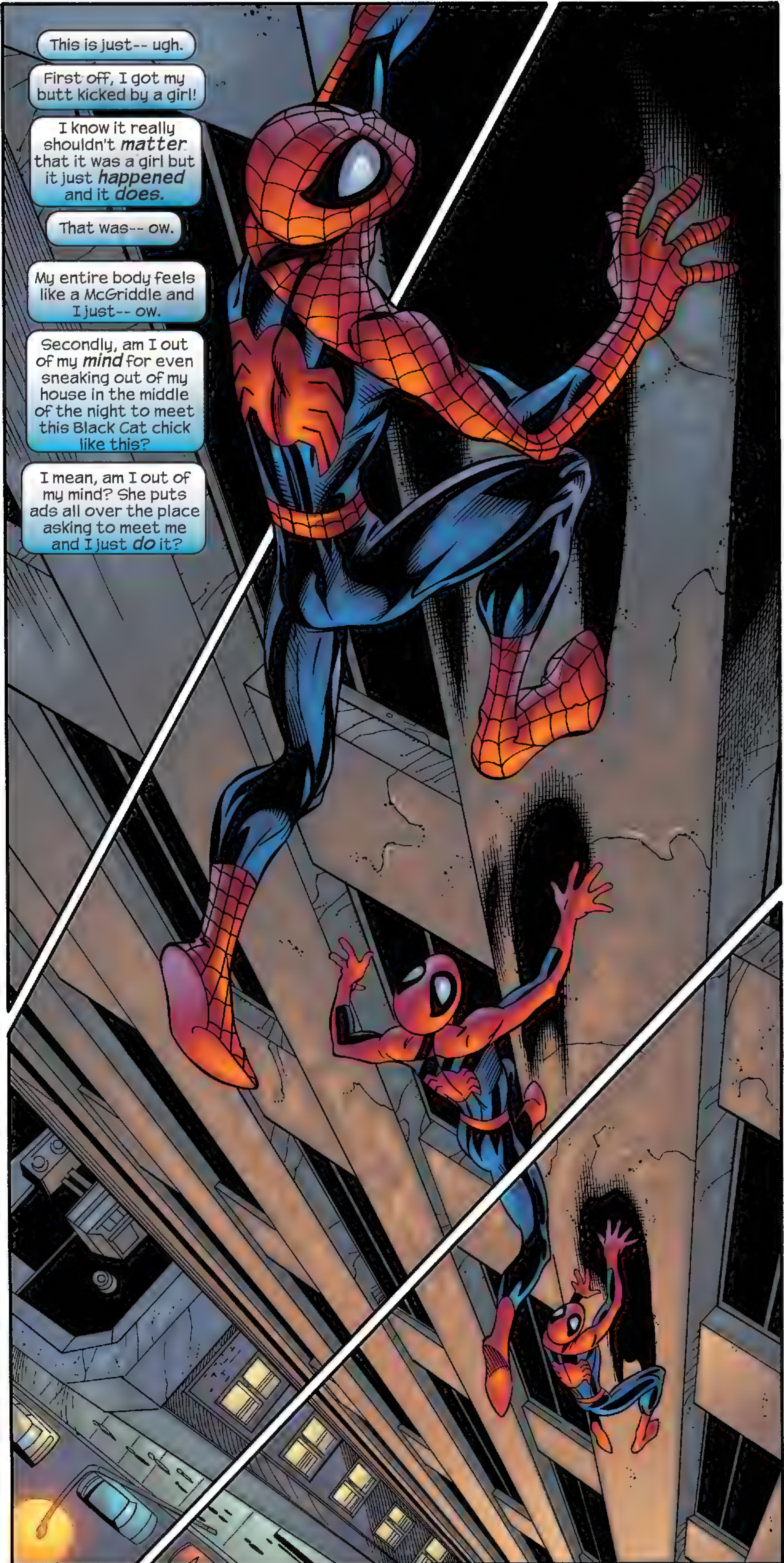












This is just-- ugh.

First off, I got my butt kicked by a girl!

I know it really shouldn't *matter* that it was a girl but it just *happened* and it *does*.

That was-- ow.

My entire body feels like a McGriddle and I just-- ow.

Secondly, am I out of my *mind* for even sneaking out of my house in the middle of the night to meet this Black Cat chick like this?

I mean, am I out of my mind? She puts ads all over the place asking to meet me and I just *do* it?

She's some big cat burglar and I am meeting her in the middle of the night?

How is it she's smart enough to be a cat burglar but she's so stupid that she puts ads in the paper telling everyone with half a brain *where* she is going to be?

I mean, she stole from people, it's all over the news...

And she puts ads out everywhere announcing where she wants to meet me? She's an *idiot*!

No, I'm an idiot for *coming* here.

Got my tuchas kicked so bad.

What is wrong with me? I agree to sit down with her and make all nice-nice.

I *have* a girlfriend!!

And although Mary Jane is clearly as crazy as this girl... I *do have* a girlfriend!

I am just disgusted with myself for getting sucked into all of this to begin with.

I mean, am I actually the lame-o kind of guy who can forget that she's a crazy thief because she looks hot in black leather or whatever that shiny material is?

Well, clearly I *am* that kind of guy! But that is *really* disappointing to find out.

And I have a girlfriend!

What was she thinking? What was I thinking?

And I don't know what I am going to do when I get back up to this roof.

It's not like I have any fight left in me. My arm is throbbing. I think I pulled a leg out of its socket.

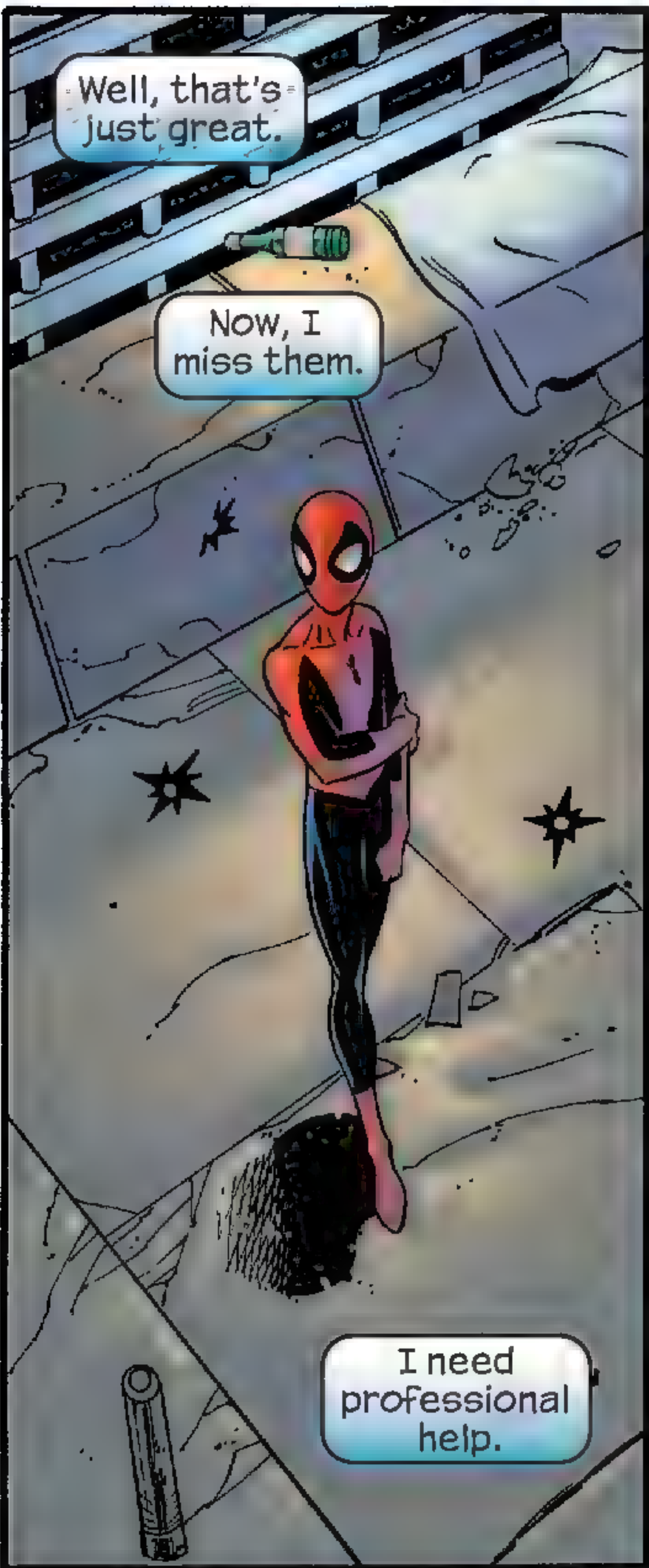
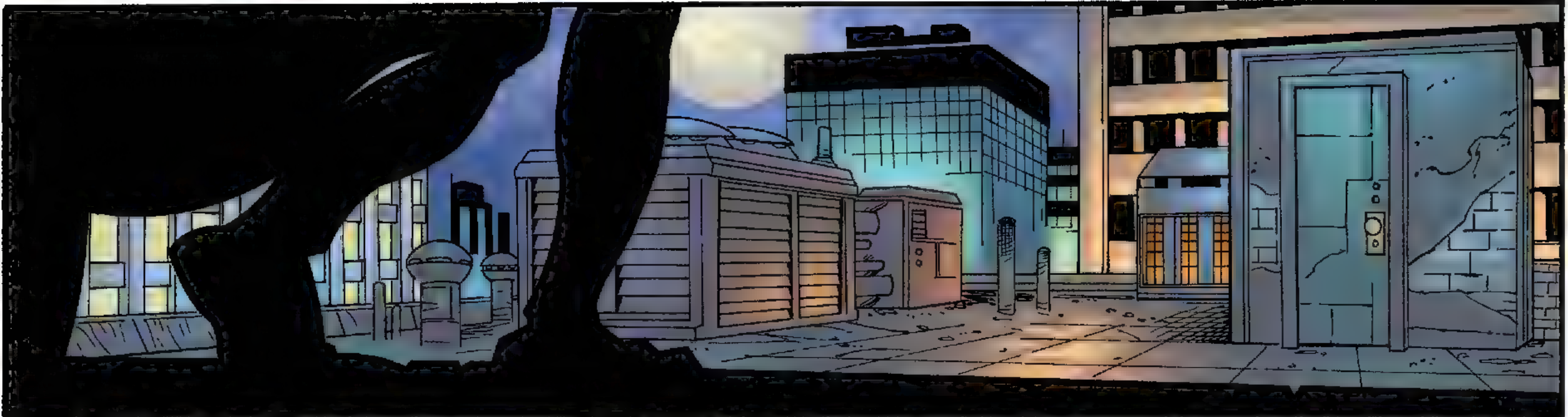
My nose is bleeding, or my mouth. Something on my face is bleeding. I bent my pinky. I bit my tongue.

And those two probably *killed* each other already or they decided to team up and kill *me* and are just waiting for me to get back up so they can...





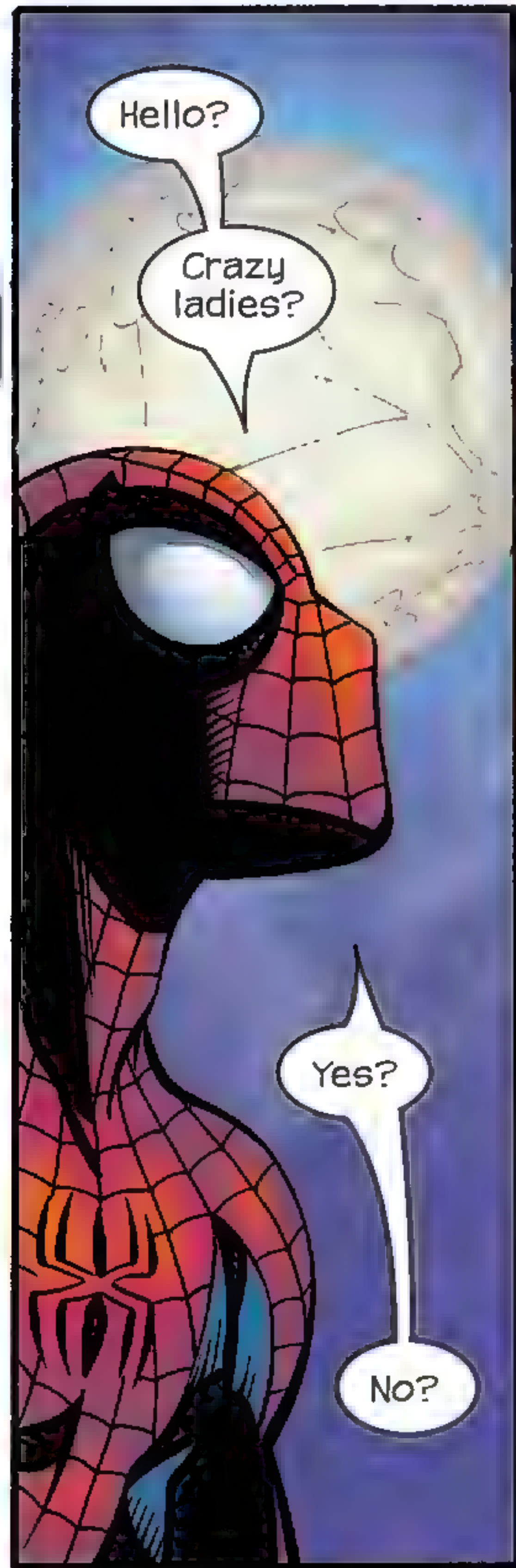
Either way I have nothing left to give to this little...



Well, that's just great.

Now, I miss them.

I need professional help.

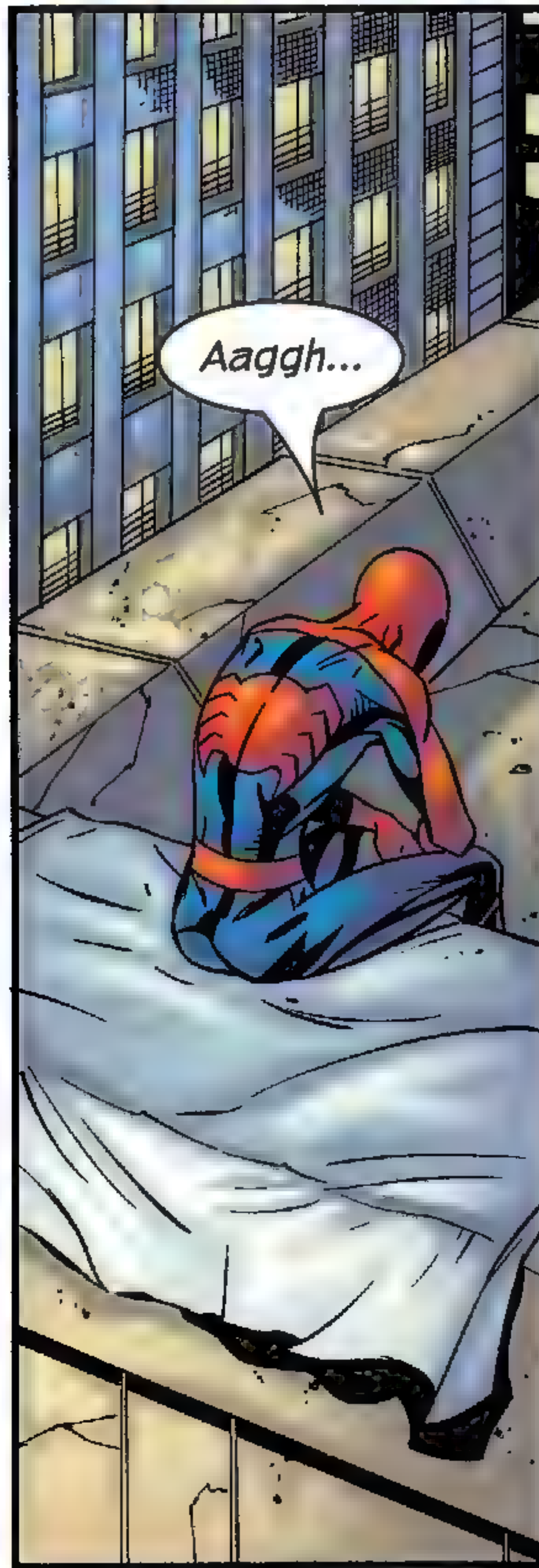


Hello?

Crazy ladies?

Yes?

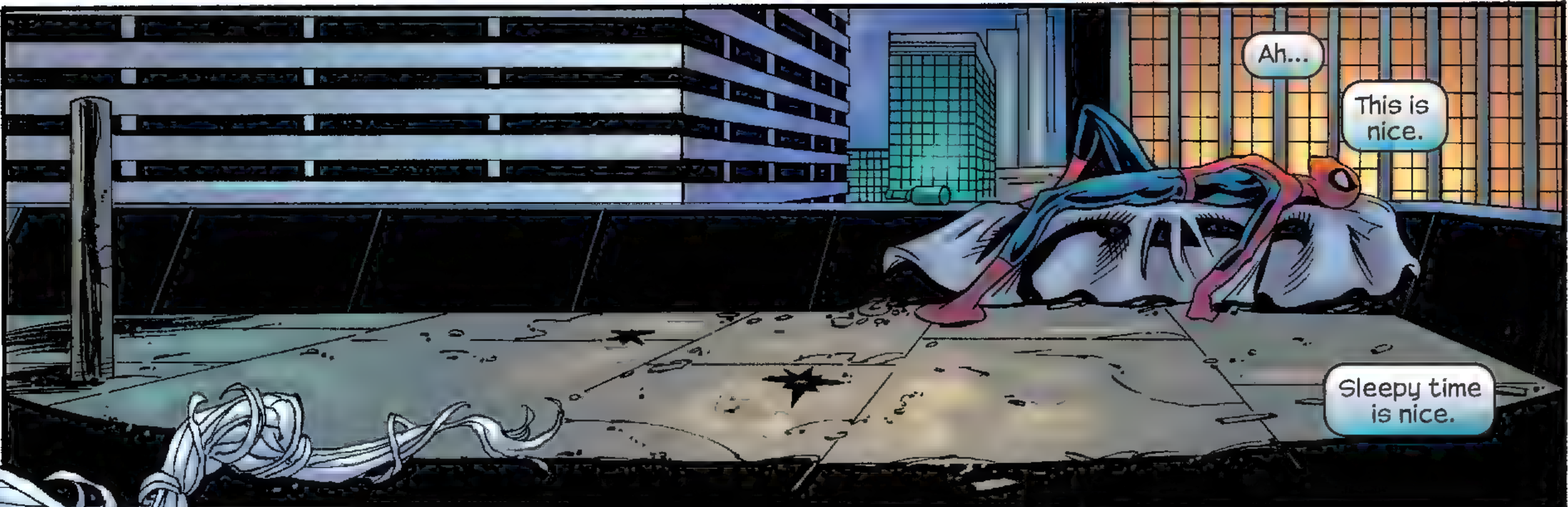
No?



Aaggh...



Aaggh...



Ah...

This is nice.

Sleepy time is nice.





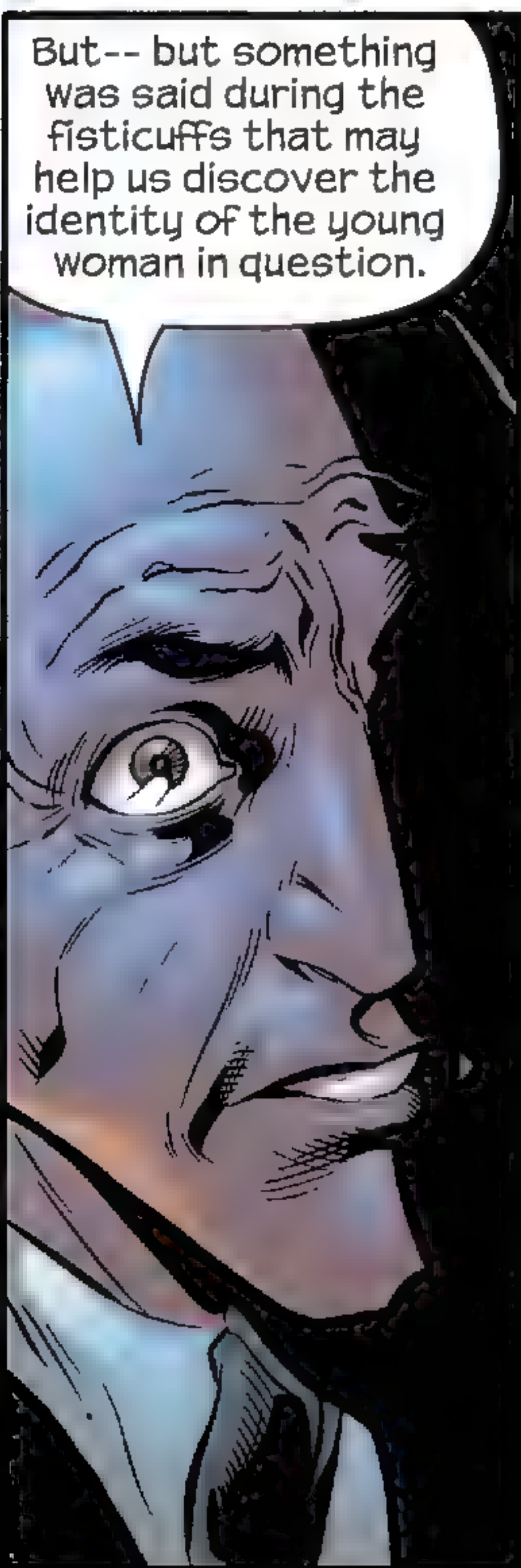
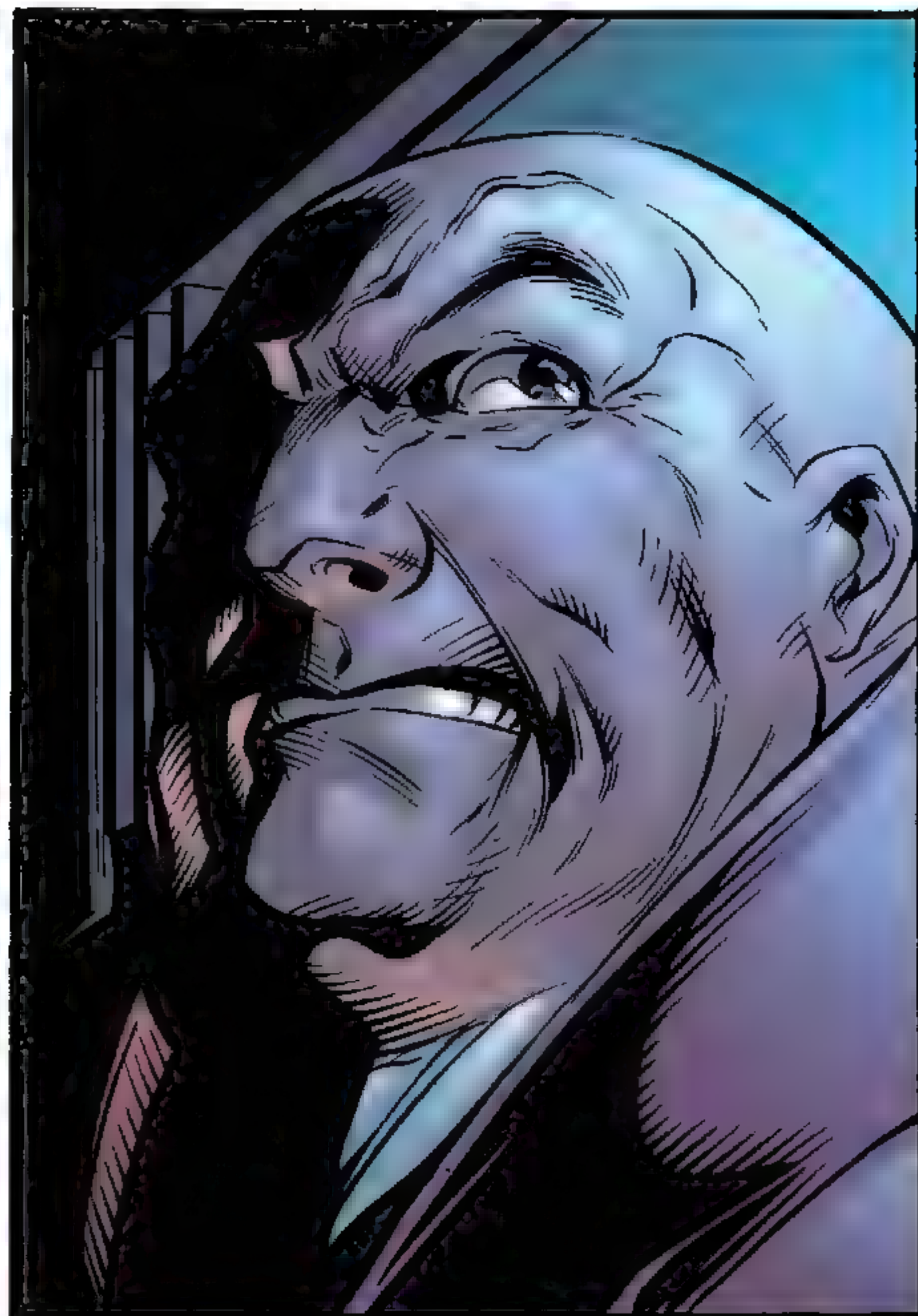




Mr. Fisk?

Is it done?

Elektra was unsuccessful.

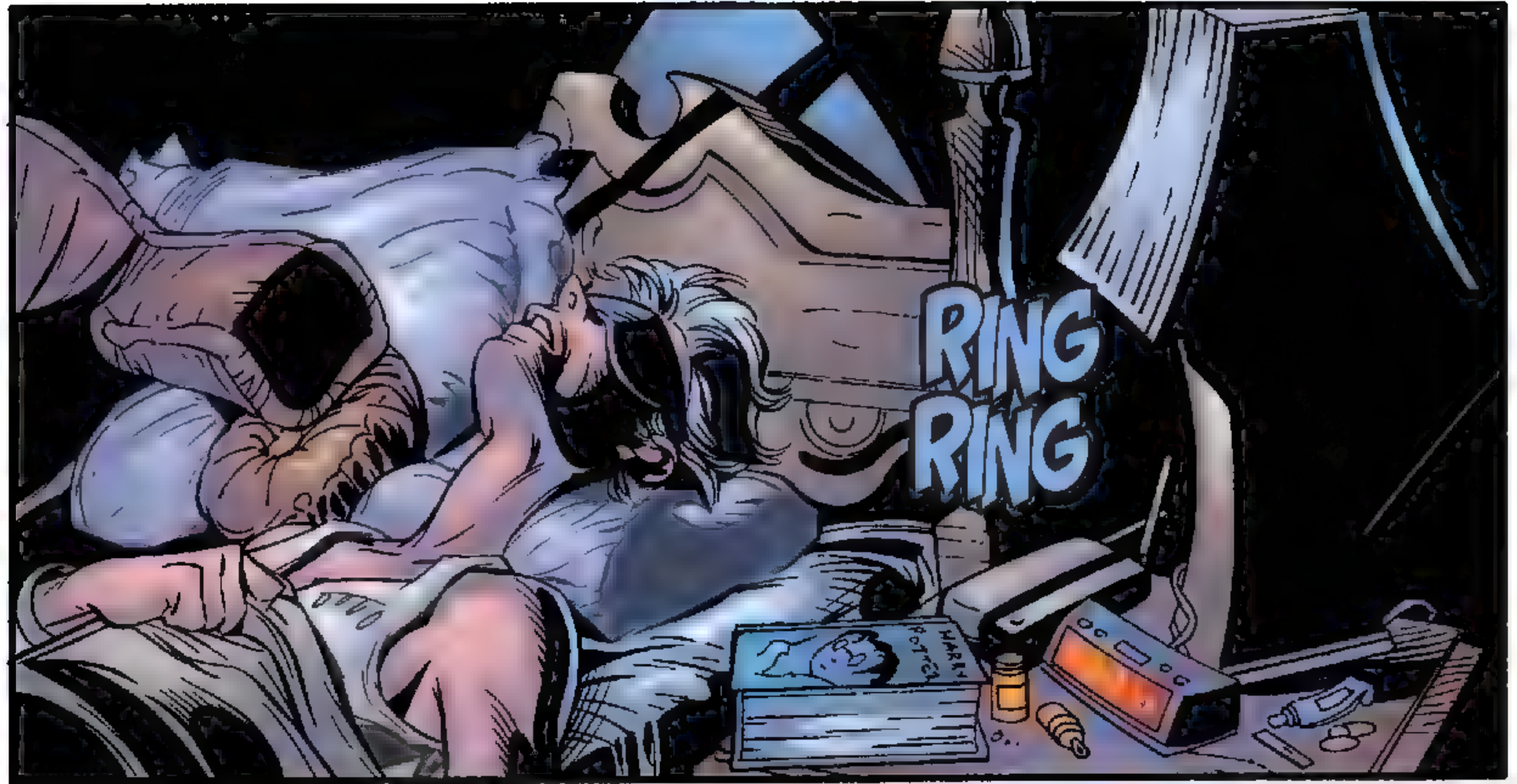


But-- but something was said during the fisticuffs that may help us discover the identity of the young woman in question.



Yes, sir.

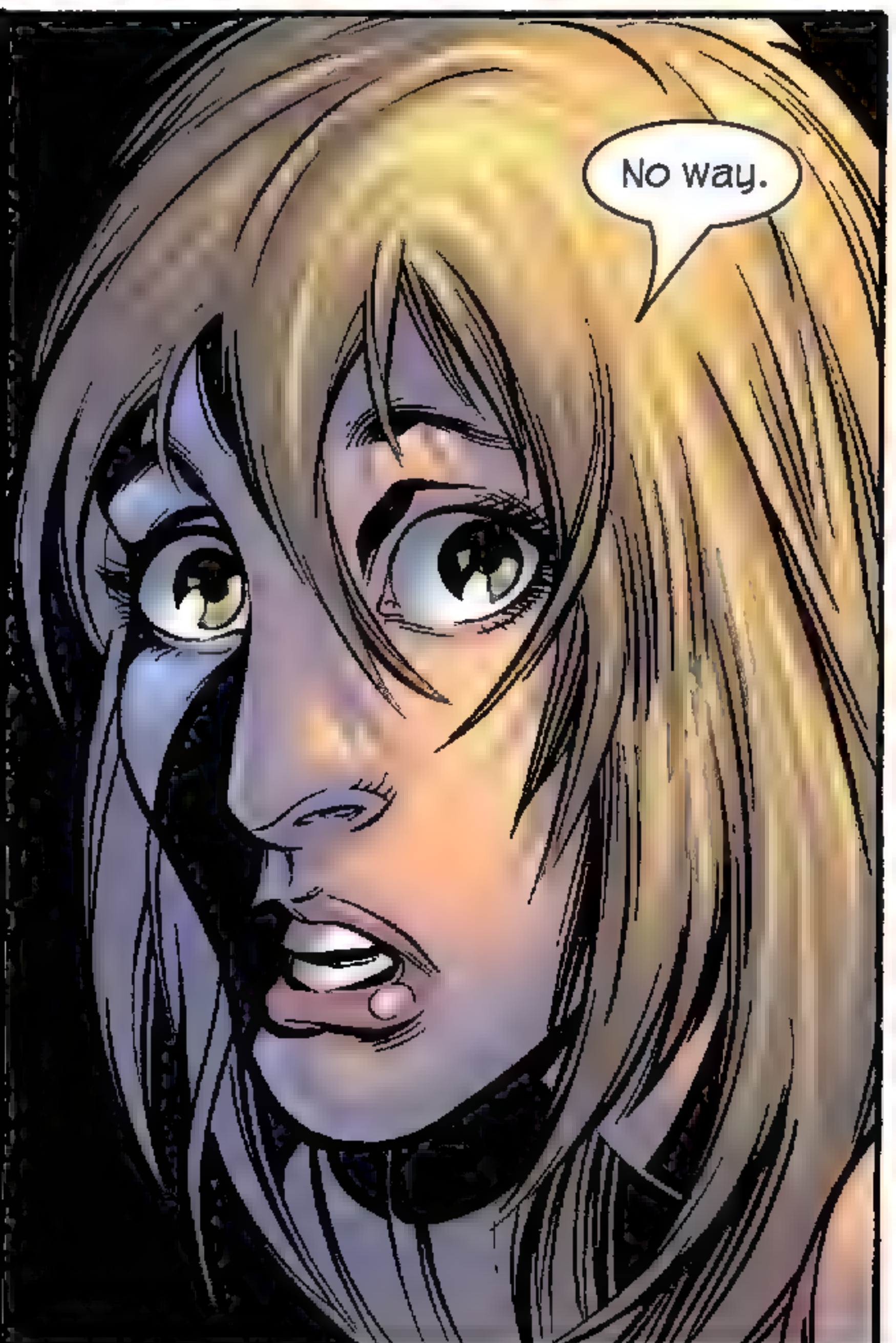




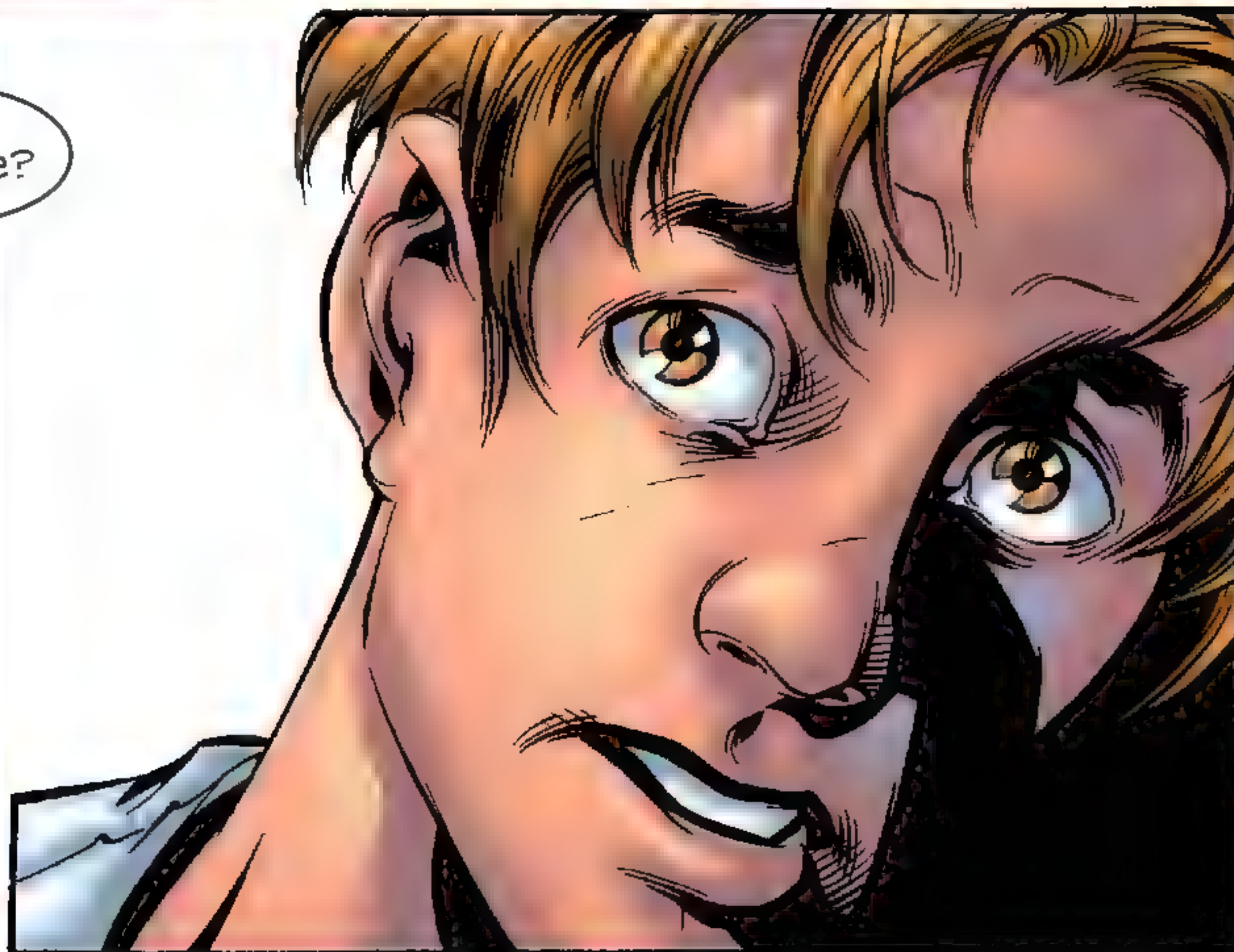
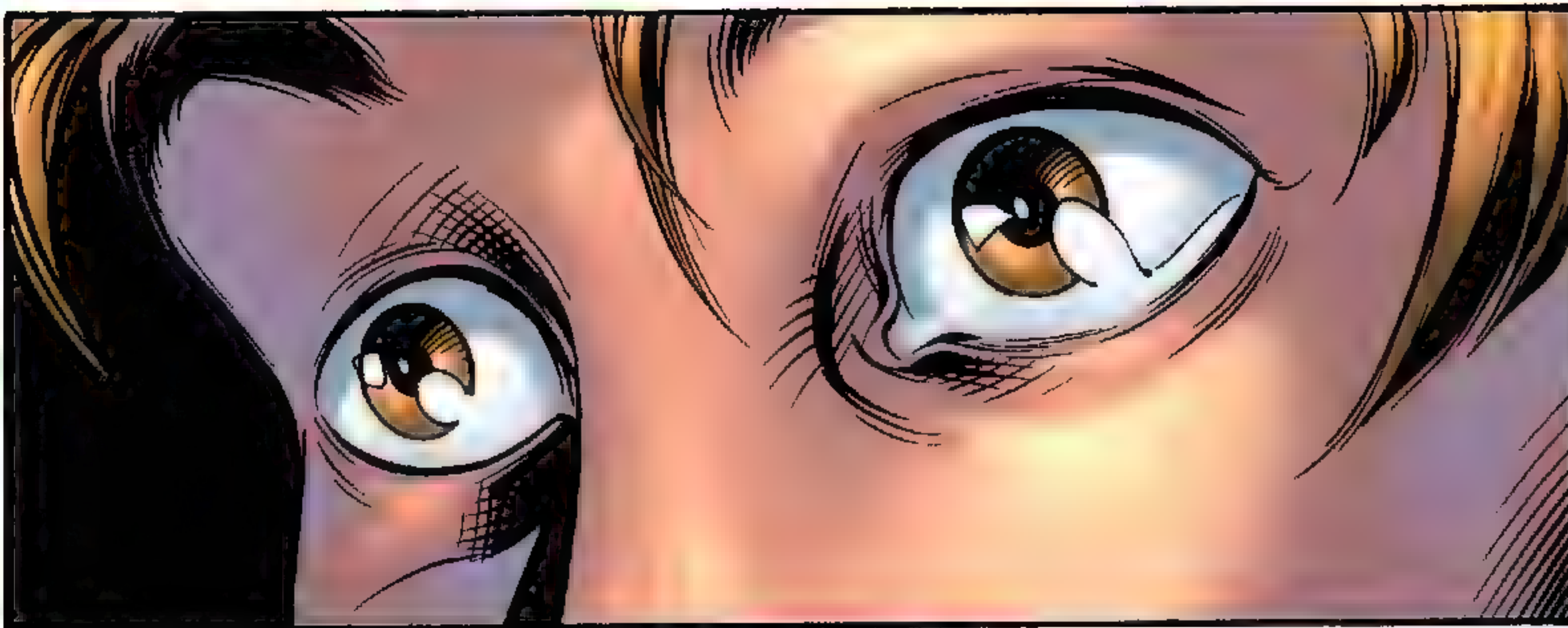
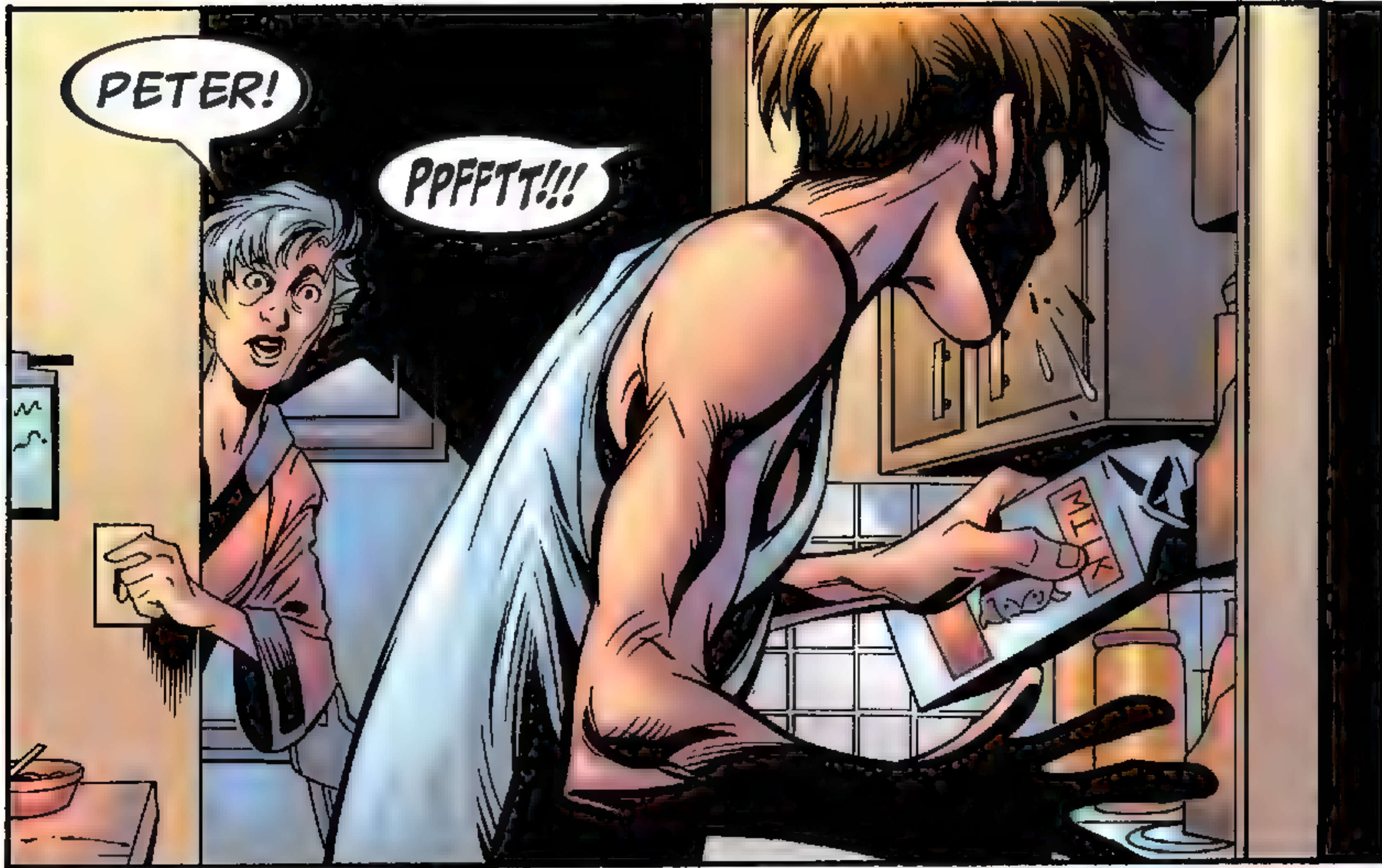
















Peter!

Guy can move.

**PETER!!!**



Where is she, Parker!!?

Mr. Watson, I was just coming here to--



Where is she???

I have no idea where--

Don't give me that, you little piece of--!

I have no idea.

Where??

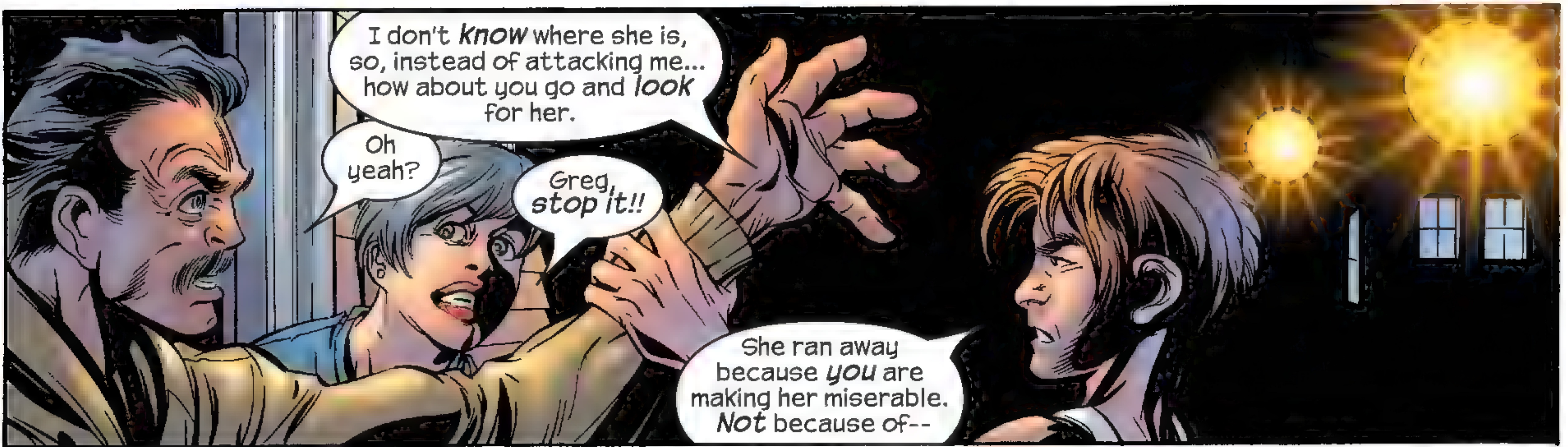
I'm just as--

I'm going to give you to the count of three.



Don't.



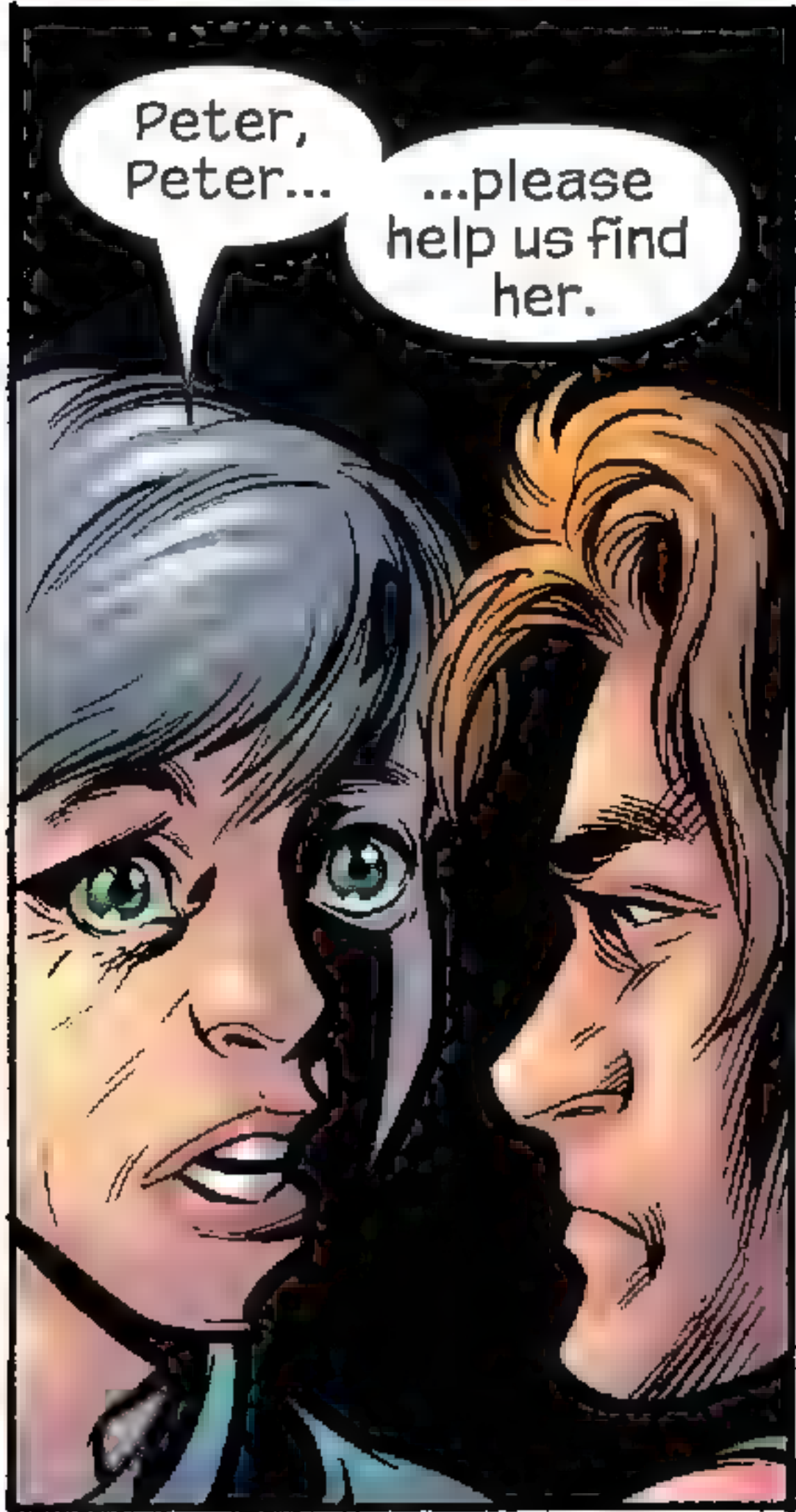


I don't *know* where she is, so, instead of attacking me... how about you go and *look* for her.

Oh yeah?

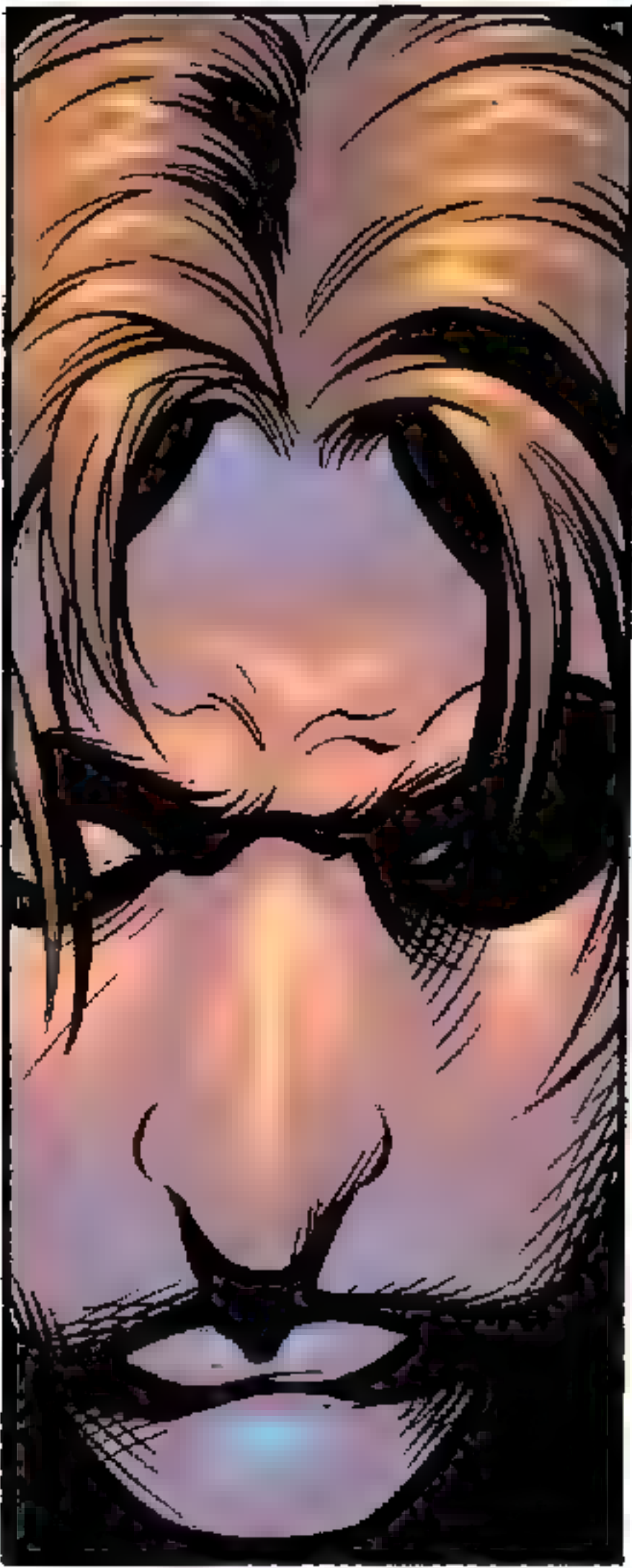
Greg, stop it!!

She ran away because *you* are making her miserable. *Not* because of--



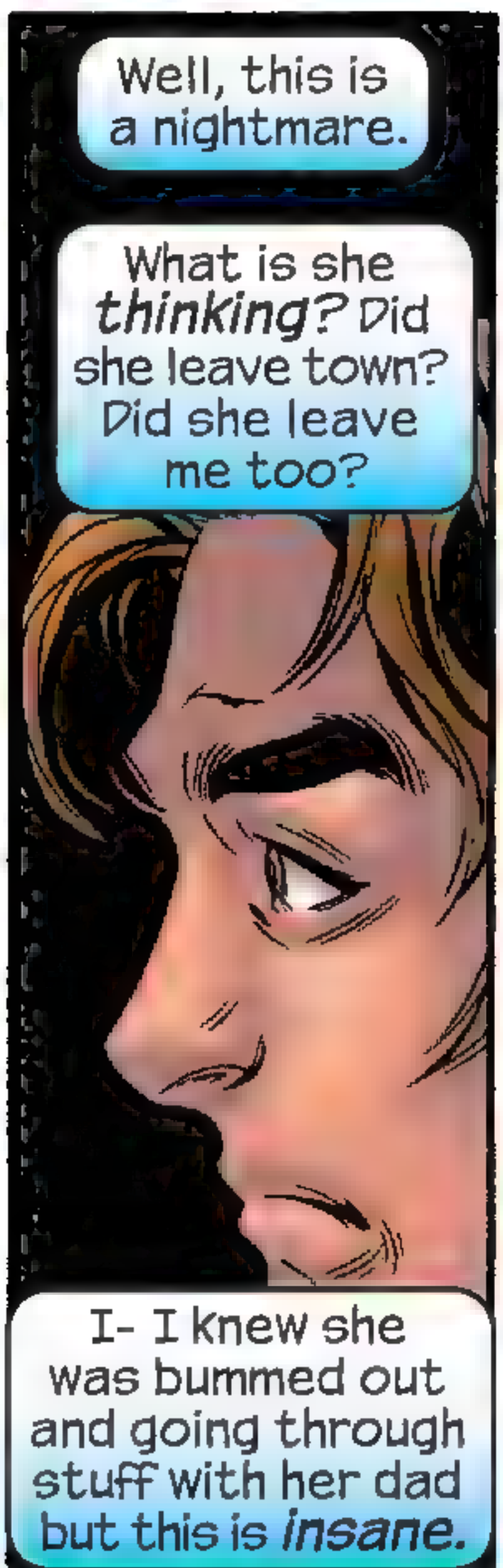
Peter, Peter...

...please help us find her.



Come on, MJ...

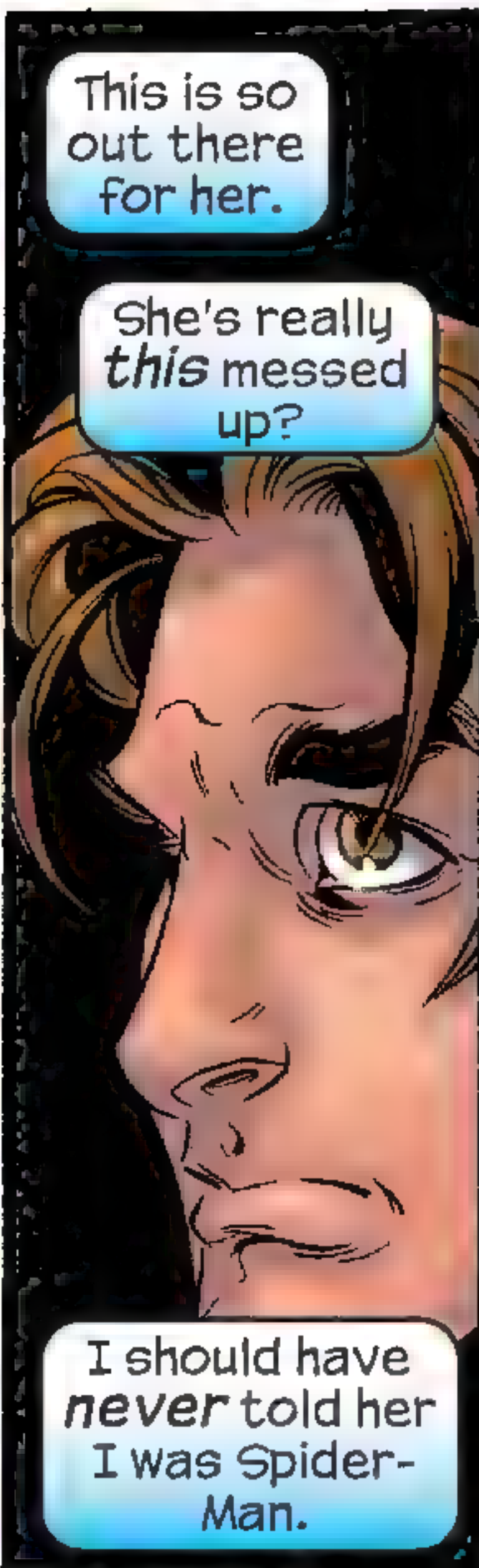
Where on earth could you have *possibly* gone?



Well, this is a nightmare.

What is she *thinking*? Did she leave town? Did she leave me too?

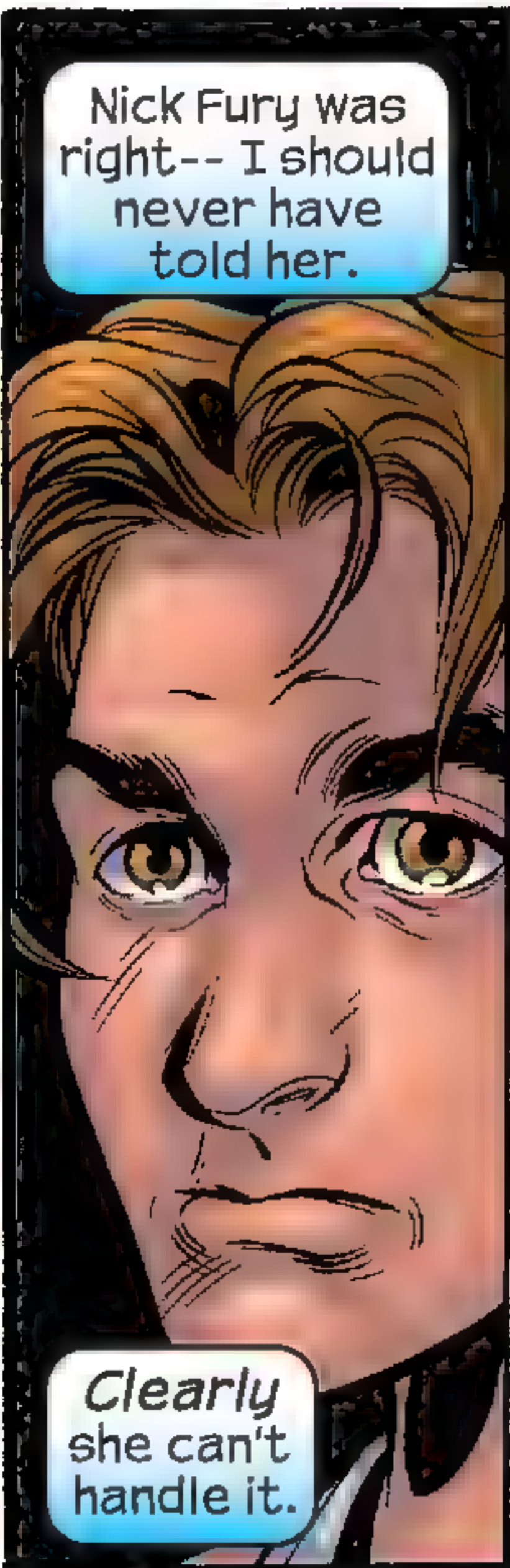
I- I knew she was bummed out and going through stuff with her dad but this is *insane*.



This is so out there for her.

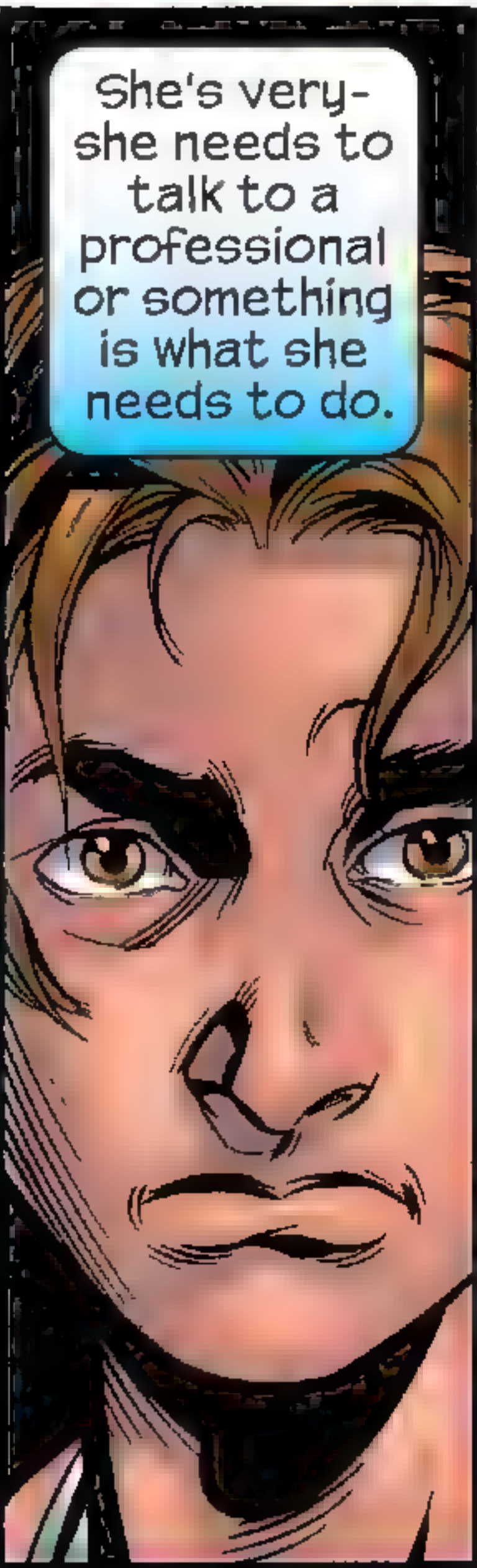
She's really *this* messed up?

I should have *never* told her I was Spider-Man.



Nick Fury was right-- I should never have told her.

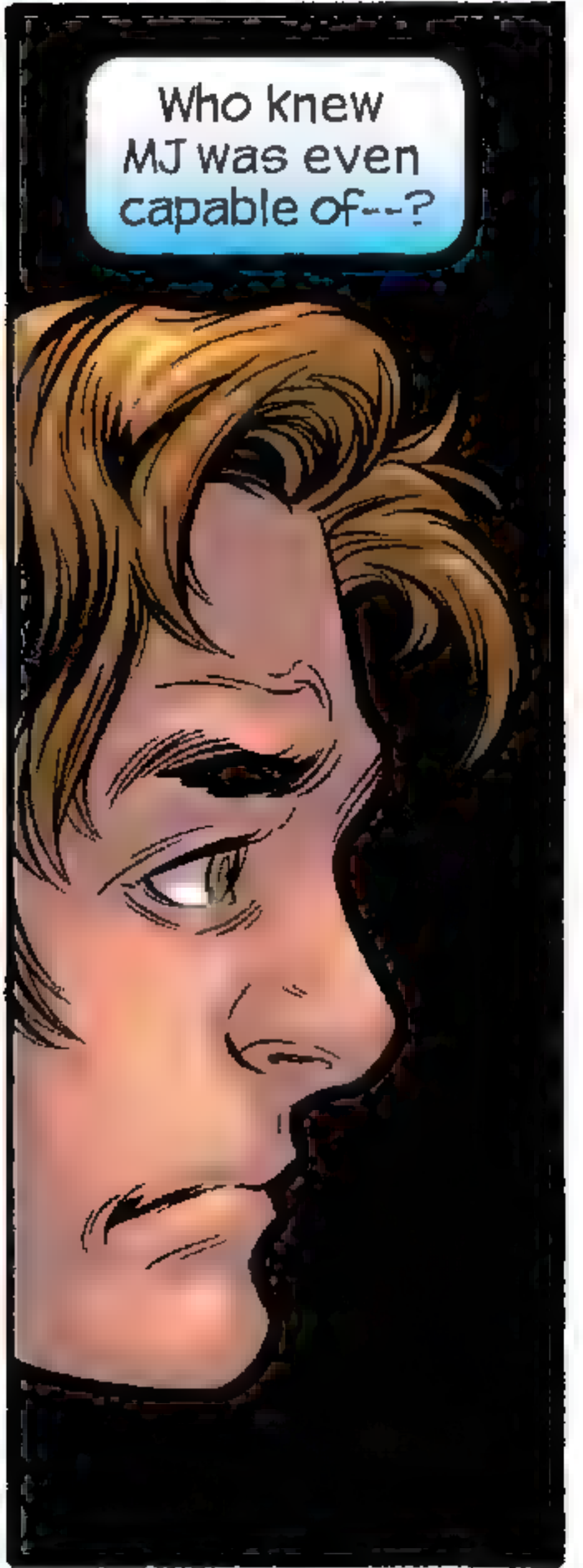
*Clearly* she can't handle it.



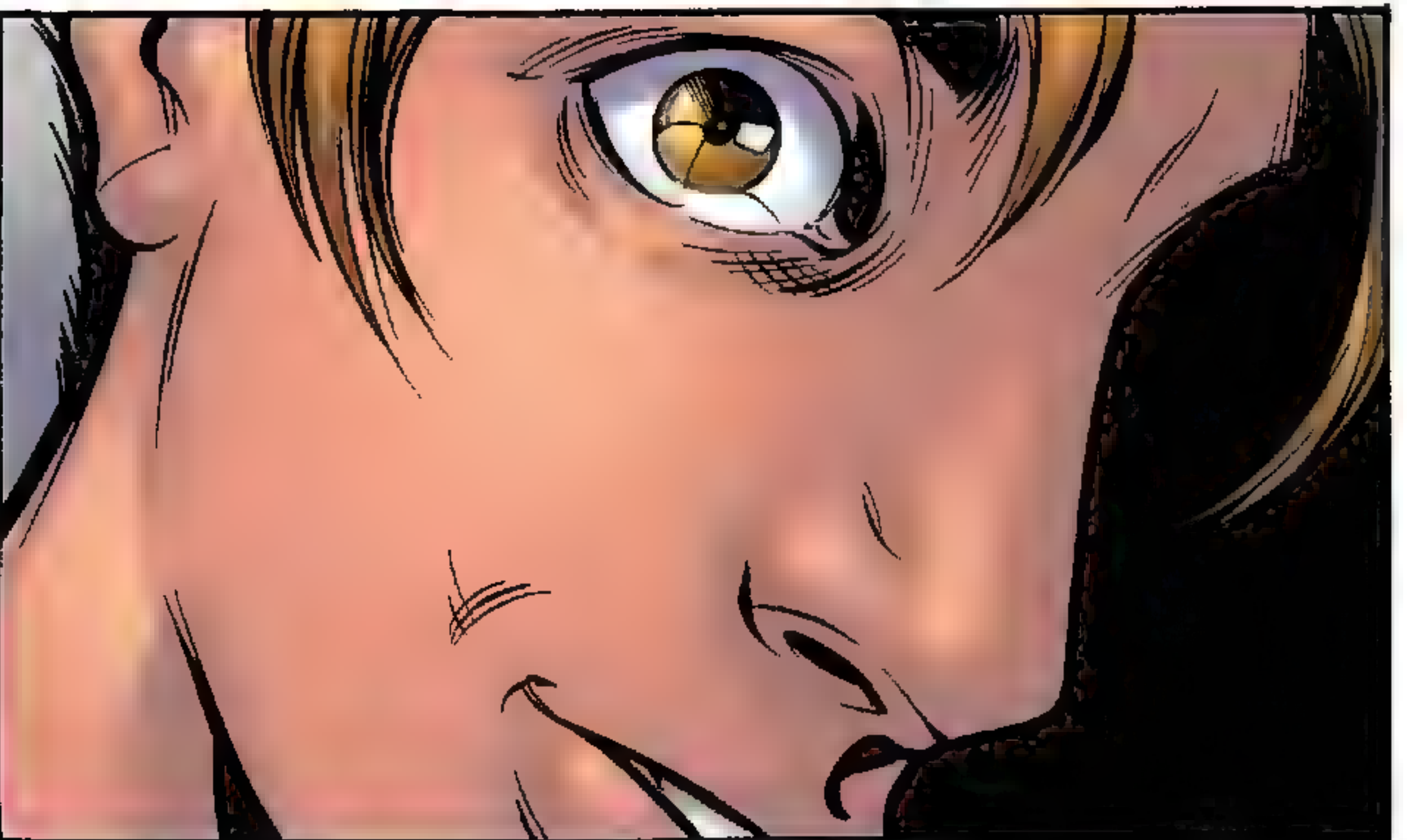
She's very- she needs to talk to a professional or something is what she needs to do.



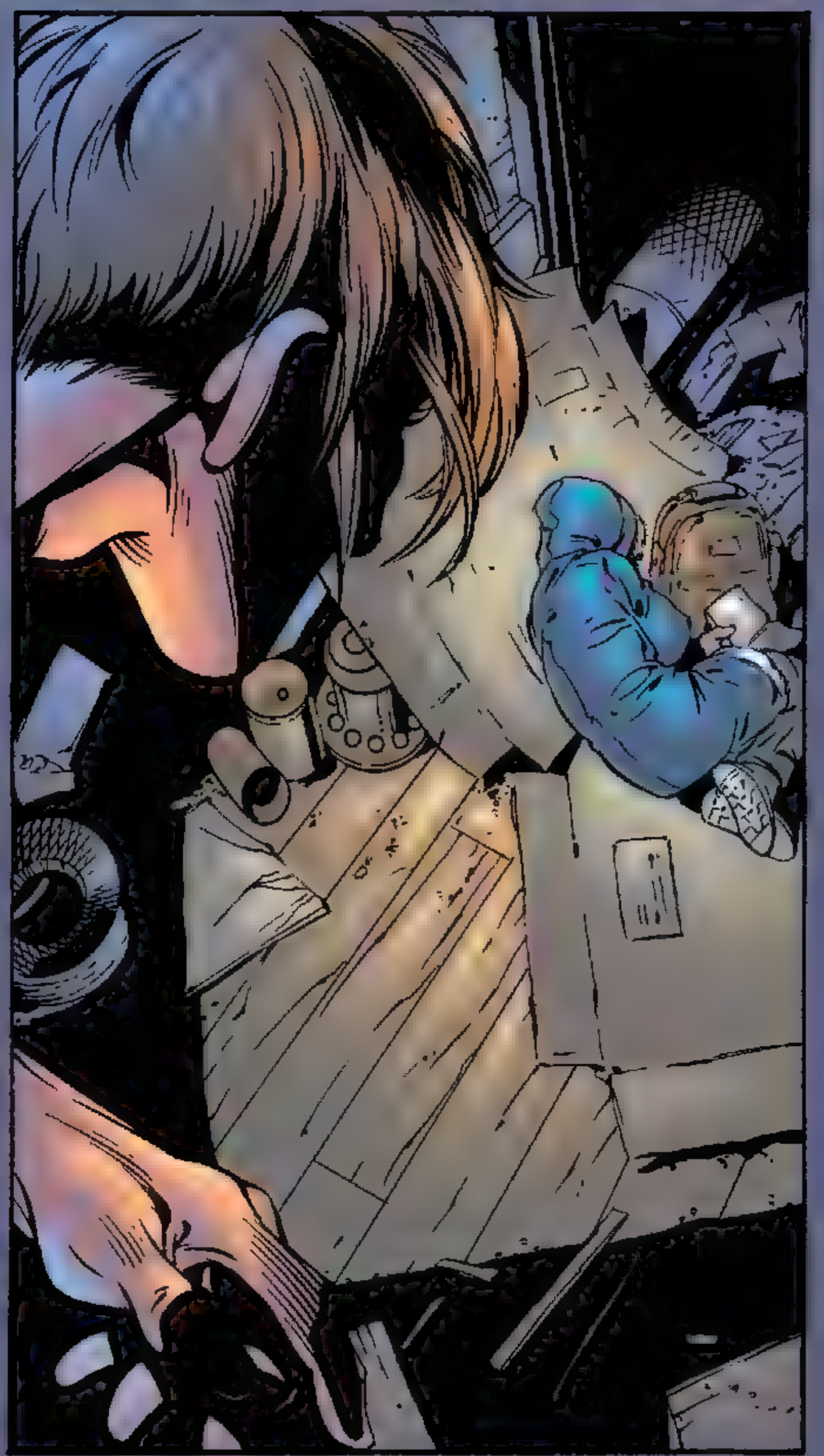
This is God punishing me for even *entertaining* the idea of that crazy Black Cat woman.



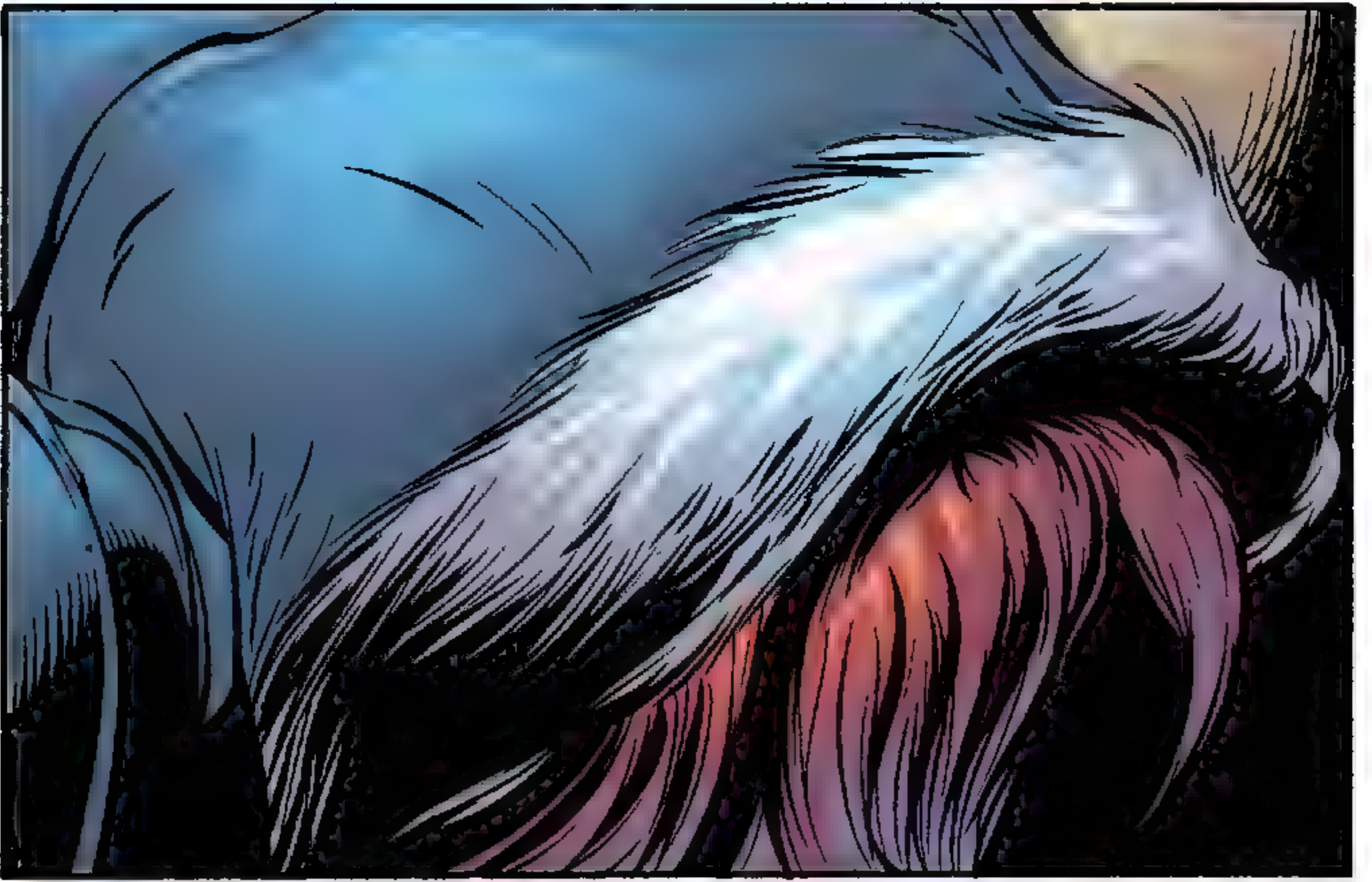
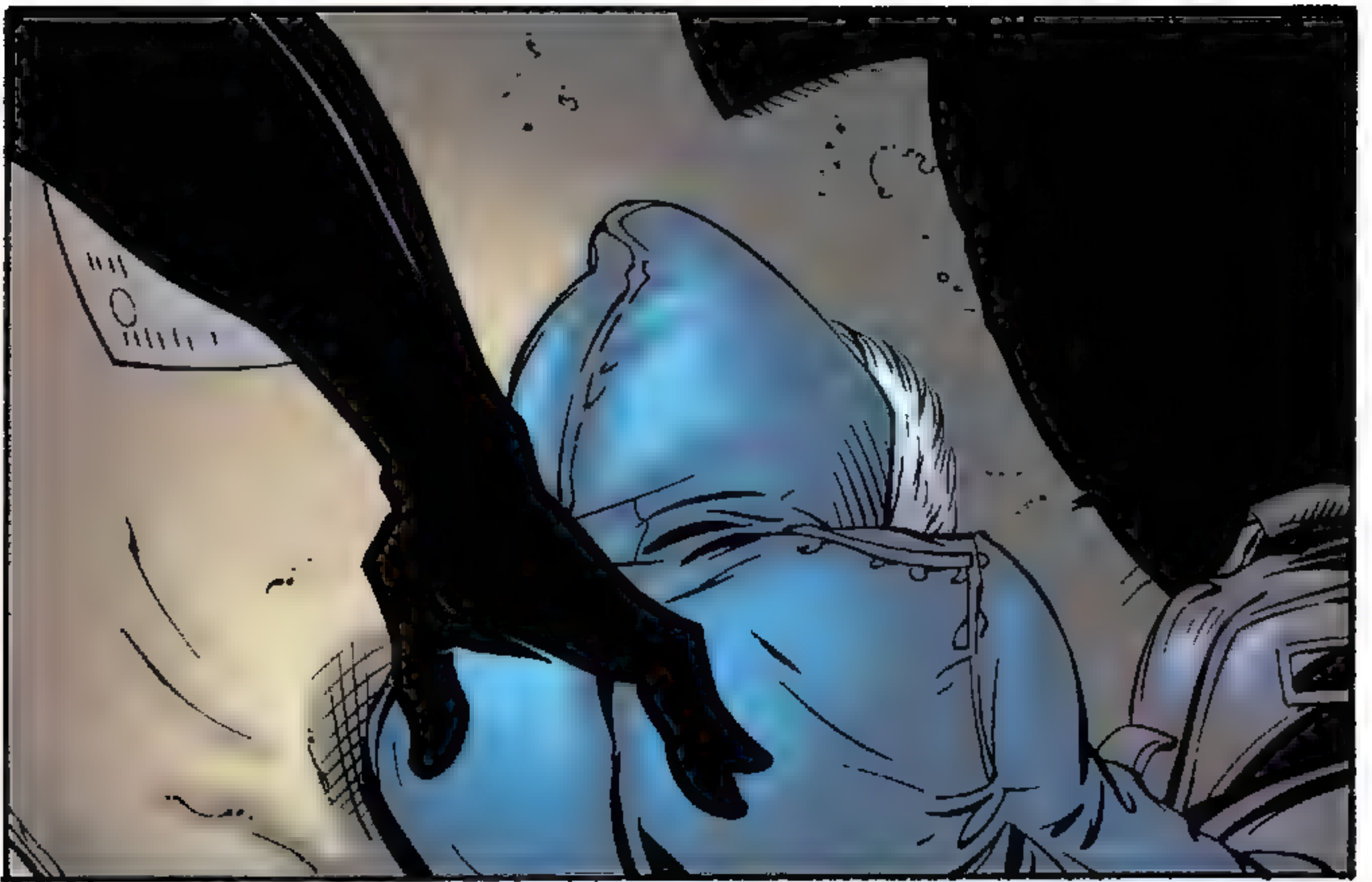
Who knew MJ was even capable of--?















DRAAGGHH!



Oh, thank God...

Oh my... what's---?



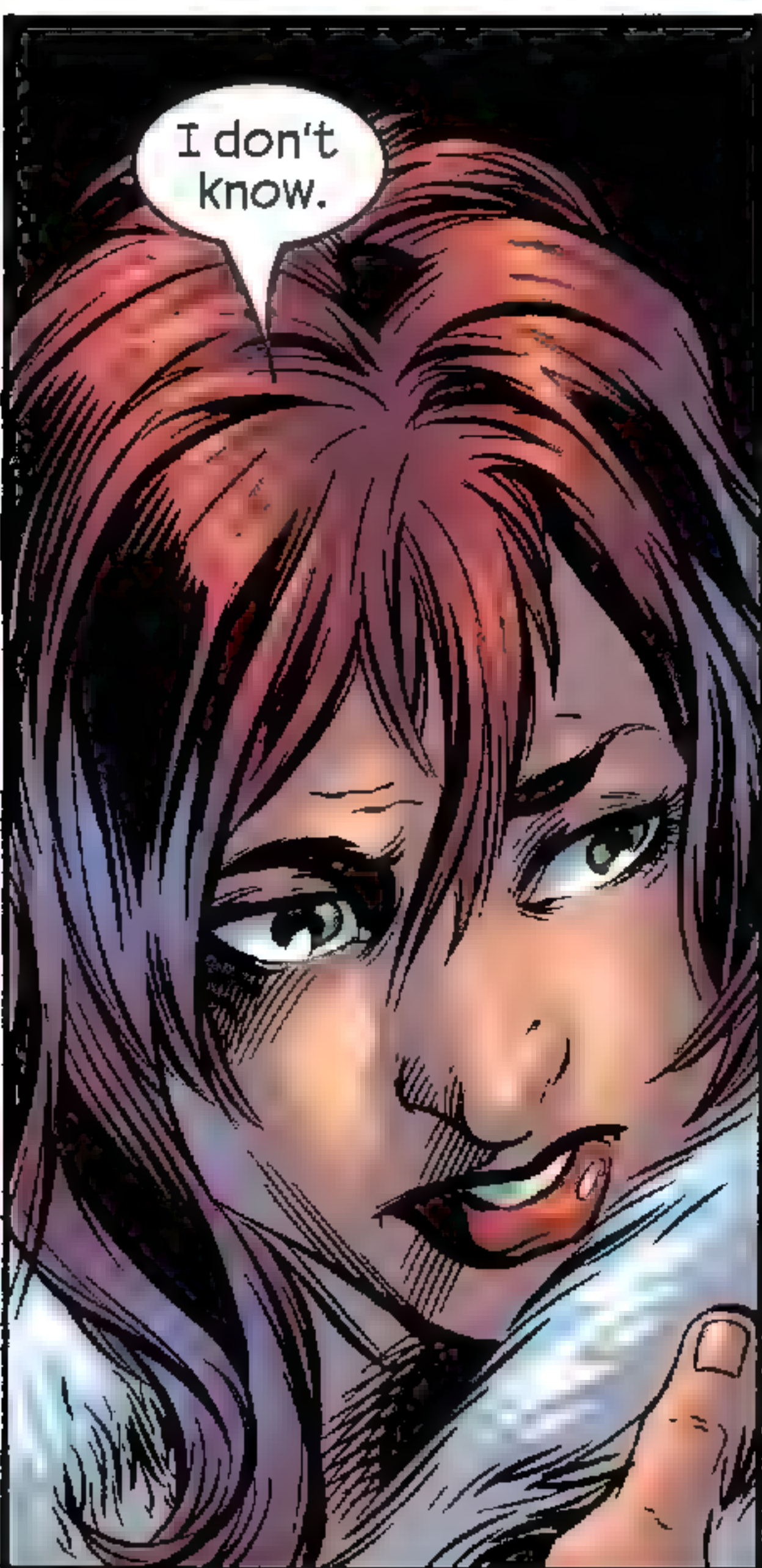
What are you *doing* here?

What *time* is it?

It's, like, the middle of the night! What are you *doing*?

I'm so embarrassed.

Did you- did you run away from home?

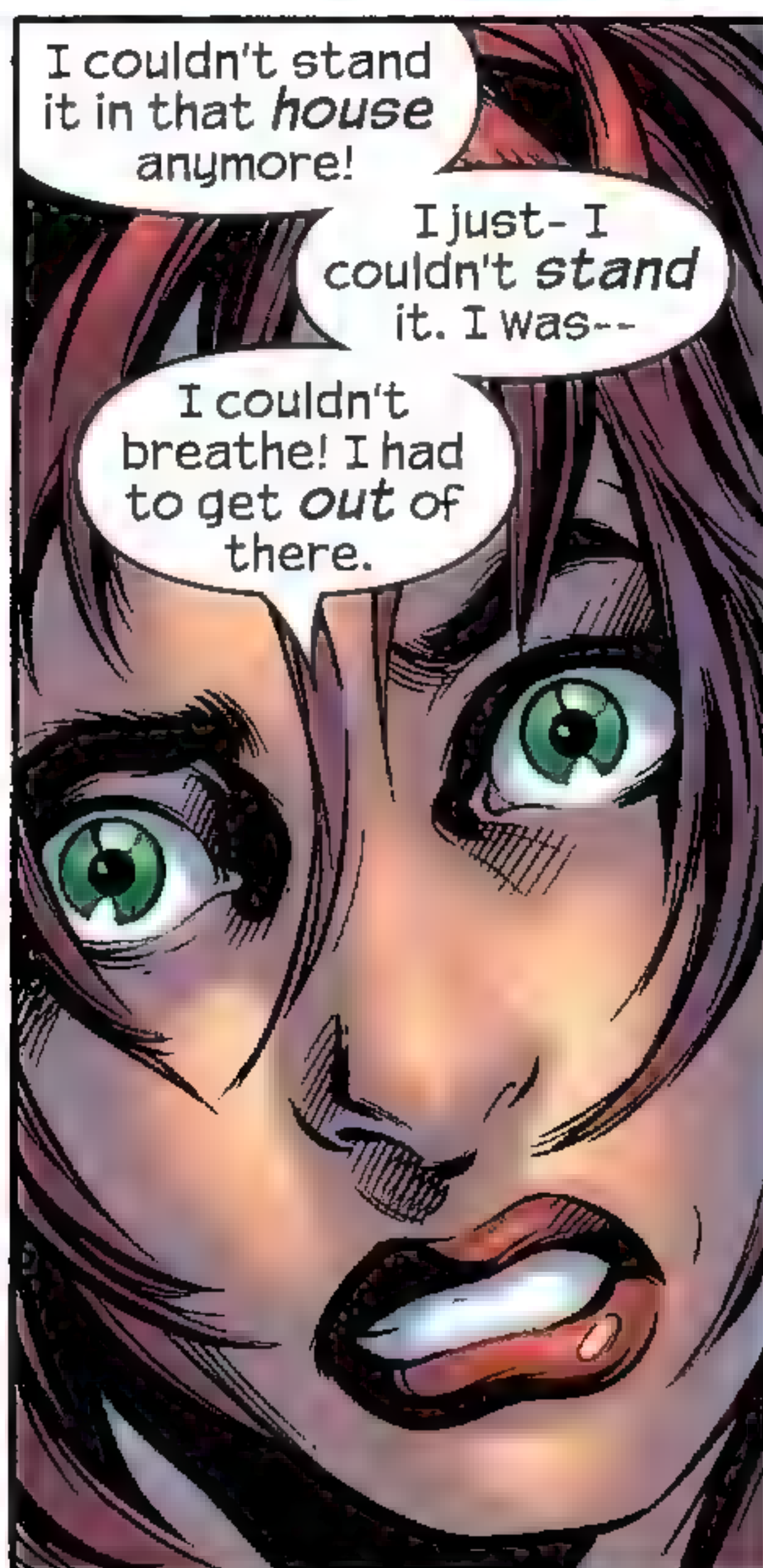


I don't know.



You don't *know*?

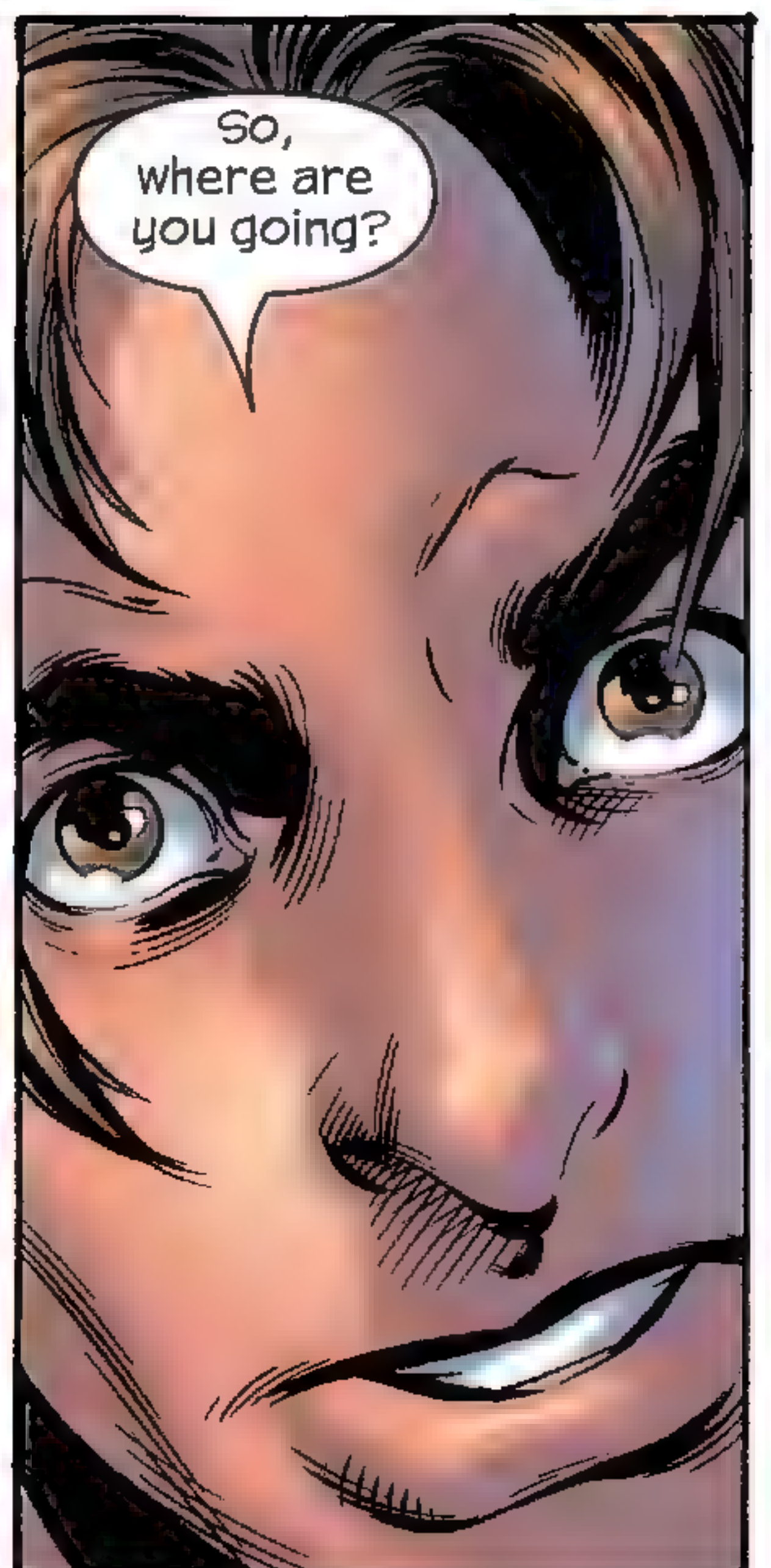
Your mom's going *nuts*. Everybody is up and looking for you.



I couldn't stand it in that *house* anymore!

I just- I couldn't *stand* it. I was--

I couldn't breathe! I had to get *out* of there.



So, where are you going?





I don't know.  
I don't know.  
I don't know.

I don't know.

I just had to get away from my father. I went to you first... I went to your basement but--

I was out.

Saving the world.



I feel like such a loser.

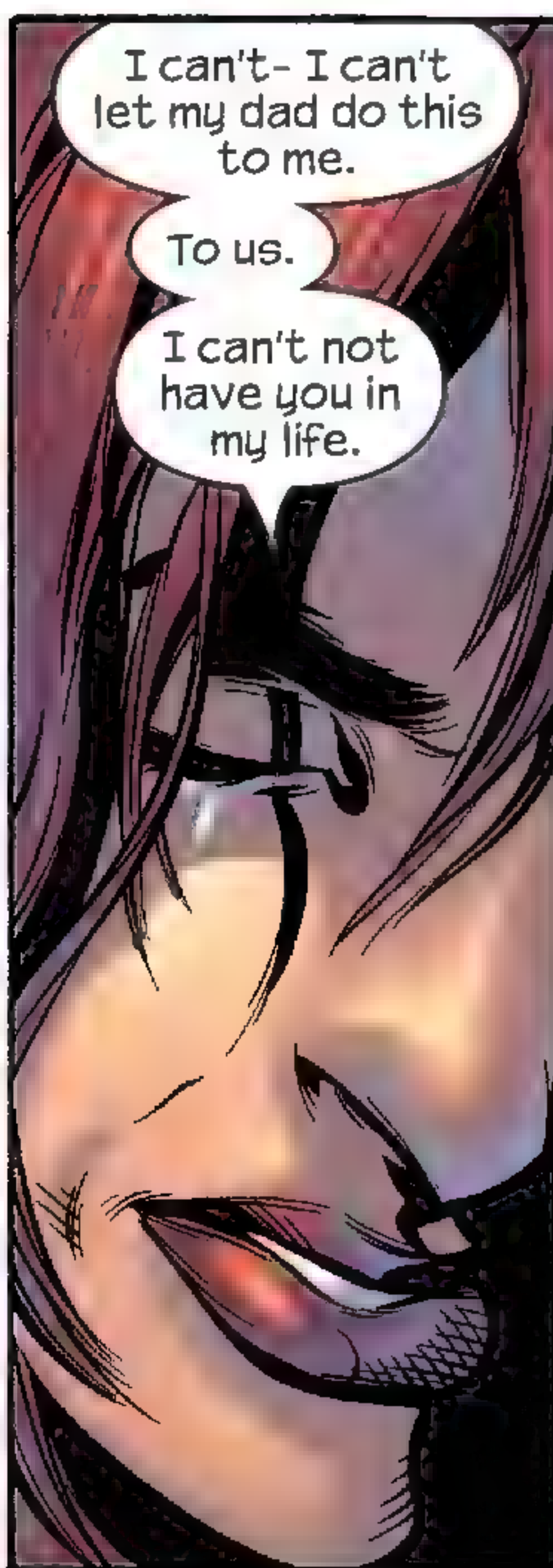
I had no plan. I just ran out and when I couldn't find you I came here...

Our little private hiding place.

I started writing in my journal and I don't know-- I guess I dozed.

I'm lucky no one came in here and *murdered* me or something... I'm so stupid.

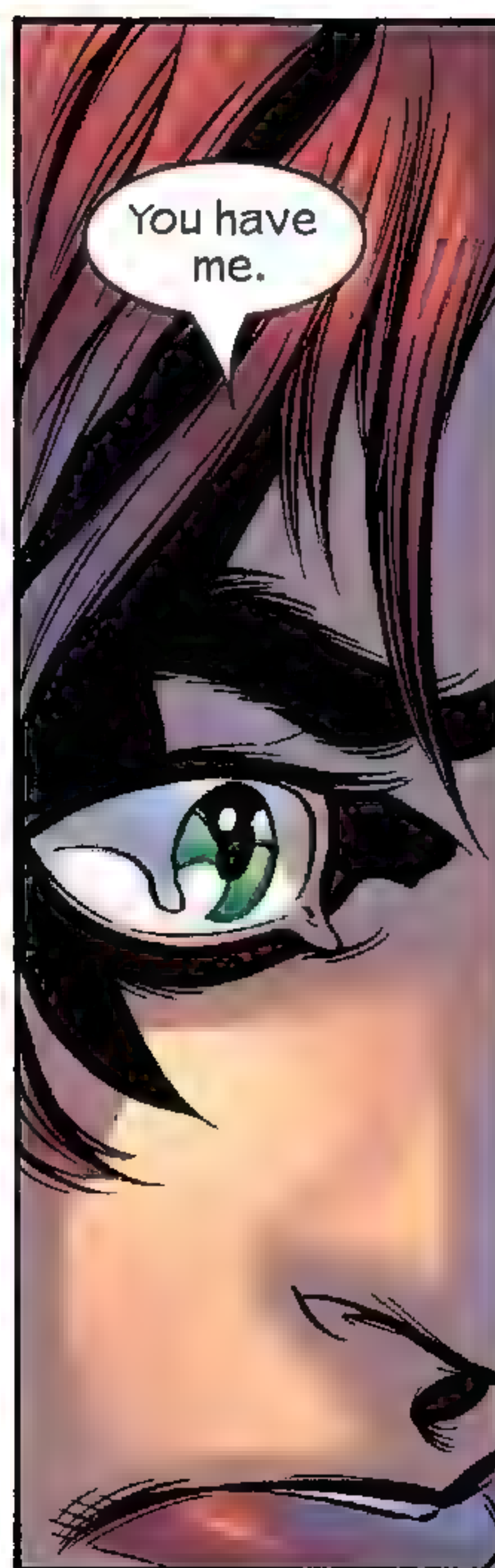
You have to go home.



I can't- I can't let my dad do this to me.

To us.

I can't not have you in my life.



You have me.



All night all he did was- he *threatened* to ship me away to another school.

He won't let me see you.

He's such a miserable, sad man and instead of, you know, *doing* anything about it...

He just wants to make sure that everyone *around* him is as sad and pathetic as *he* is.

He wants to make sure my mom and me are down there *with* him.



I *told* you, he cheats on her!

So, you know, she just feels like crap about herself, like, all the time.

And every time I open my mouth about *anything*... he shoots me down!

Just shoots me quiet! Every time!



And- and- and as soon as he found out that *we* were, you know, *together*...

...he has done, like, nothing *but* put it down and make fun of you.

He's been looking for *any* reason to make sure that I don't have *any* happiness.



He was just looking for a *reason* to split us up.

Why do I have to live there? Why? Who says?





See, your aunt, she wants you to do *well* and she wants you to be *happy*.

'Cause she's, like, you know, a human being.

But all my dad wants is for us *not* to be happy!



Oh, and God forbid I actually do better than him in life, right?

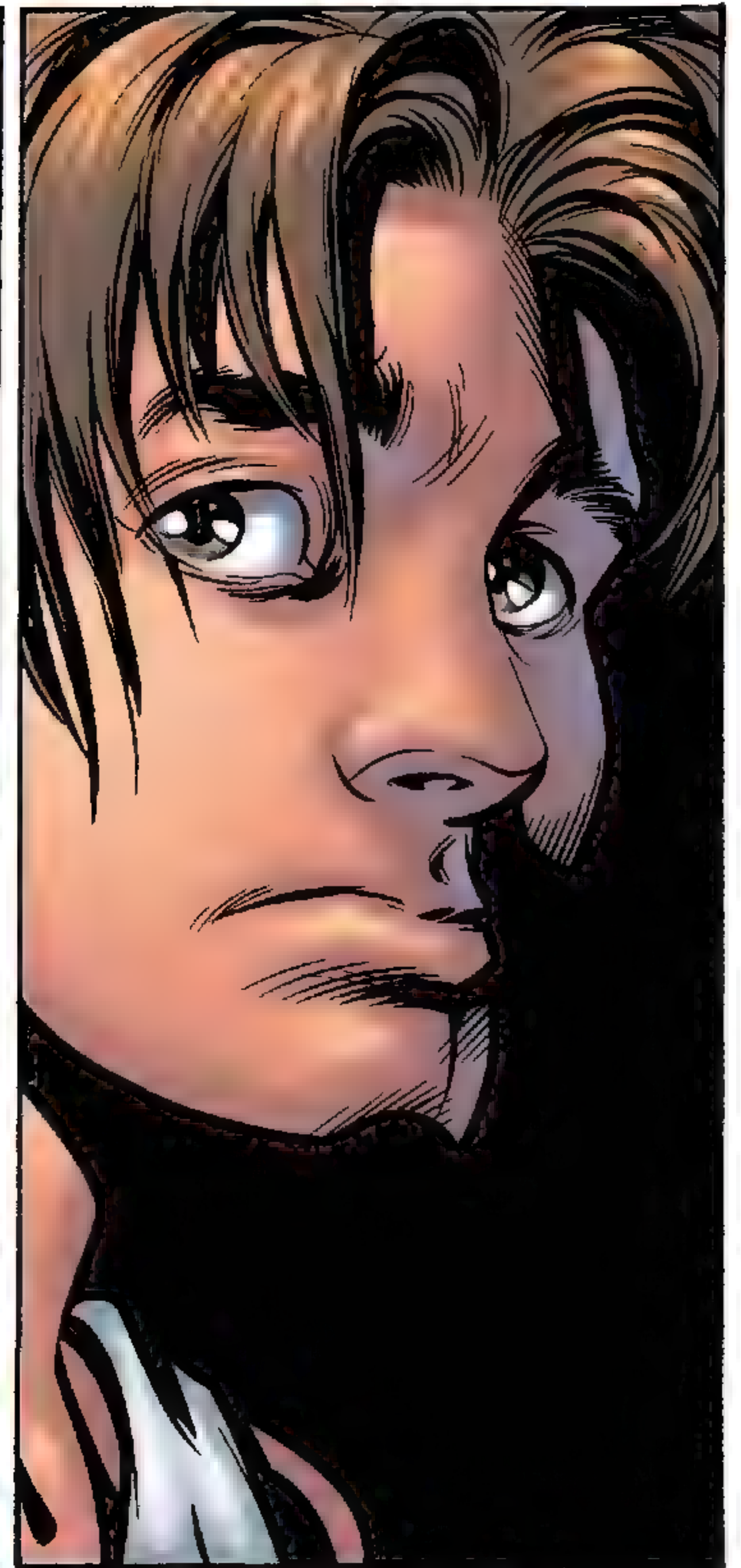
You'd think he'd *dream* of me doing better than him-- actually *make* something of my life.



See, and *before* it was easier to live with it.

Before what?

Before I knew that I could be happy.



You have to go home.

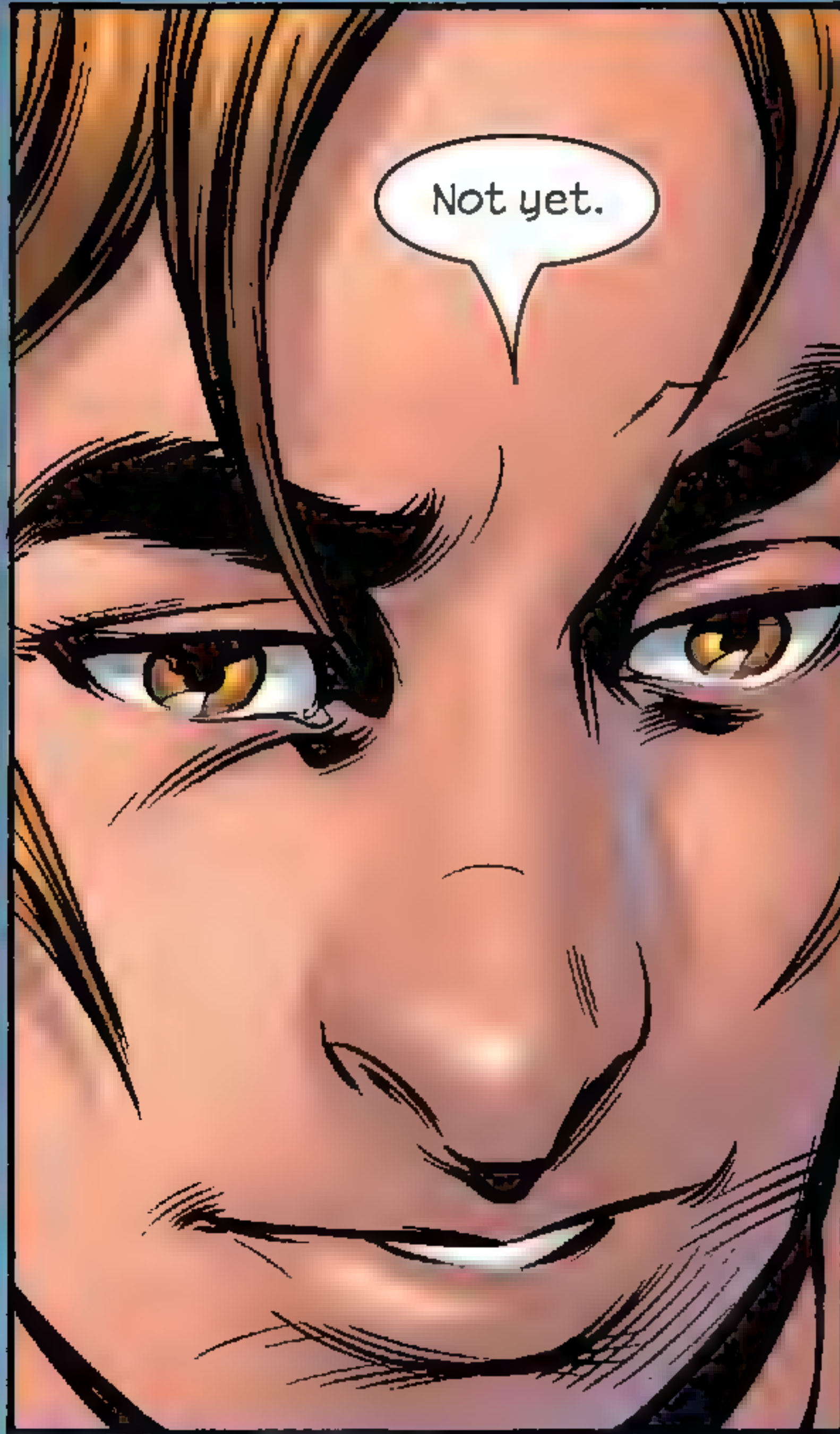


Can't we run away together?

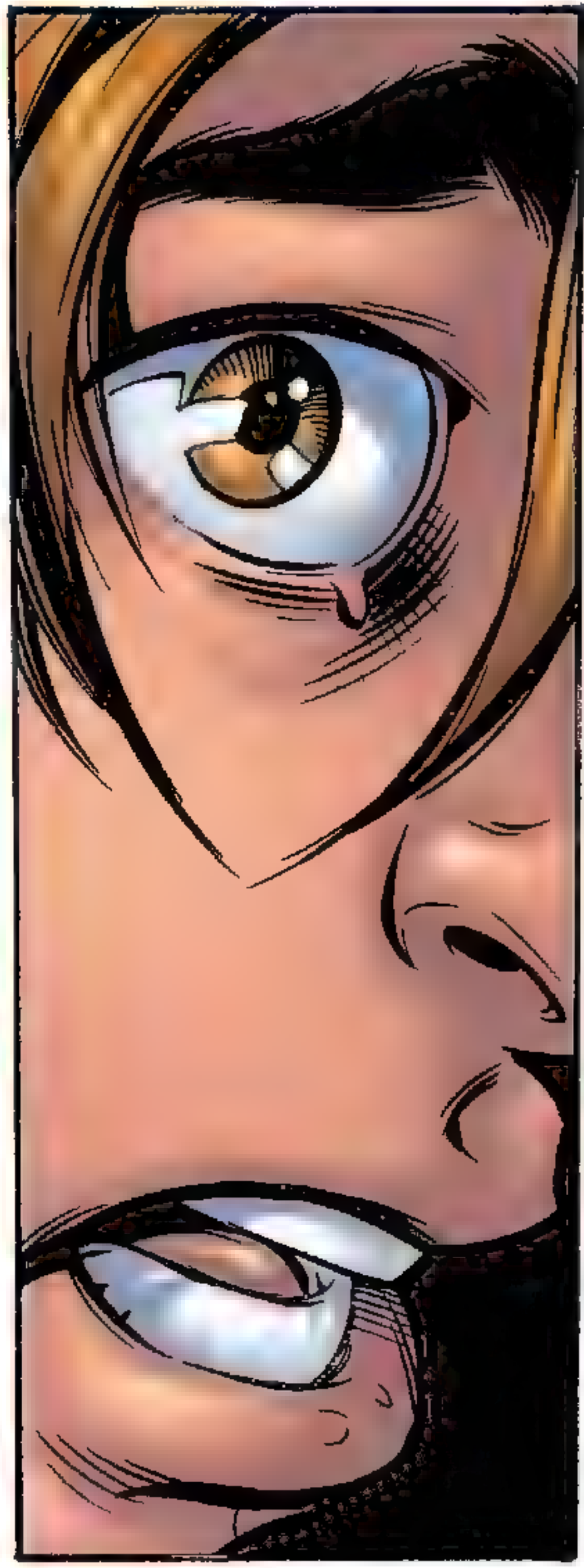
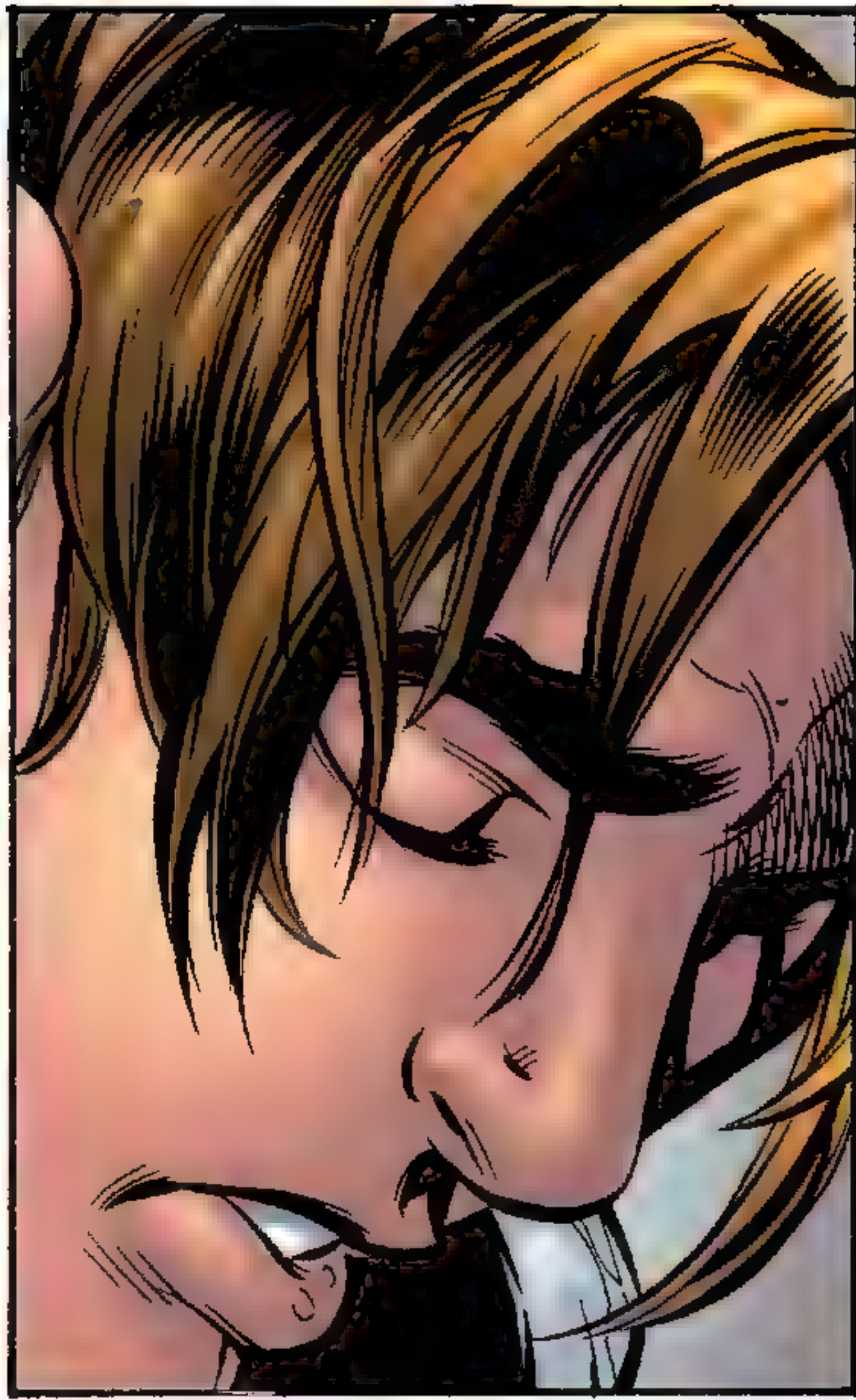
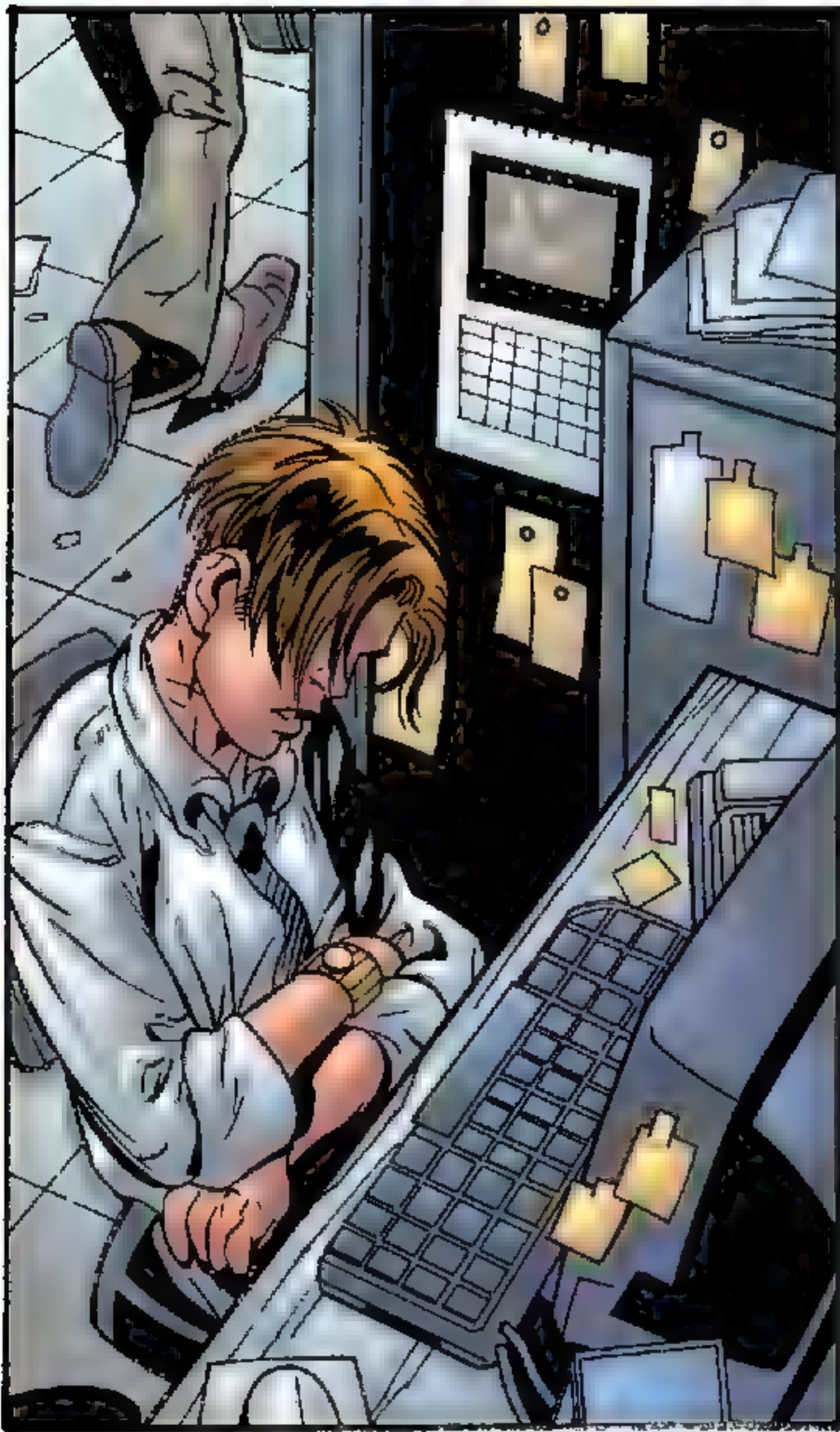
I wish.

Let's get married and run away.

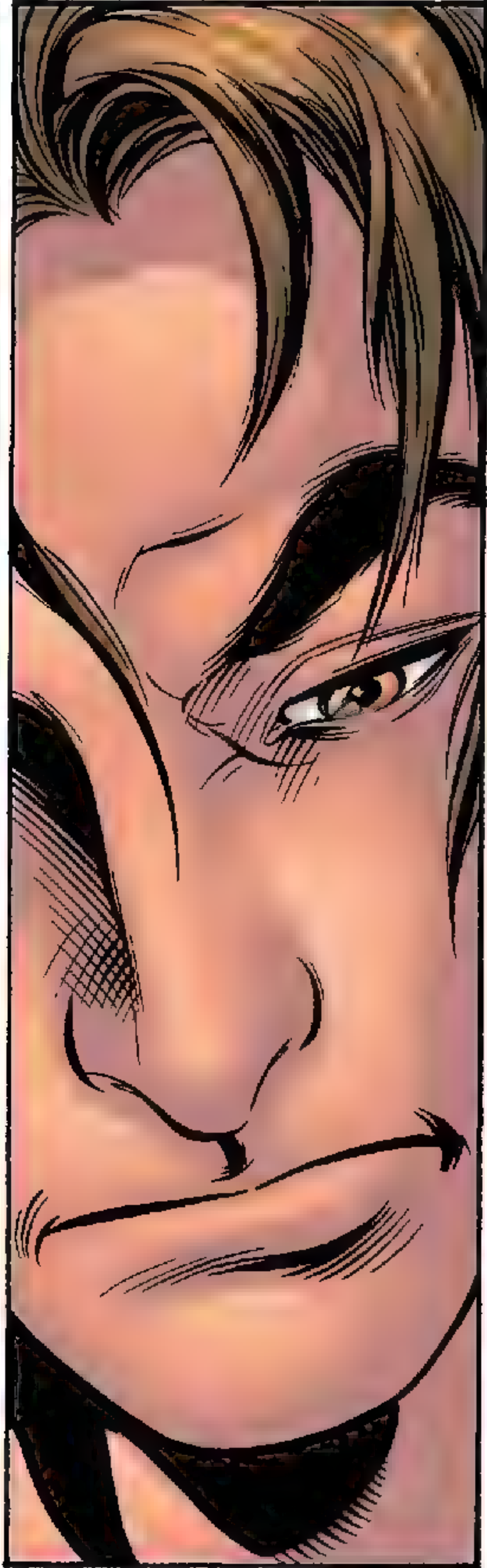
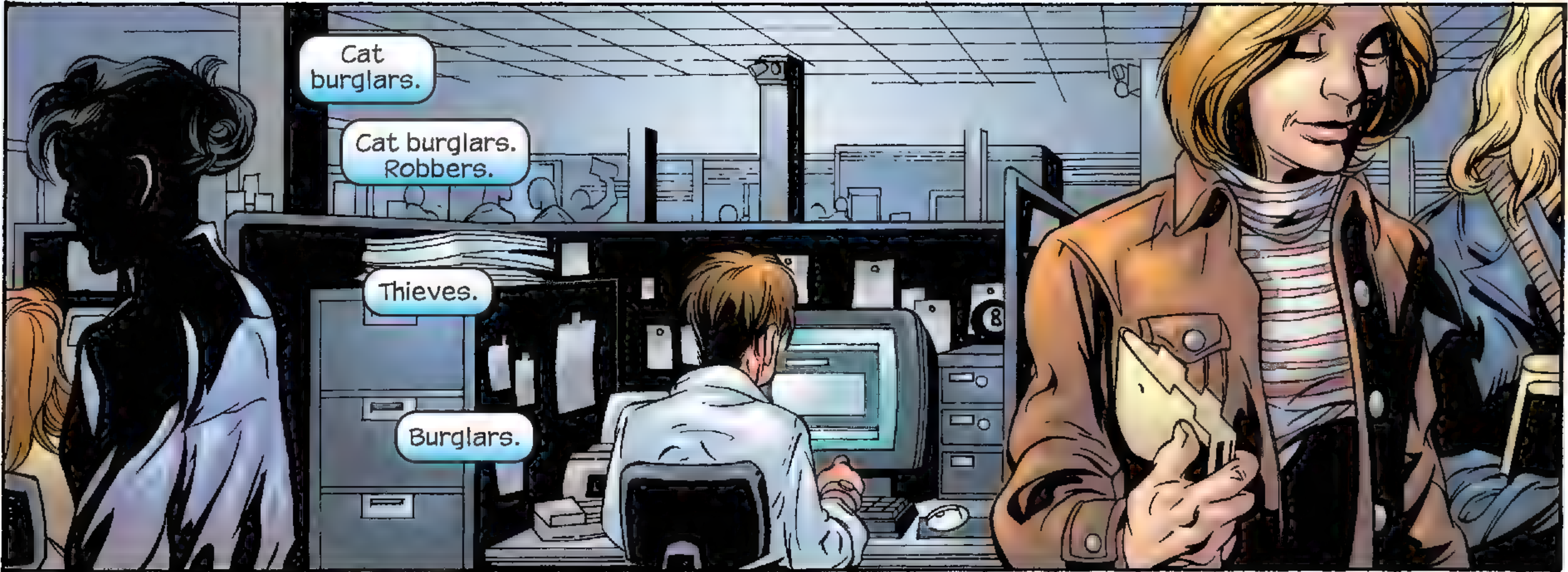












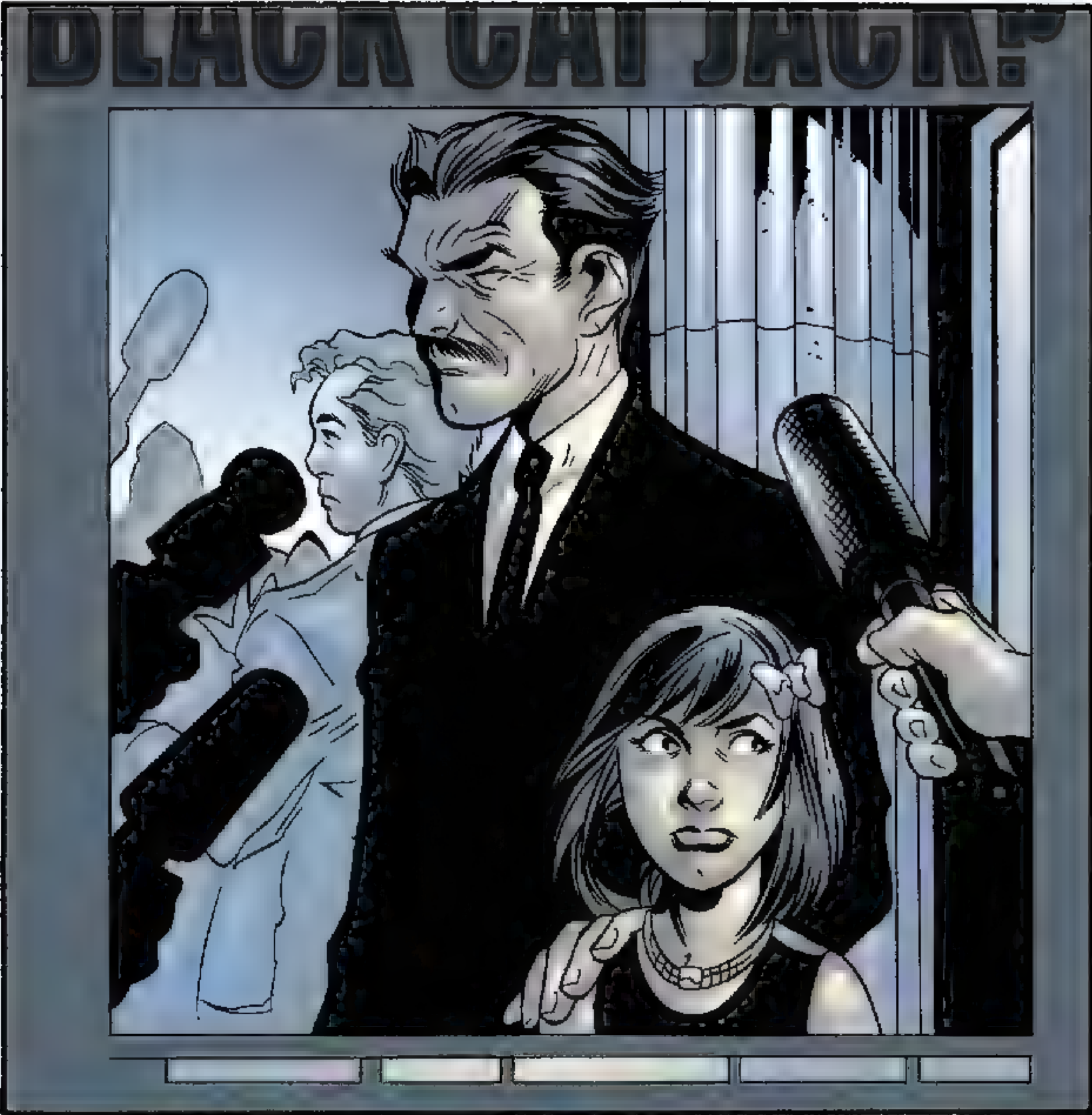
**RICK LAWSON**

**JACK HARDY**

**THOMAS FIREHEART**

**Cat Burglar Caught**





Jack Hardy, accused cat burglar, addresses the media on the Courthouse steps. Hardy is surrounded by his attorney Franklin Nelson and his daughter Felicia.

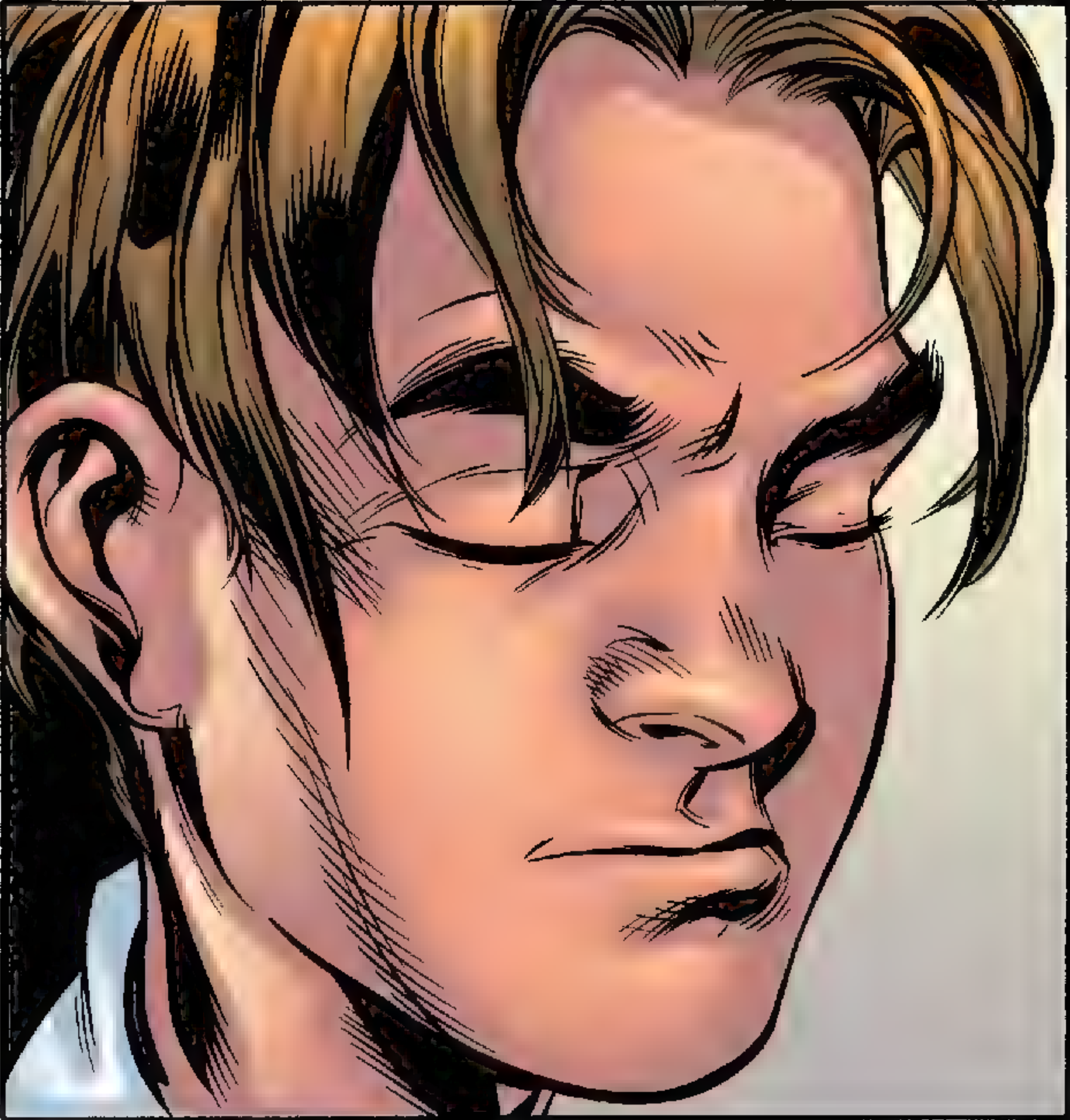
### JACK HARDY CAT BURGLAR TRIAL BEGINS

By Ben Urich  
Daily Bugle Staff Writer

The courtroom was a-buzz as Jack Hardy entered. Accused of a rash of cat burglaries throughout Manhattan, Hardy has remained tight-lipped as to any involvement he might have had in any of the break-ins.

District Attorney Craig Schmidt, however, has not kept his lips sealed. "This is an open and shut case," Schmidt told the press on the courthouse steps before the trial commenced. "Hardy was found with twenty-million dollars worth of jewels stolen from a midtown auction the day before. All the characteristics exactly match the string of cat burglaries that have plagued this city for two years!" Schmidt went on to say, "Justice will be served and Hardy will pay for his crimes."

Attorney Franklin Nelson, who is representing Jack Hardy in the trial, had a different opinion. "These crimes are larger than Jack Hardy. He does not deny involvement, but this is much larger than him."



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ed the web for Felicia Hardy

Felicia Hardy

36 W 3rd.

Alphabet City.

Employer 1999-present:

Fisk Enterprises, Accounting

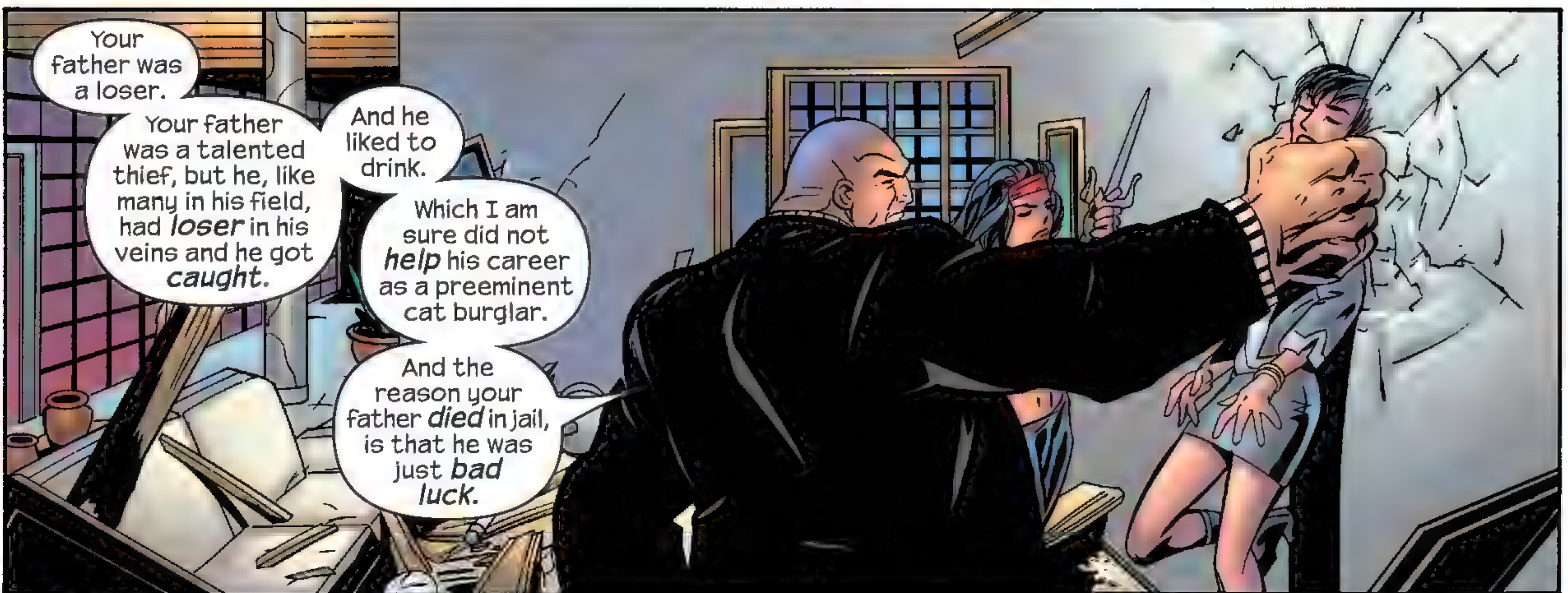
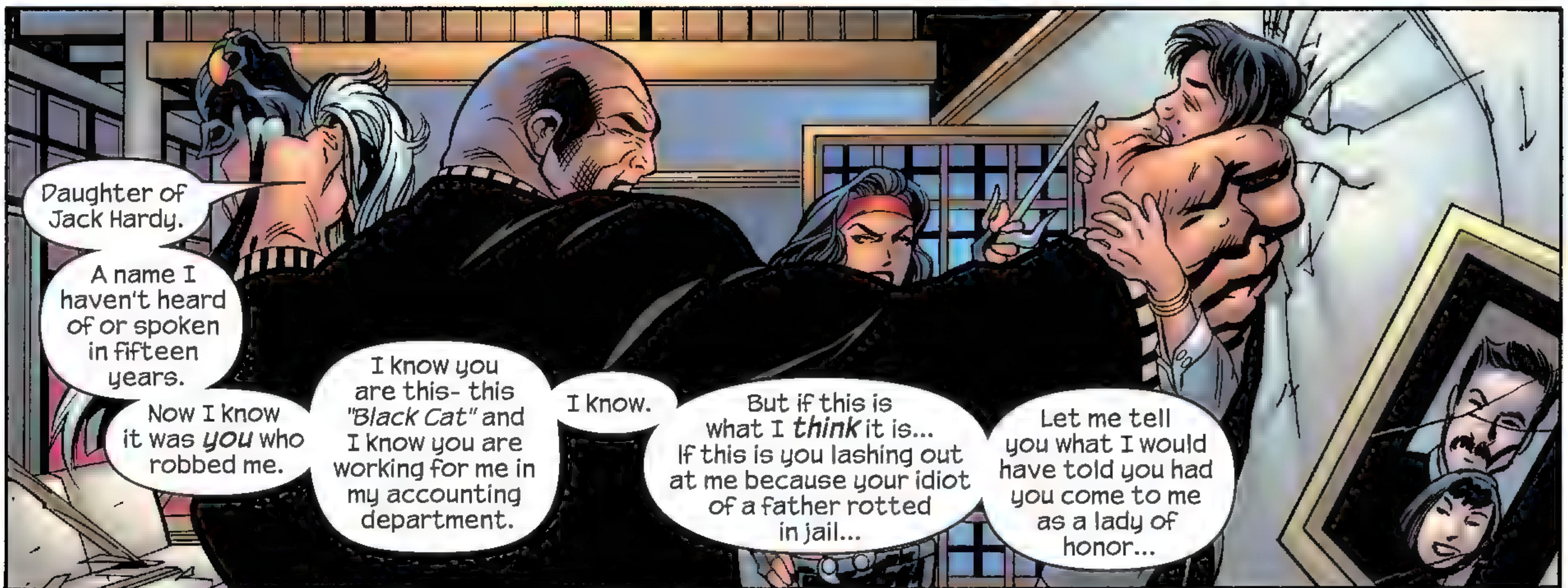
Oh. Oh man...

I figured it out. Like a detective and stuff. I know who she is.

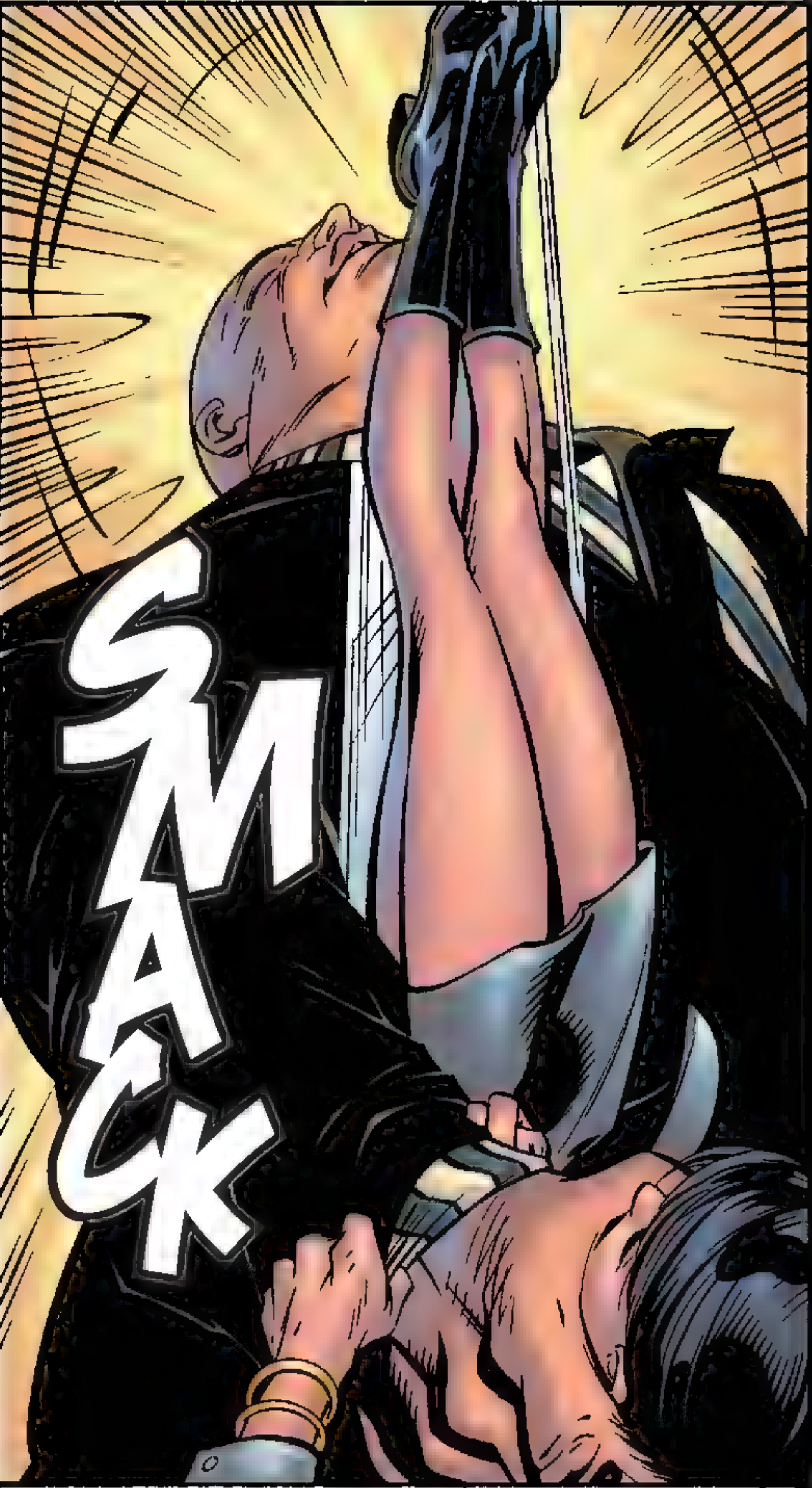
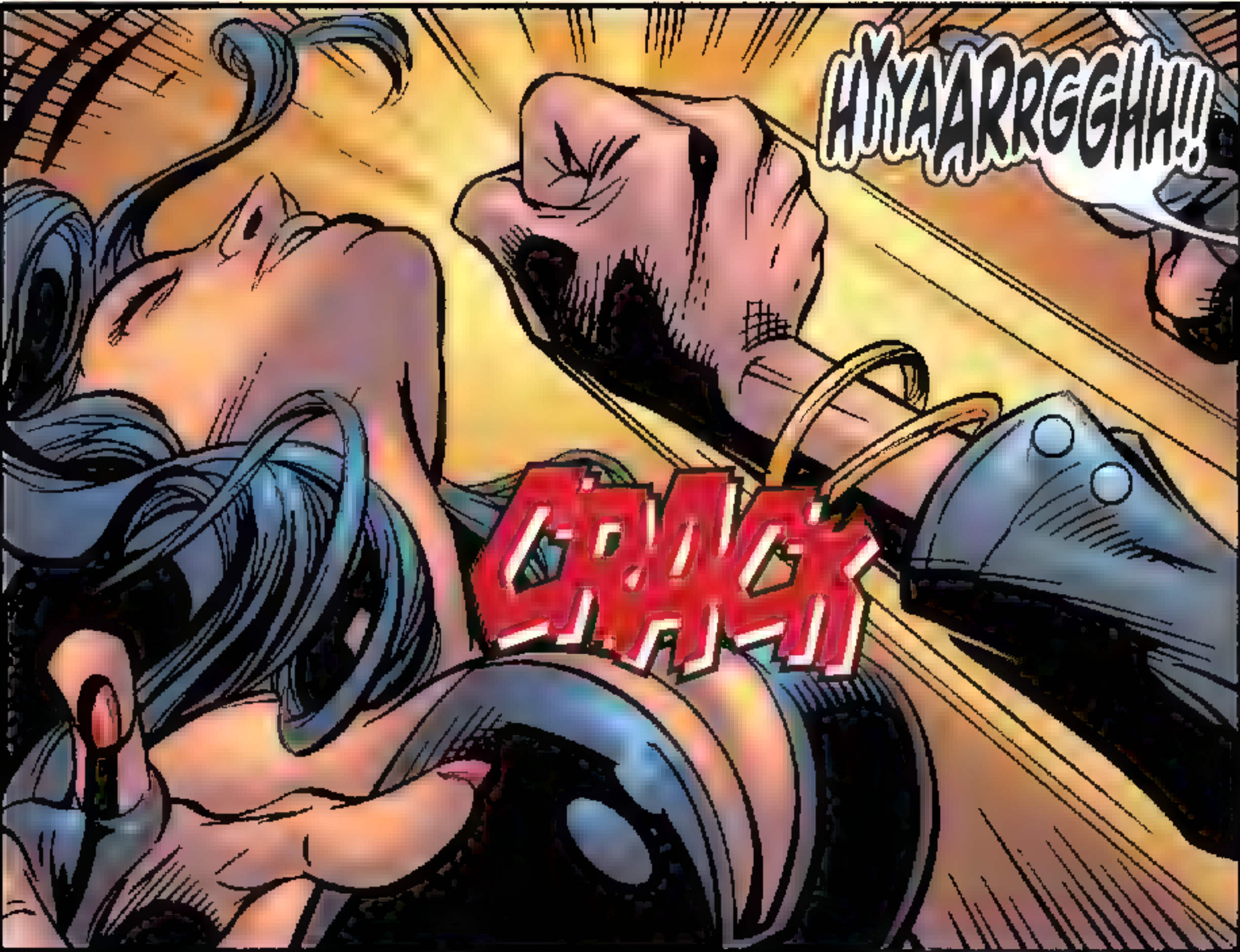
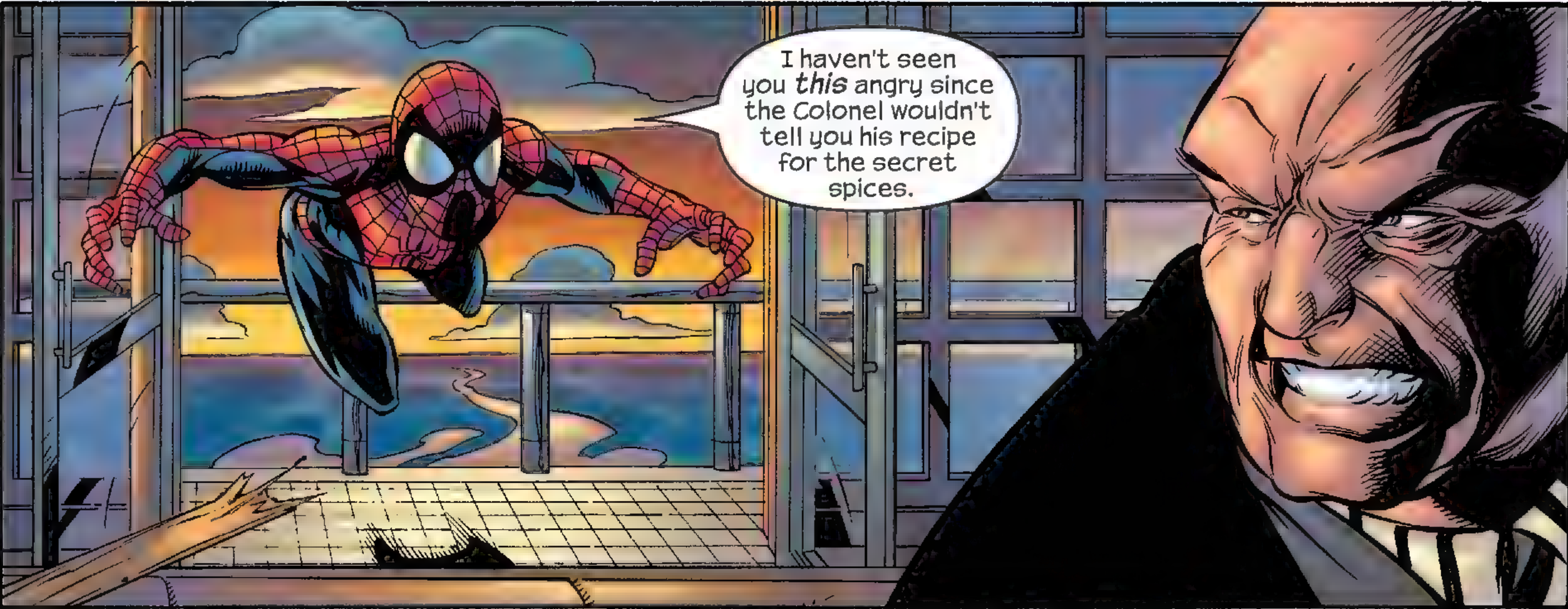
But, you know what?

Seriously, if I figured it out...





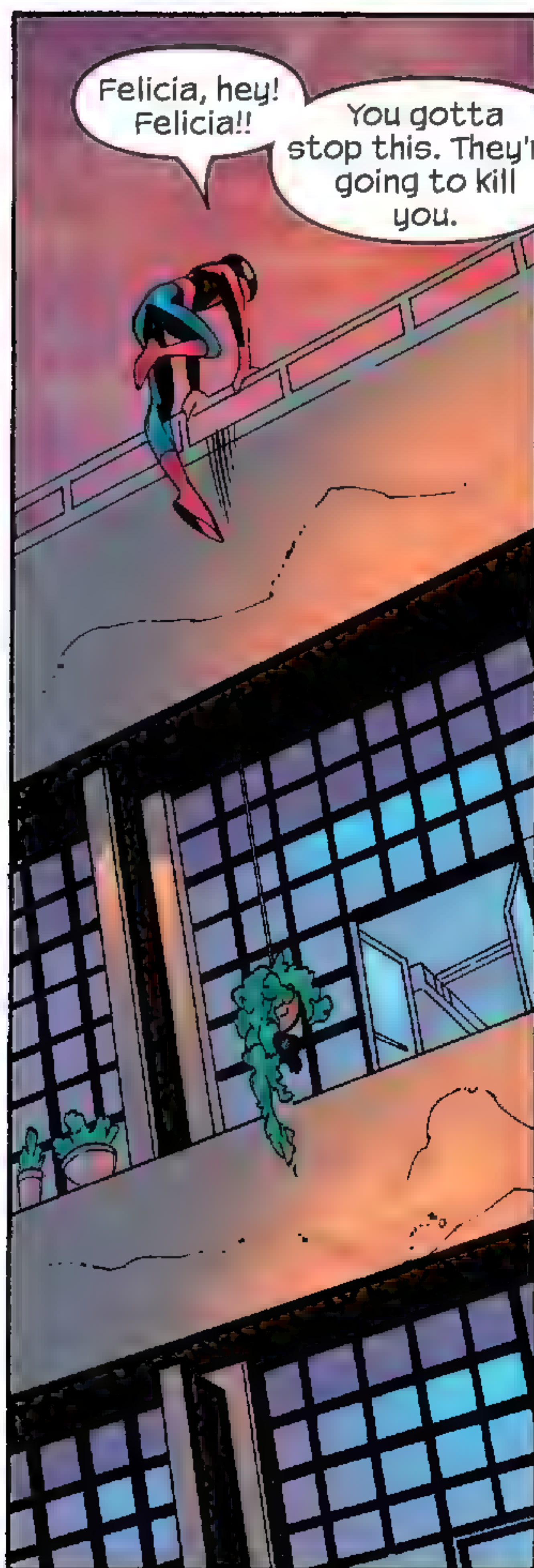






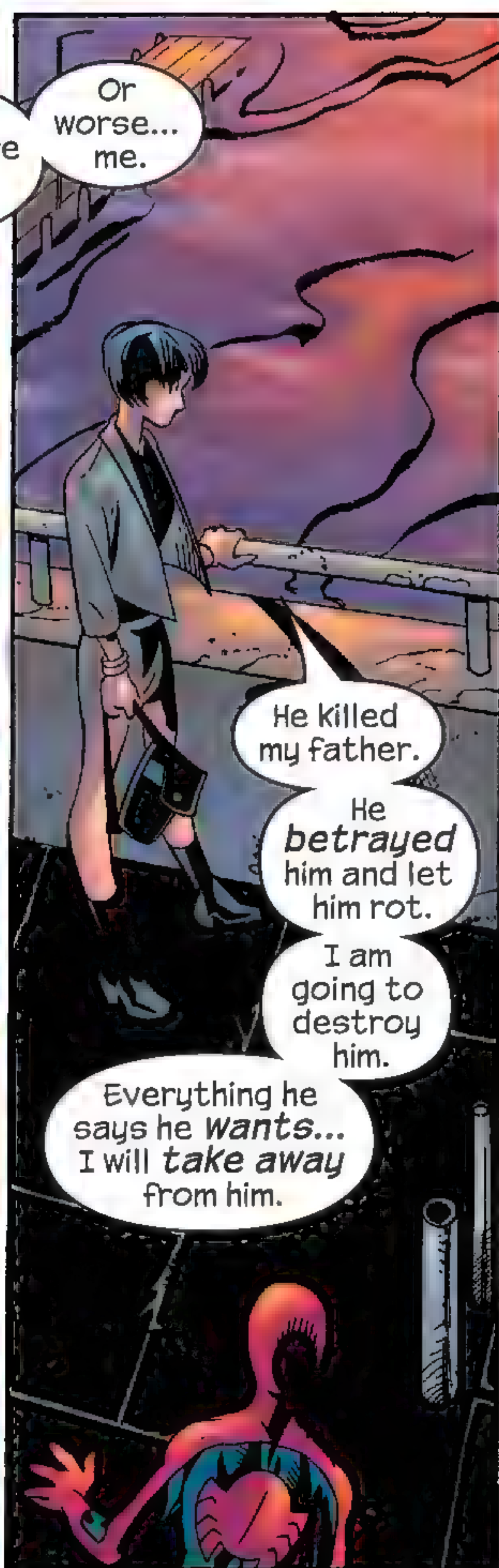






Felicia, hey!  
Felicia!!

You gotta  
stop this. They're  
going to kill  
you.



Or  
worse...  
me.

He killed  
my father.

He  
*betrayed*  
him and let  
him rot.

I am  
going to  
destroy  
him.

Everything he  
says he *wants*...  
I will *take away*  
from him.



Everything.

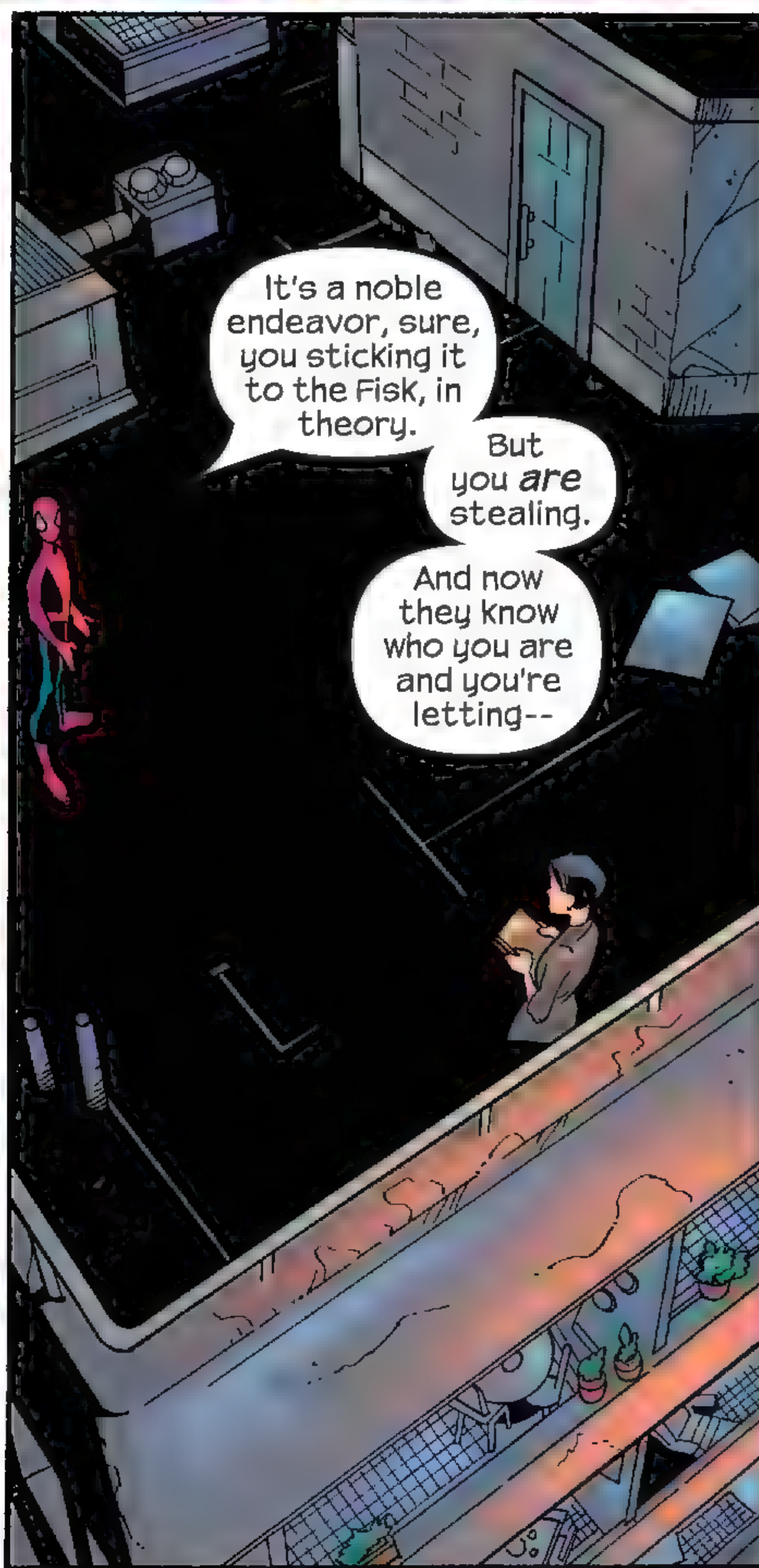
This is  
just the  
first.



I don't  
even know--  
What *is*  
that?



Something  
he wants.



It's a noble  
endeavor, sure,  
you sticking it  
to the Fisk, in  
theory.

But  
you *are*  
stealing.

And now  
they know  
who you are  
and you're  
letting--



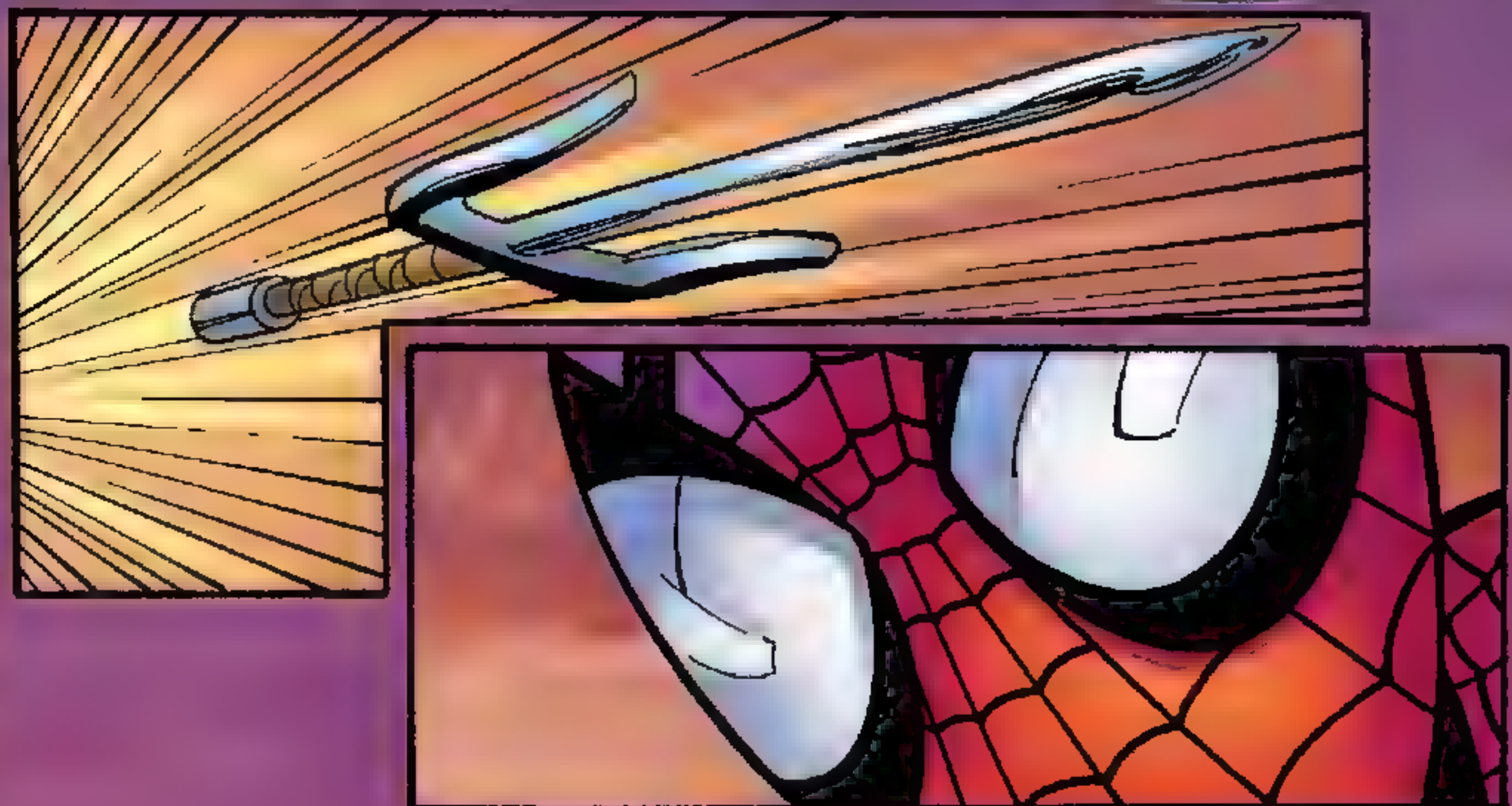
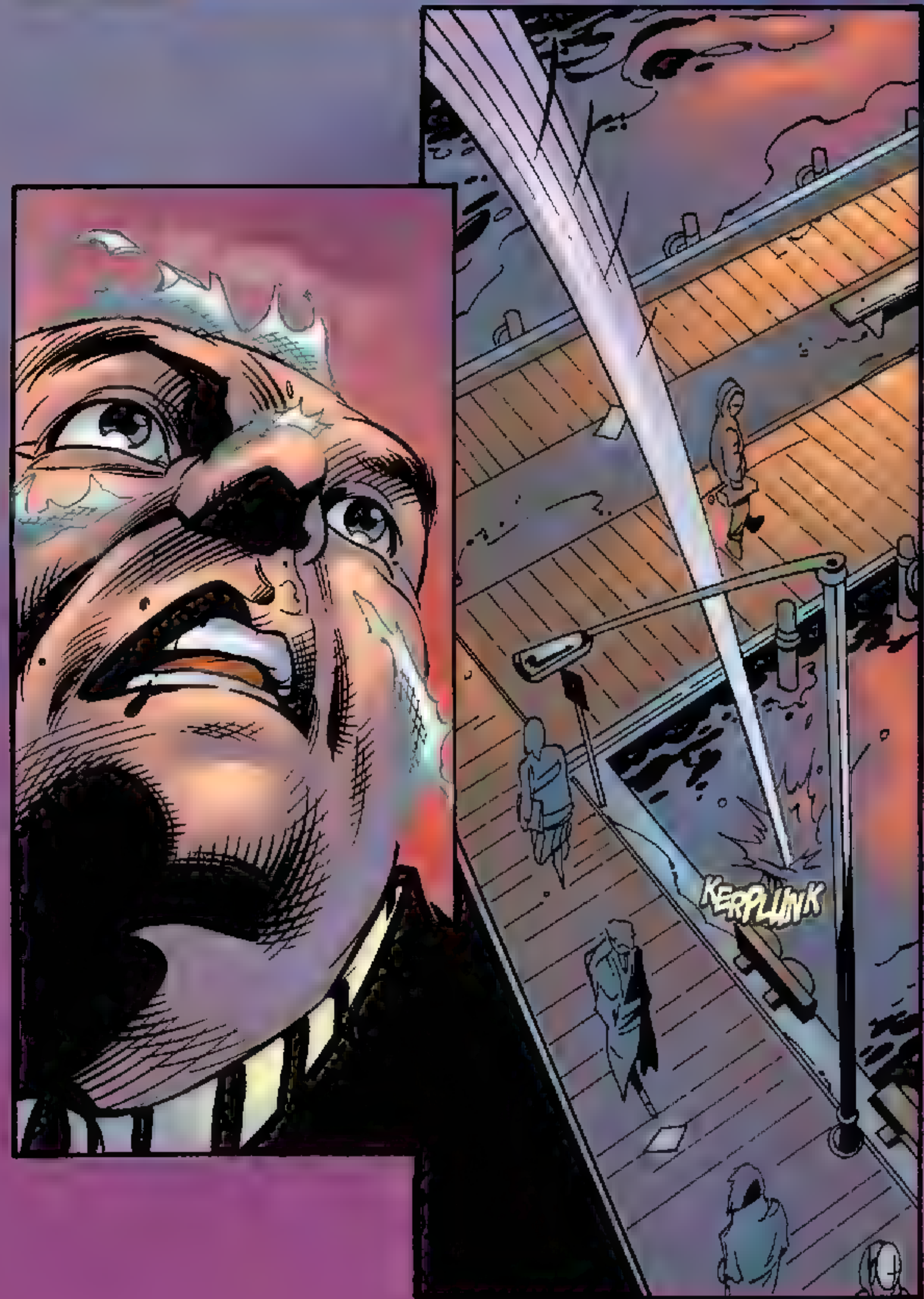
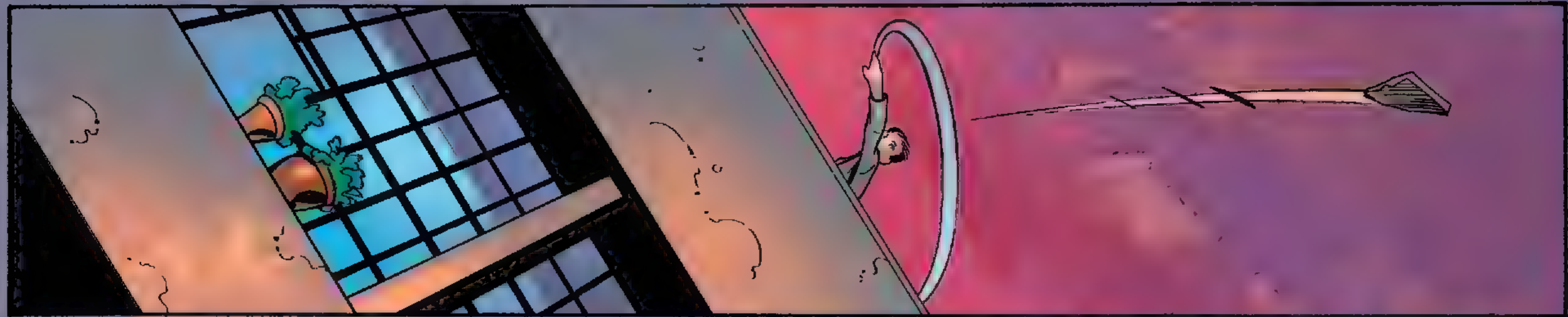
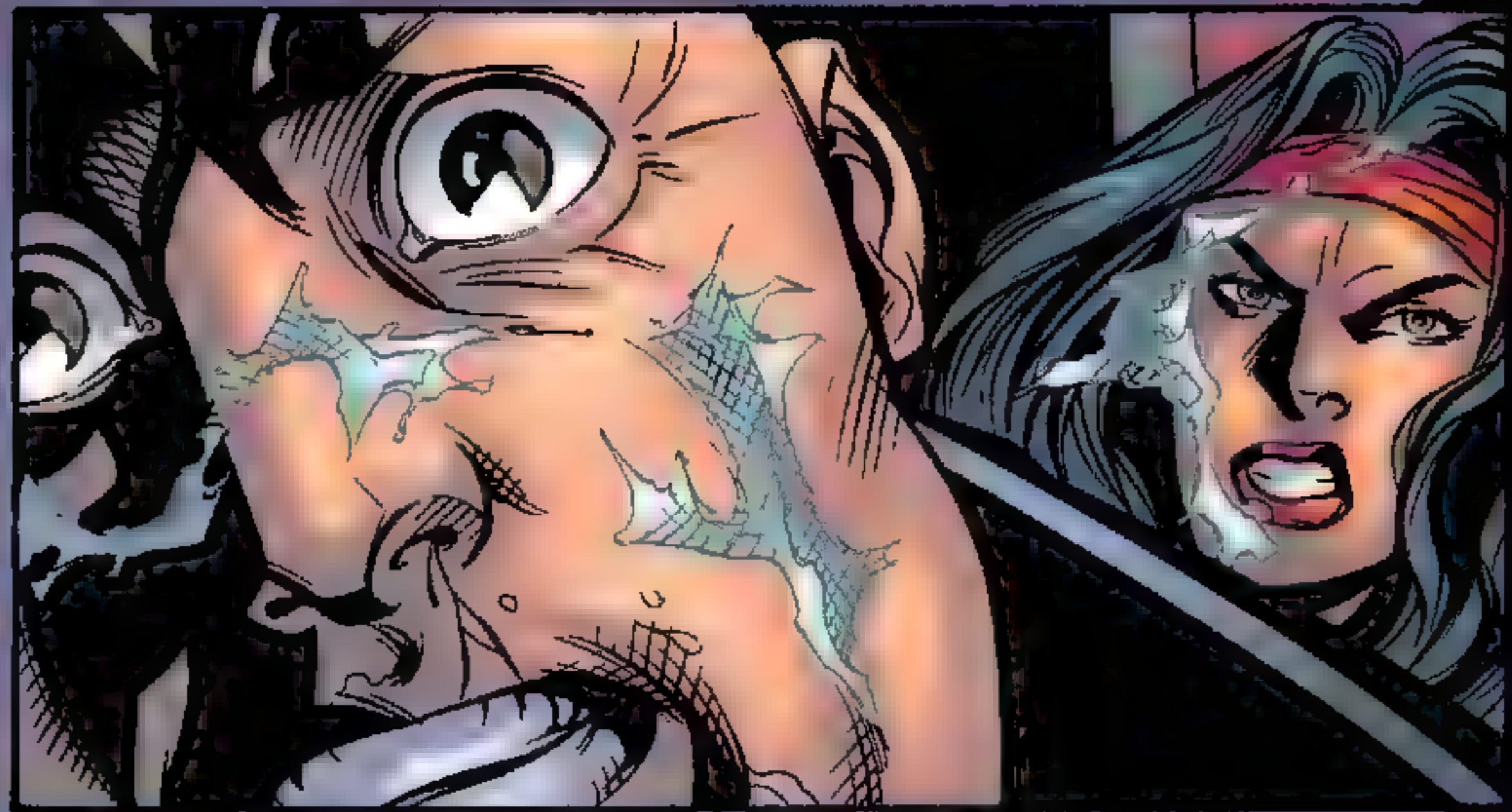
*YOU  
DON'T KNOW  
ME!!*

*YOU DON'T  
KNOW!*

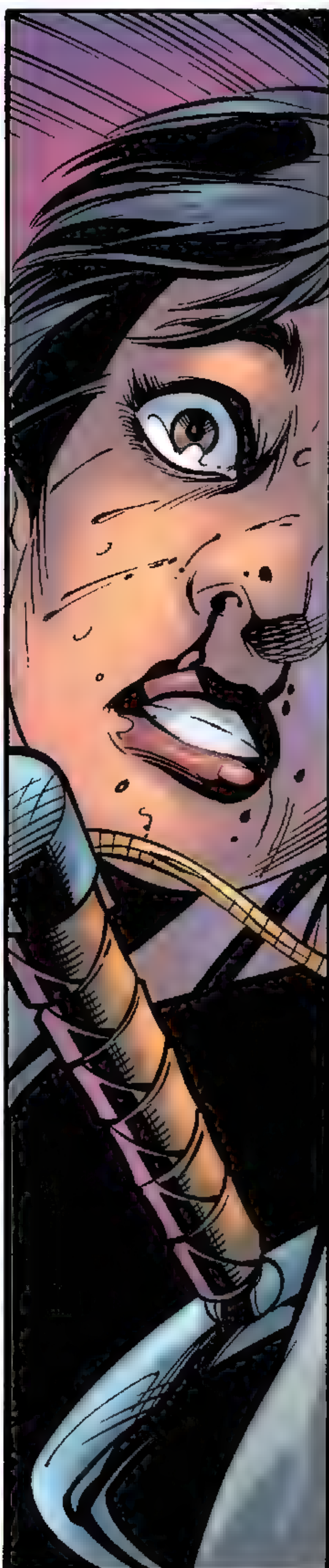
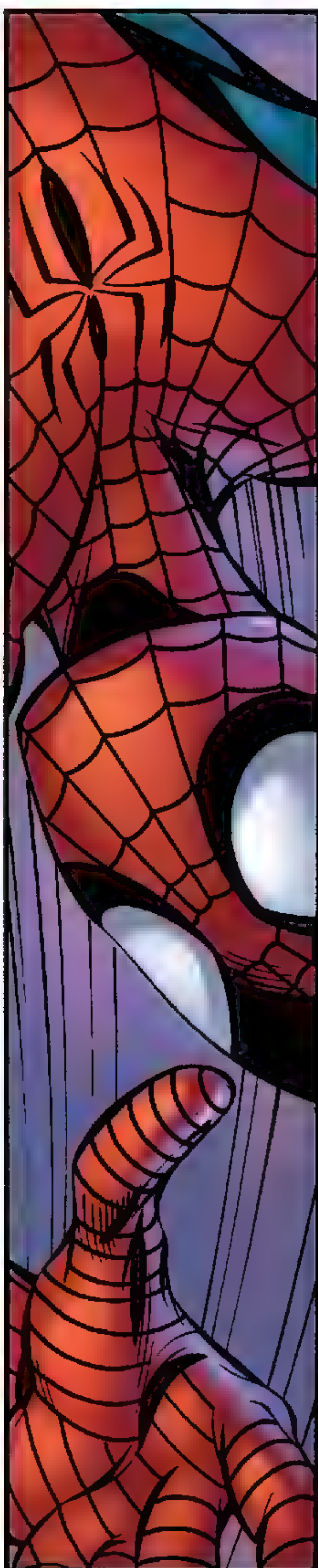
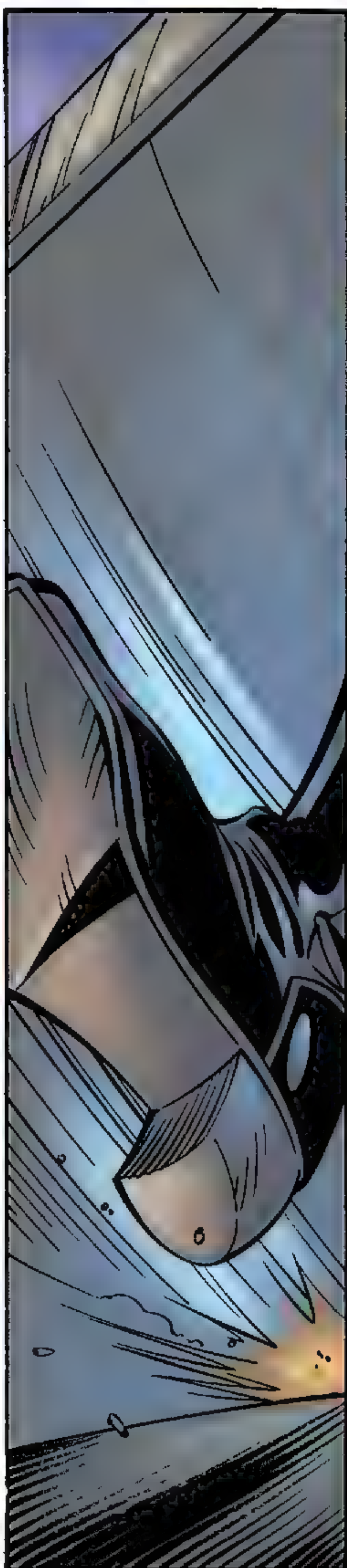
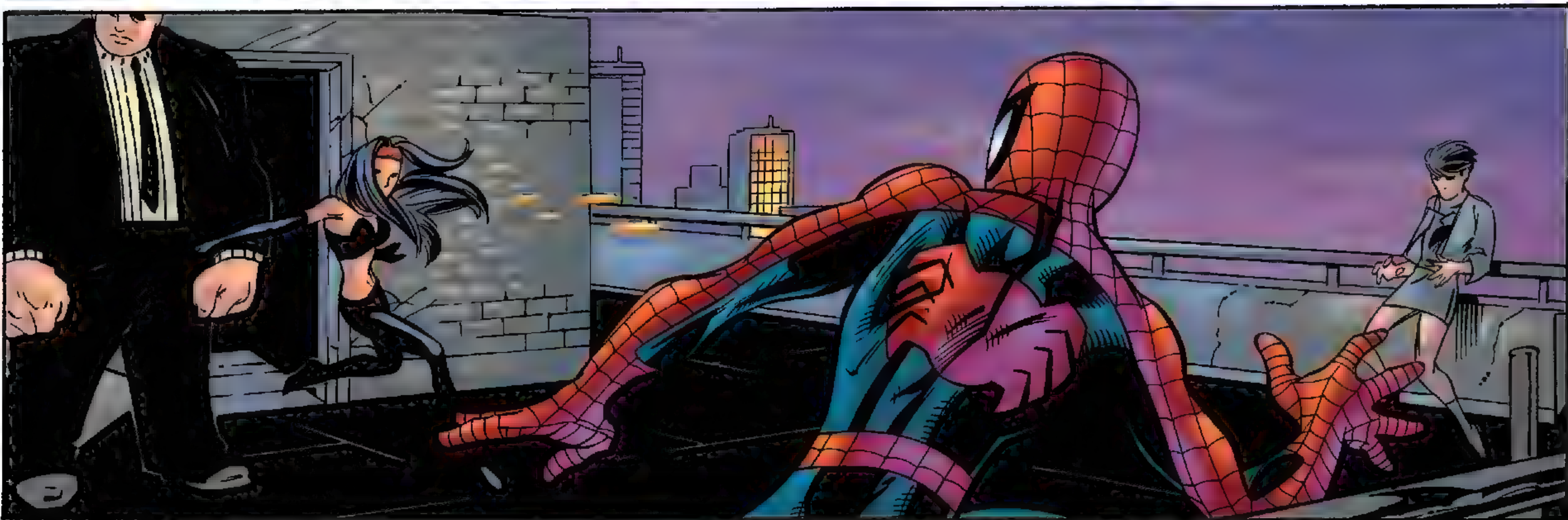
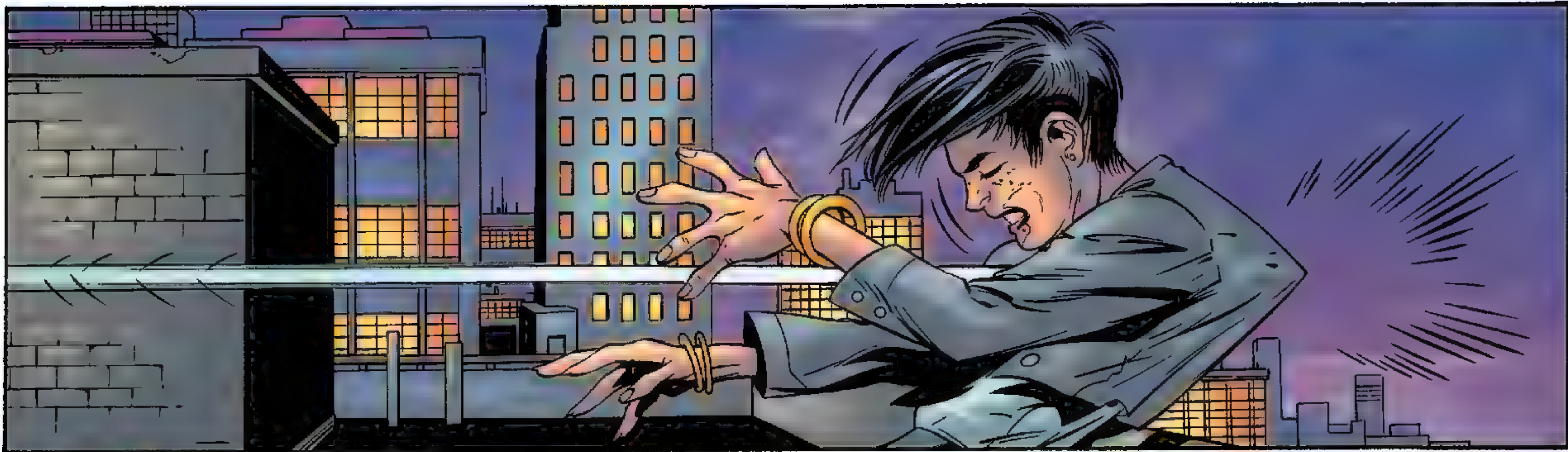


Let's just--  
let's get out  
of here.

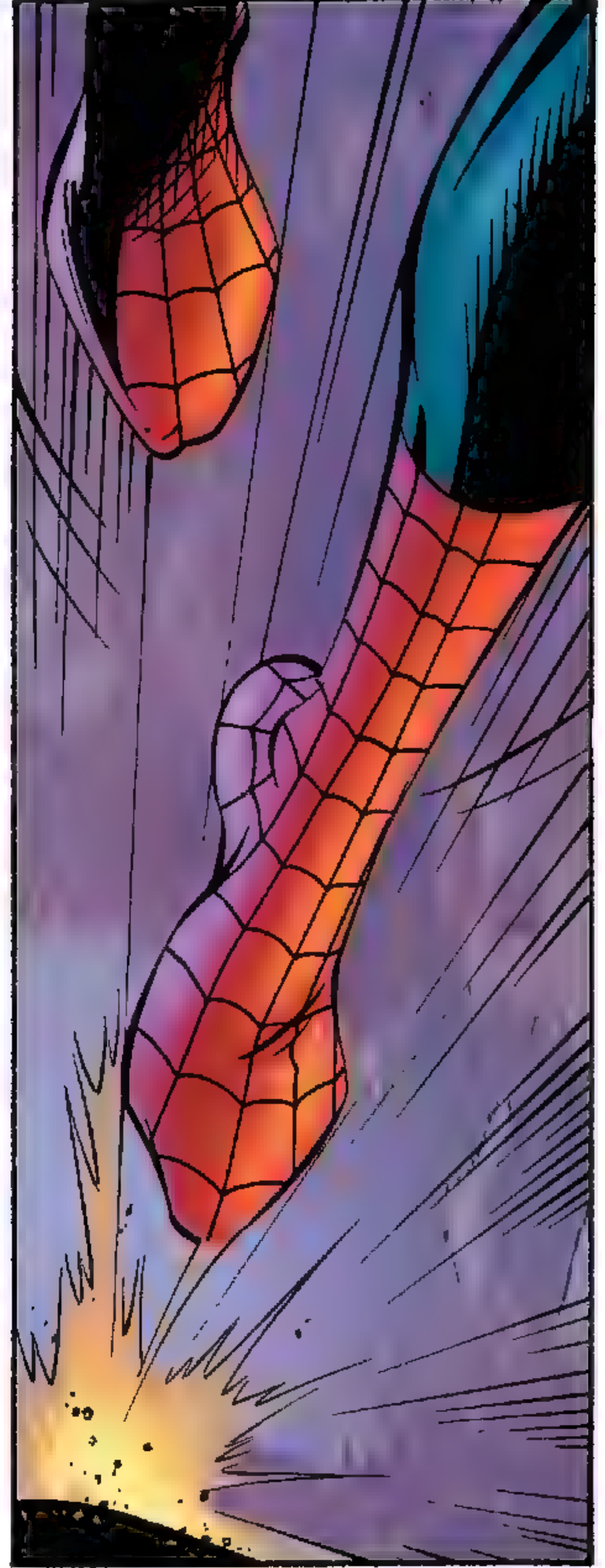
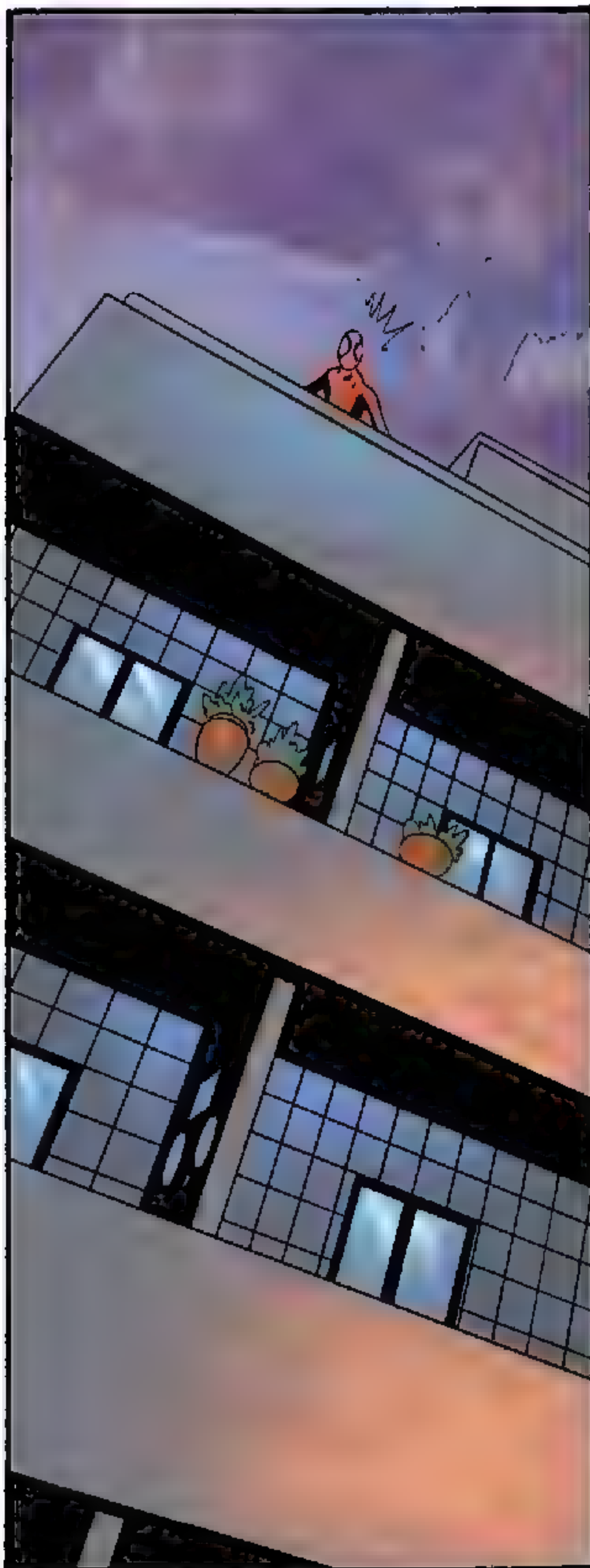
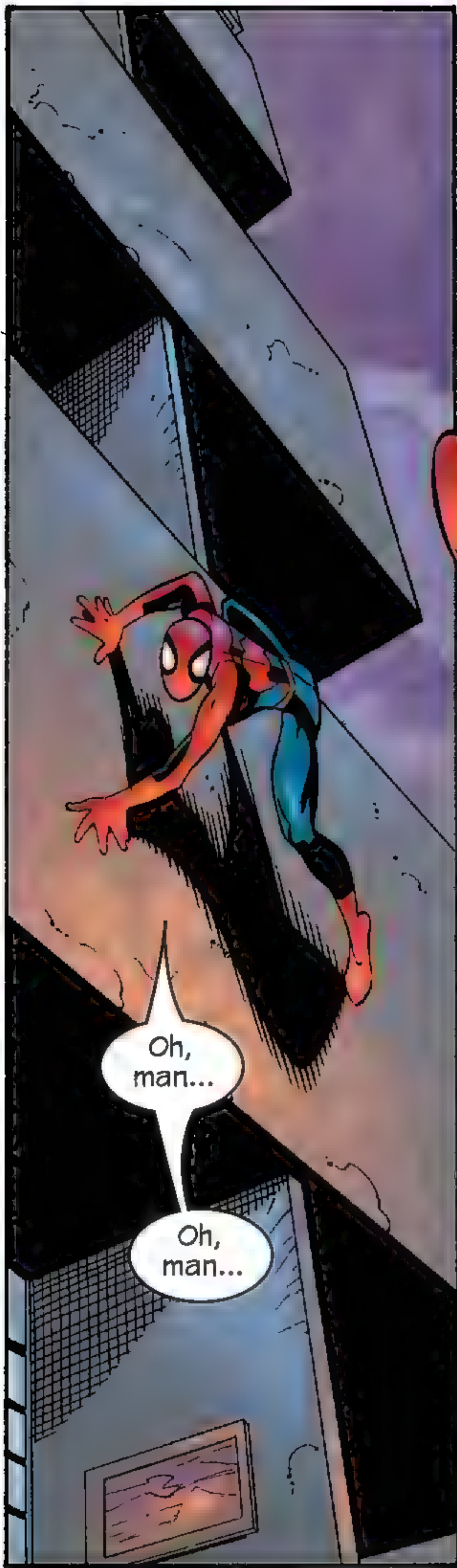




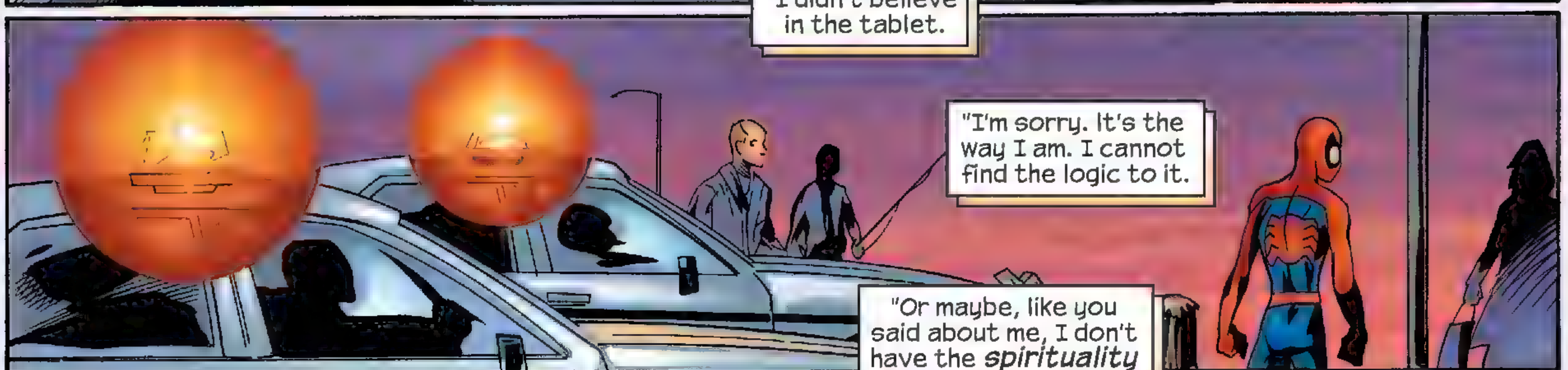
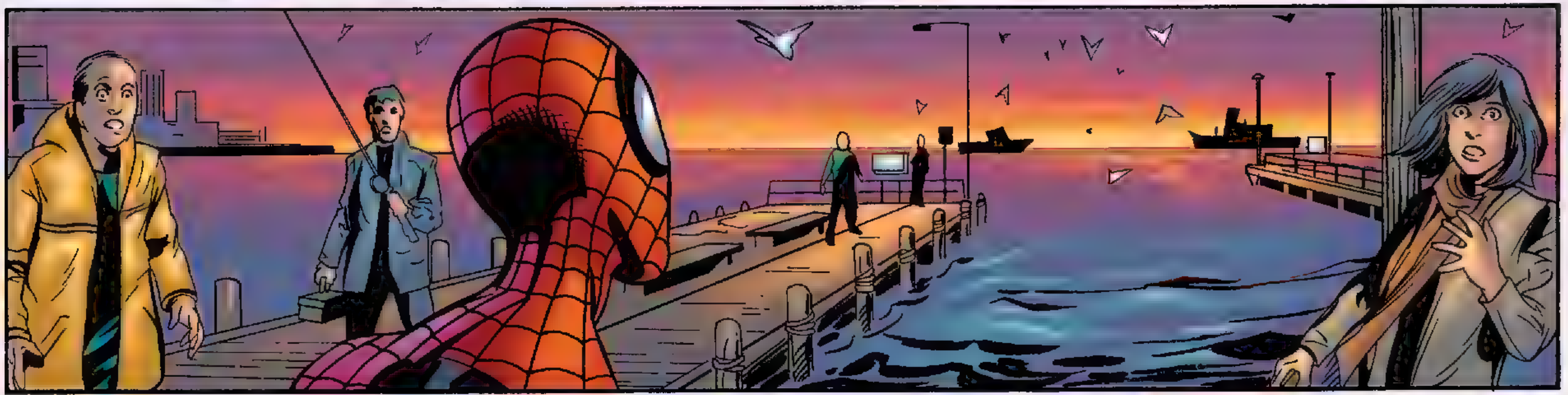
















And that's--

That's why I would have spent every dollar we had to get it here for you.

For you.



To read what the ancient texts said.

To find--

To- to find a way for you to open your eyes again.

Because doctors have nothing for you. Because I'm running out of options, I'm running out of ideas.

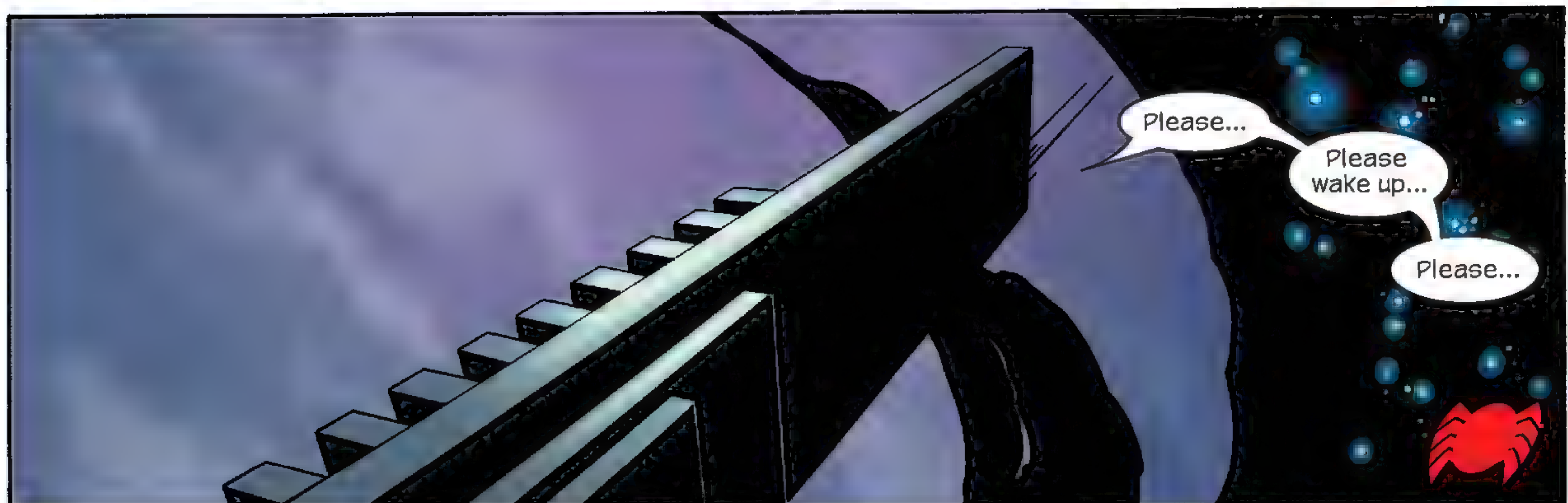


But you see? Do you see what they do?

They take away any chance of our happiness.

They mock us. They mock our marriage. They- they punish us.

But I will punish *them*, Vanessa...



Please...

Please wake up...

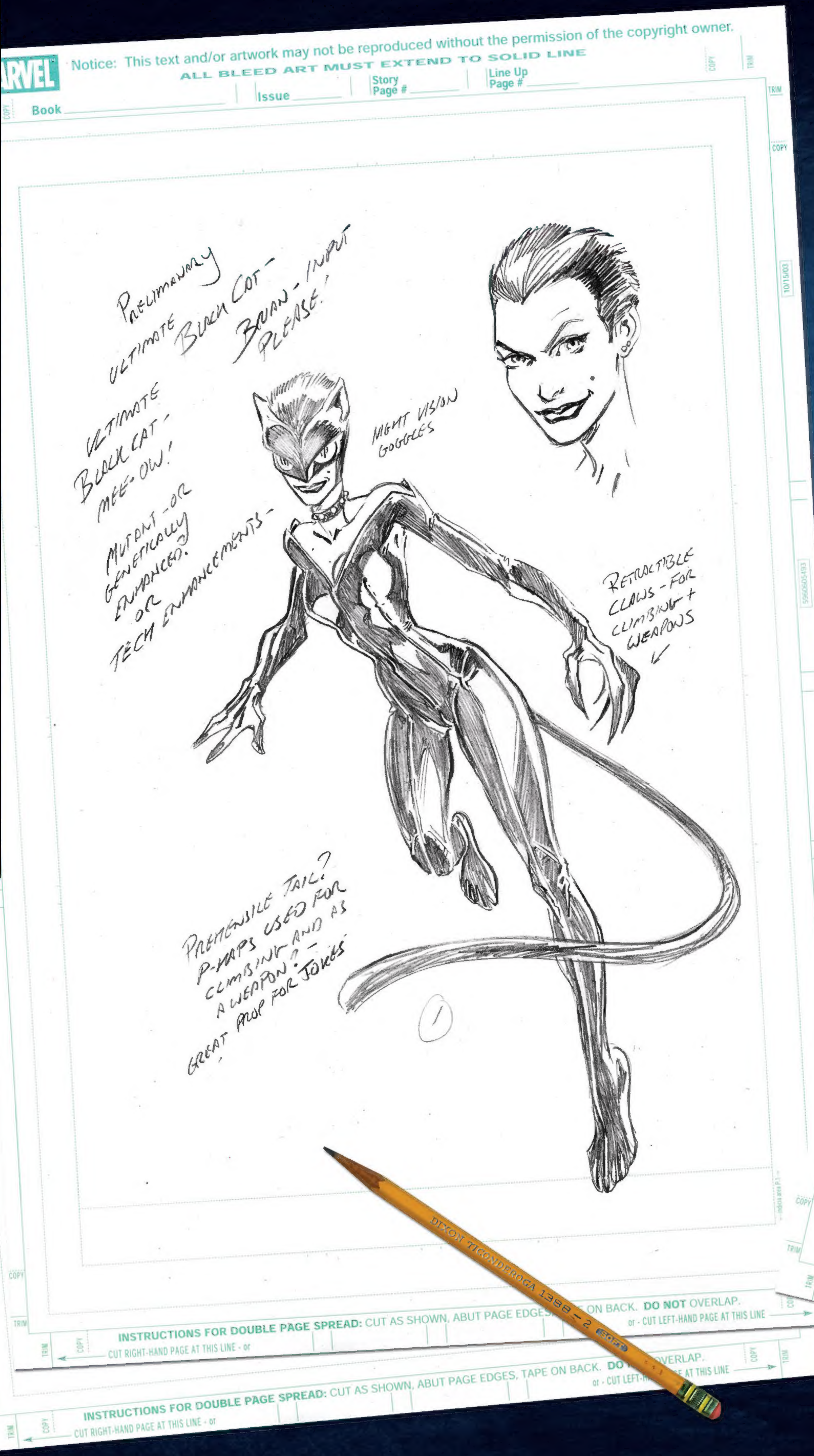
Please...





# BLACK CAT SKETCHBOOK

by MARK BAGLEY





MARVEL

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ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE

Book

Issue

Story  
Page #

Line Up  
Page #



NIGHT VISION  
GOOGLES

RETRACTABLE CLAWS  
FOR CLIMBING

ULTIMATE

ULTIMATE  
BLACK CAT

LOCK PICKS +  
SUCK IN  
POUCHES!

3

PREHENSILE  
TAIL -

3/16/04

RETRACTABLE  
CLAWS

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ULTIMATE BLACK CAT  
FINAL  
3/16/04

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# SAM BULLITT

by MARK BAGLEY

MARVEL

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SAM  
BULLITT

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# FEMALE TROUBLE



**S**am Bullit is running for Mayor of New York City on an anti-Spider-Man platform, and Daily Bugle Editor-in-Chief J. Jonah Jameson is backing him 100%. But who's pulling Bullit's strings?

As if his life weren't complicated enough, the web-slinger meets the sexy and elusive cat burglar the Black Cat, who claws herself into Spider-Man's life and purrs her way into Peter Parker's. When the Black Cat gets her claws on a stolen tablet that the Kingpin desperately wants, the crime lord hires the deadly Elektra to retrieve the tablet for him!

Collecting *Ultimate Spider-Man* #47-53, written by [Brian Michael Bendis](#) (*Secret Invasion*) and illustrated by [Mark Bagley](#) (*Mighty Avengers*).



**MARVEL**